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November 14, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONA Y

“A way women have”

By Lucian Cary

By **William G. Shepherd**

“Flat-wheeled J

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MARGUERITE FRUIT RANCH
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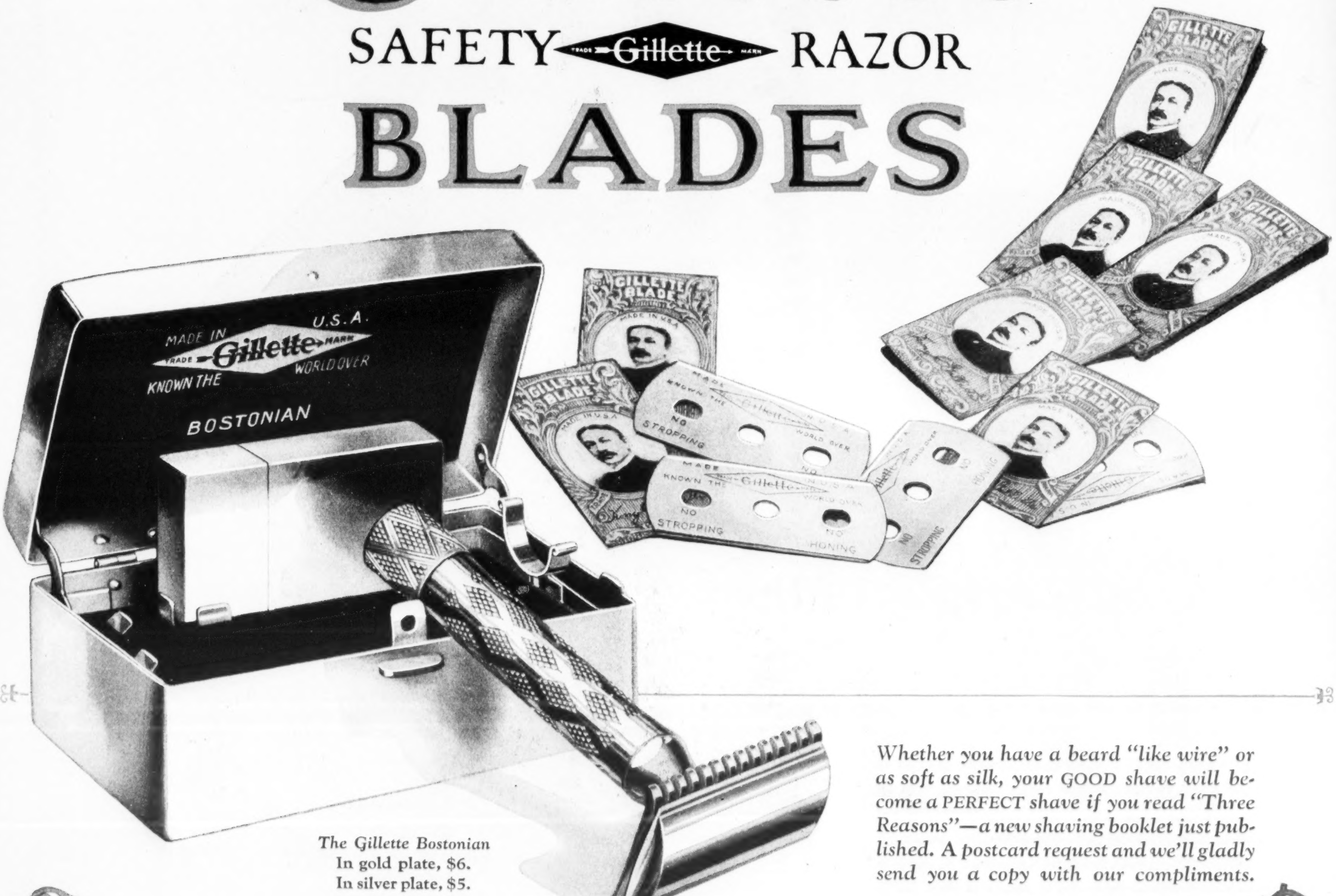
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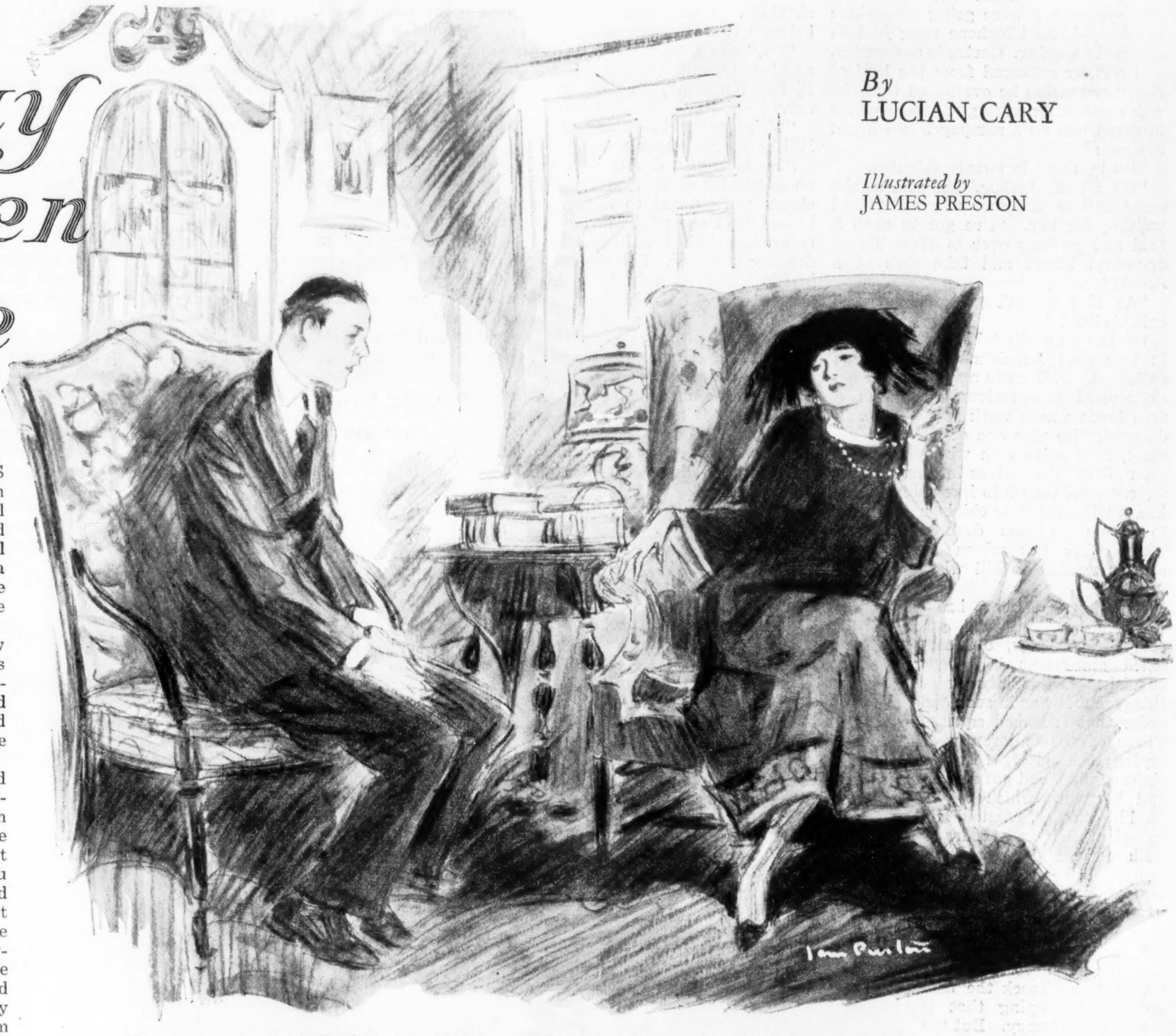
A way women have

By
LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by
JAMES PRESTON



After ten minutes Arthur's sense of defeat and frustration had so far left him that he could talk freely

Is a woman's love affected by success? Yes, and in a better way than you may have imagined

ARTHUR WILLIAMS wanted to be an architect—a real architect. He did so well in the technical school that they got him a job as a draftsman in the offices of McCorkle, Brede & Brown.

He came down to New York with two cold pieces of advice from the fastidious and worldly old man under whom he had especially studied the Georgian style.

"Architecture," the old man had said, in his elegant clipped speech, "is an art. Art and marriage are deadly rivals—at least until one is forty. You may think you have found a girl who is different. But she won't be. Women have a way of demanding everything. They want to be loved and protected and taken care of, and they have a hard streak in them which helps them to get what they want. So don't be soft—don't marry.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "architecture is also a business. Only the rich have money enough to indulge a whim for the beautiful. One may as well face the fact. The man of taste who does face it will find New York a Golconda. Which is to say that he will have a chance to see the buildings that are only lovely dreams in his head without money come true in the solid reality of brick and stone and steel."

Arthur thought the old man was not quite human and that he was prejudiced against women. But what was the answer? His salary as a draftsman was just enough to live on. He knew that it would never be much more than enough to live on—unless he made so thumpingly good that they took him into the firm. He knew what a long way it was from being a draftsman in a big office to making good on his own as a practicing architect.

HE TRIED conscientiously to cultivate the right people. He had an uncle and aunt in Park Avenue who gave him an excellent start. He found himself being asked out to dinner often enough by people who were rich enough. But he had no gift for making friends with his solid and settled elders. He gravitated inevitably toward his own sort, toward young people with no money and no reputation but with an immense appetite for ideas and an intense eagerness to "do something."

In this mood Arthur met Gertrude Allen. She was a black-haired, brown-eyed, red-lipped girl with beautiful ankles and an amazing zest for life. She had a job as assistant to an interior decorator, a suave young man named Kahn who had come from Odessa to teach Americans how to appreciate and pay for their ancestors' furniture. She lived in a model tenement on the East River with three other girls.

Gertrude had most of the marks of the new type of girl, but with a certain humor and an incredible vitality added. The day's work for the exacting Mr. Kahn always left her eager for an evening's fun. The apartment was, by solemn agreement, a place in which each girl did a quarter of the work. Arthur observed that actually Gertrude did three quarters of it. She got dinners for parties of ten; repainted all the rooms; curtained all the windows; danced all night; and was constantly doing something for dozens of people weaker than herself.

She had the sort of mind, rare in women, rare anywhere, that likes to go to the heart of the matter. Arthur took her some of his sketches to look over and was startled by her critical skill. It did not occur to her to bother about his egotism. She had a sure and simple feeling for design and she told him exactly what she felt. Arthur came away from the cold bath of her observations on his work shocked, stimulated and grateful. Why, the girl had as high standards as he had, cared as much for art as he did.

Arthur saw a great deal of her without knowing what was happening to him; came gradually to go everywhere with her and discuss everything with her without realizing what had happened to him. He thought of her, with her cigarette, her swear words and her mockery of what she called "sweetness

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and light," as good. Which she was. He thought of her not so much as a girl he might make love to but rather as a boon companion who saw the world as he saw it. Which was funny. It meant that he was a little afraid of her competence and her vitality.

HE CALLED one hot evening in July to take Gertrude out to dinner. Afterward they were going somewhere to dance. The telephone rang just as they were leaving. Gertrude answerd it, and Arthur gathered from the half of the conversation he overheard that she was comforting some girl friend whose husband was on a rampage. He heard her say:

"I'll be there in twenty minutes.

"It's all off, Arthur," she said as she came back to the door where he stood waiting for her. "I've got to grab a taxi and go 'way over to West Twenty-second Street and take care of a drunk."

"As if I weren't going with you," said Arthur.

On the way she told him the story. It was Phil Arnold's wife who had called up. Phil made a specialty of architectural perspectives. He was a free lance whose work was always in demand. He was one of those gentle, quiet, inoffensive men who, once in so often, drink themselves into murderous violence and then into insensibility. He had a wife and four children to whom he was devoted when sober but whom he always wanted to kill when drunk.

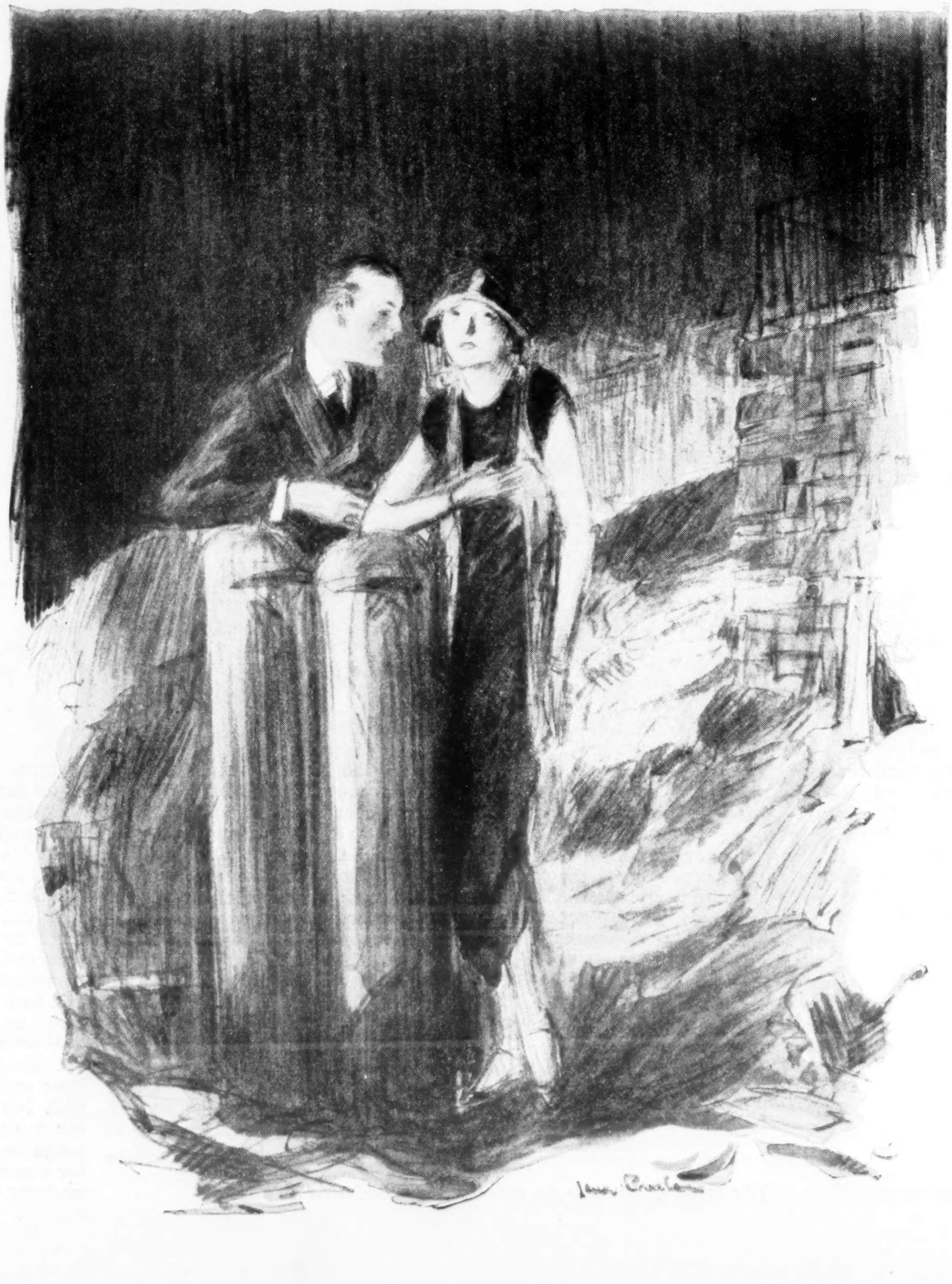
Mrs. Arnold was badly frightened when they got there. The large, old-fashioned apartment had been furnished with rather nice things, but it was in such disorder that it looked squalid. Three of the children were crying; the eldest, a boy of eight or nine, had got a baseball bat with which to defend his mother. Arnold had locked himself in a bedroom with a bottle of gin and the promise that he would kill anybody who disturbed him. They had heard him stropping a razor.

Gertrude persuaded him to open the door. Arthur stood by, ready to knock the man down, half hoping that it would be necessary. But the wretched fellow had spent his energy for violence. The large, old-fashioned razor had dropped on the floor beside the chair in which he had been sitting. He was ready to be mothered. Gertrude managed everything adroitly and patiently while Arthur looked on in disgruntled admiration. It galled him to see Gertrude put her arm around Arnold, let the man sob on her breast.

By ten o'clock the children were in bed and asleep, the flat straightened up, and Arnold parked in a private sanitarium in Brooklyn. Arthur, sitting in the taxi outside the hospital, heard Gertrude saying good night with great spirit to the physician who brought her to the door. He felt angry with her for doing so much and doing it so well. Could nothing stale her vitality?

He saw all the spirited, ready, zestful quality leave her as she got into the cab. She slumped down in her corner like a tired child.

She was infinitely feminine and appealing and sweet. Arthur turned and kissed her



"I'm all in," she said, and burst into tears.

Arthur put his arm around her and she put her head on his shoulder and all his antagonism dropped away.

She straightened up after a few blocks and smoked a cigarette and talked. But in her talk was still the quality, delicious to Arthur, of the moments when she had cried on his shoulder. Some barrier that had been between them was gone.

"Oh," she said, "how I hate drunks and how I would love a double Daiquiri! If I had a drink, I could eat my dinner."

"We're going to the Waldorf roof. It'll be nearly empty now."

She had her double Daiquiri and an admirable dinner, and by half past eleven she wanted to dance. Arthur agreed that she might have one dance before he took her home. He loved dancing with her. She danced so well, giving herself completely to his lead.

To-night, she told him as they danced, he had been perfect at the Arnolds'.

"Just standing around and watching?" he asked.

"You made me feel so safe," she said. "And you didn't butt in once—the way most men would."

He saw when they got to the model tenement building on the river that the moon had set, leaving the water dark and mysterious against the lights of Blackwell's Island. He couldn't bear to leave her at once. She guessed his thought.

"Yes," she said, "we'll go down to the bulkhead and smoke a good-night cigarette."

They stood side by side in the magical warm dark, their shoulders touching. Arthur felt that all the firmness had gone out of her. She was infinitely feminine and appealing and sweet. He turned and kissed her gently. And the next moment she was in his arms and he was telling her, with a passionate tenderness he had never known before, how much he loved her and wanted her. She cried a little on his shoulder.

After a moment she straightened up and shook her head as if to shake the tears out of her eyes.

"Now," she said—and there were both tears and laughter in her mockery—"we'll get married and be awfully happy for a year and then I'll begin having babies, and that'll mean quitting my job and moving to the country. You'll be a commuter and I'll be a suburban matron who'll get mad at you if you aren't home for dinner on time, and we'll both be settled for life."

"You don't have to have babies if you don't want to," Arthur said.

"But I do want to. I've tried being modern and independent, and it's no use. I love babies. And we'll have the nice husky kind that don't cry much or have colds but just wreck the house when they play. Only I can't help thinking what it'll do to you, Arthur. If you are a wise young man you'll up and run now and never look back. It's your only chance."

His answer was to hold her closer. She was so sweet, so warm and gentle and yielding. But walking home that night he had an odd, a disconcerting, thought, a thought he put from him quickly as unworthy of a man. The thought was, "Now I *am* in for it." He wasn't at all confident of his ability to give her the things she needed and do the things he had planned to do in his chosen profession. Could a man be an artist and still be a good husband and father? He had no choice but to try. He needed her too much.

THEY were absurdly happy for a year, living in a studio apartment and both going to work every morning and returning to each other at night.

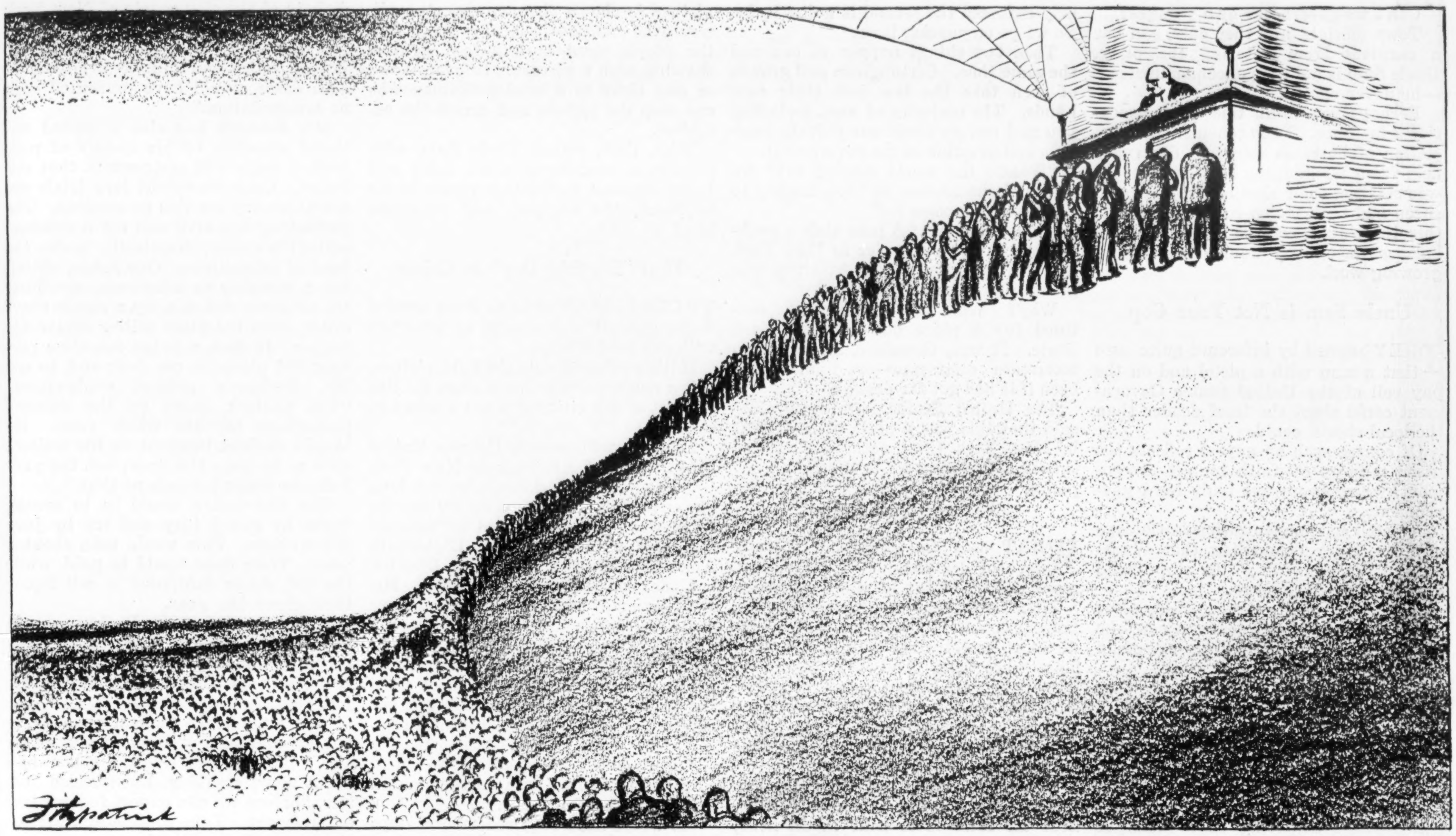
Two or three times a week he spent a long evening over his drafting board, getting the things that were in his head down on paper, finding his way toward the thing he wanted to do. He could feel his power to shape an idea growing, feel his conceptions, always hitherto a little cold, gaining in warmth and color. He did a little house, the house he would have liked to build for himself and Gertrude, over which she was ecstatic. But Gertrude did have babies; she did give up her job; they did move to the country. After a few years they bore a striking resemblance to other suburban couples.

Arthur wasn't unhappy, but he had always, or almost always, a vague awareness of something lost. In moments of depression he felt that the thing he had lost was the only thing of value he had ever had, his wish to be an artist, his ambition. He was still with McCorkle, Brede & Brown. His salary had increased almost as fast as his expenses. But his chance of setting up shop on his own, as a practicing architect, had so far receded that he no longer planned it or dreamed it. He had become a trusted and responsible subordinate in the big office. He would never be anything else in the eyes of McCorkle, Brede & Brown. He was too busy with the details of an executive job ever to work on anything nearer to art than the floor plans of an office building. He no longer spent long evenings over his drafting board. He had slowly accepted his job. He had given up.

Gertrude had proved the admirable mother and manager and keeper of the home she had promised to be. She was often vaguely and unhappily restless. But she had adapted herself quite as well as he had. He wasn't sure but she got more out of it than he had. She was a proud mother.

Their marriage was as successful as most, and it might have continued so but for a small accident. Or perhaps it wasn't just an accident. Perhaps it was that they had reached the age when such accidents occur.

(*Continued on page 39*)



The multiplication of federal offenses is putting the administration of federal laws into bankruptcy

Flat-wheeled Justice

An interview with
EMORY R. BUCKNER
By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

MR. BUCKNER is the man from *Iowa* who has made an amazing record as United States District Attorney in New York.

"The administration of the federal criminal law in my federal district," he says, "has almost broken down. It has cracked under the strain of having too many laws to enforce."

The same situation exists throughout the country.

WHY should it be necessary for a citizen to appeal to the President of the United States—to the federal government—to prevent a small still from being operated in New Jersey?

And yet it is.

Why should it be necessary for a citizen to appeal to the President of the United States to prevent a man with a jug of alcoholic liquor from selling it at a Sunday-school picnic in Virginia?

And yet it is.

Why should it be necessary for a citizen to appeal to the President of the United States to prevent a printer in a small town in Kansas from printing tons of obscene matter and disseminating only a fraction of it through the mails?

And yet it is.

Why should it be necessary for the credulous widow to appeal to the President of the United States to bring to the bar of justice the rascal who had defrauded her of her money by a stock-selling scheme in New York City?

And yet it is.

Why should it be necessary for a citizen to appeal to the President of the United States to prevent an unscrupulous scoundrel in Kansas from selling opium to school children?

And yet it is.

Why should it be necessary for a citizen traveling in an automobile from New York to Chicago, who has had his machine stolen at Philadelphia, to appeal to the President of the United States to have the thief punished, when the car was taken under the very eyes of a local policeman?

And yet it is.

Why is it necessary for a citizen to appeal to the President of the United States for relief where a cashier of a state bank has betrayed his trust and stolen the bank's money, simply because that bank, a creation of the state, is a member of the Federal Reserve System?

And yet it is.

Why are all these appeals necessary?

A virtue is passing out of the American people. We make laws and can no longer enforce them. We put statutes on paper; there we stop.

That's why it was possible, not long ago, for John W. H. Crim, then of the Department of Justice, to ask the questions above and answer them with the single answer. He asked them of a large group of prosecuting attorneys—county, district, city attorneys—as a means of showing how far we in America have got away from local self-government.

Oh, we can *pass* laws! Just words on paper. Once we were a people who could put words on paper—a Declaration of Independence, a federating Constitution—and make those words good at home and abroad. Perhaps we can still make our words and our power good abroad; at home we have just about quit trying.

It's your fault and mine. We can't police ourselves—as if we were children helpless to keep themselves clean.

Our great-grandfathers were all for local government. When they wrote their Constitution, which is still our Constitution, they pulled the back teeth of the federal government. They were careful to give **NO LOCAL POLICE POWER TO FEDERAL TROOPS OR TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.** *Their* policemen were going to be home folks. No strange constables or marshals from any other part of the country—not even from Washington—were going to be dropping in on their communities to enforce *their* laws. The breakdown of law enforcement extends in varying degrees to *all* our laws, exists in every community throughout the country.

Its immediate manifestation is the clogging of the slow-moving federal courts with thousands of actions that ought to be settled by one judge after one hearing lasting from one to three hours.

Its ultimate manifestation is anarchy.

Once upon a time a government official said to a man named Paul, referring to Roman citizenship:

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom."

To which Paul retorted:

"But I was free-born."

With a great price our forefathers bought their freedom; having earned self-government, they knew how to govern themselves. But we were born free. Can that be the trouble?

Because we were born free, we can do nothing to govern ourselves. More and more the community looks to the state for government; the states lean on the nation; and so far has this spinelessness progressed with us that thousands of Americans think government comes only from Washington.

Some time ago I had permission to go through letter files in the Department of Justice in Washington, to see what citizens expect of the federal government. At that particular time the department was being flooded with letters from persons all over the country demanding that Uncle Sam do something to stop traveling carnivals!

These carnivals had visited the home towns of the letter writers and had left a trail of disease and tragedy smeared across the home life and the social life of the places where they had harbored.

An examination of 200 letters showed no sign that it had ever occurred to any of the writers that the way to keep a town clean is through that town's own officials!

Can't we govern our own villages?

Town officials, and they only, can bar a carnival from entering the place. Uncle Sam is not the policeman upstreet—he never can be.

Perhaps you think this is an exceptional instance. Then consider the association of business men who demanded help from Washington because someone was stealing their sheep. Six thousand sheep had been stolen in a year, and if this thieving wasn't stopped, said the business men, they would have to quit growing wool.

Uncle Sam is Not Your Cop

THEY seemed by inference quite sure that a man with a pistol and on the pay roll of the United States Government could shoot the thief deader than the local sheriff could.

Of course such an appeal reflects the utter collapse of faith in self-government, which is always truly local government.

A noted civic organization in Chicago wrote a letter demanding that Washington "do something" to stop "wild stag parties" in Chicago.

No, hold on! It's not somebody else; it's you and I and our congressmen who expect Uncle Sam to be the policeman upstreet.

You and I know—possibly our congressman knows better, but you and I know or think we know—that somewhere in Washington there is a super-police station with a super-loud gong, super-big and super-powered policemen, a super-large patrol wagon and a super-police judge disposing of millions of cases. It's so simple to write a letter to Washington.

Now, the other phase of this civic indolence is the side that promises for us hot trouble—we pass laws and don't enforce them. Laws are everybody's business, and so, naturally, they are nobody's business.

The reason we have too many laws is that the ones we have aren't enforced. Weak or partial enforcement breeds another law to carry out or strengthen the first. But if the first law wasn't properly enforced the second is going to be. So we go on passing laws.

Then two things happen at one and the same time. Certain men and groups of men take the law into their own hands. The majority of men, including you and me, go about our private business and grumble at the government.

"What's the world coming to?" we ask, and the answer is, "It's coming to what we let it come to."

A good instance: A man stole a package worth $50 on a pier in New York City. The United States Attorney was asked to prosecute him.

Why? Well, the package was destined for a place outside New York State. It was, therefore, an article in interstate commerce—or would have been if it had got far enough.

The United States Attorney's office said that this was a plain case of theft in New York City, nothing else, and turned the affair over to the New York police.

Fight-Film Fizzles

WHAT was the difference? Many days of delayed justice and many, many dollars of tax money were saved.

Most cases that are brought in the federal courts require first that an indictment be returned by a grand jury. That takes time. And then there must be a jury trial before a federal judge. And that takes time and time and time—months, sometimes years. The calendars of the federal courts are the most heavily laden in America.

Local police can bring the thief of a $50 parcel before a magistrate, who can hear all there is to hear in an hour, acquit, remand or sentence. The relation between theft and a term in jail becomes clear to the thief almost instantly.

Here's a pretty kettle of fish: The federal government, by a law passed by Congress, is supposed to prosecute for the transportation of motion pictures of prize fights from one state to another. It cannot prosecute the man who shows the picture. It must find the man who *shipped* the picture.

In every town or city in which that picture is shown there are elected officials who can pass a local ordinance, if the people want such a law, against showing such a picture. In every town or city there is a local policeman who can stop the picture and arrest the exhibitor.

Why, then, expect Uncle Sam, with ponderous machinery, much delay and heavy expense, to find that needle in the haystack, the shipper, and prosecute him?

That "Bargain Day" in Crime

IT CERTAINLY looks as if we wanted the federal government to interfere with our local affairs.

If it's a crime to ship the fight picture, it is a much worse crime to show it. But in most of our cities it is *not* a crime to show it.

I interviewed recently the new United States District Attorney in New York City, Emory R. Buckner, who, not long ago, astonished the country by having what was popularly called a "bargain day" for violators of the Eighteenth Amendment in the New York District.

Under an arrangement which Mr. Buckner made accused men came before a federal judge in scores and pleaded guilty to liquor-law violations, knowing that they would not be sent to jail and that a schedule of fines had been fixed for their varying offenses. Here is the explanation given by Mr. Buckner himself:

"There were 3,000 of these cases. Some of them had been on the federal court calendar for years.

"It would have required several days to try each case if the plea was 'not guilty,' and more than ten years to try them all, and yet not a single big offender was in the lot. They were employees and small fry.

"It was necessary to make it easy for these people to plead guilty. It looked like selling absolution, I know, but I had to clear the choked channel of justice so that justice could be done at all, for other tremendously important prosecutions were being held up.

"If these 3,000 cases had been on the dockets of the city courts of New York each of them could have been tried in a few minutes by a judge without a jury. A few police-court justices, sitting in such cases, would have prevented such an accumulation."

Mr. Buckner has also attracted national attention by his system of padlocking cafés and restaurants that sell liquor. Long-drawn-out jury trials are not necessary for this proceeding. The padlocking is a civil and not a criminal action; it comes, practically, under the head of injunctions. One judge, sitting for a morning or afternoon, can hear the evidence and can, by a single short order, close the place selling liquor for a year. In fact, a judge can close perhaps 200 places in one day; and, to use Mr. Buckner's pointed explanation: "The padlock snaps on the owner's pocketbook for one whole year. He laughs at fines imposed on his waiters even as he pays the fines; but the padlock—he doesn't laugh at that."

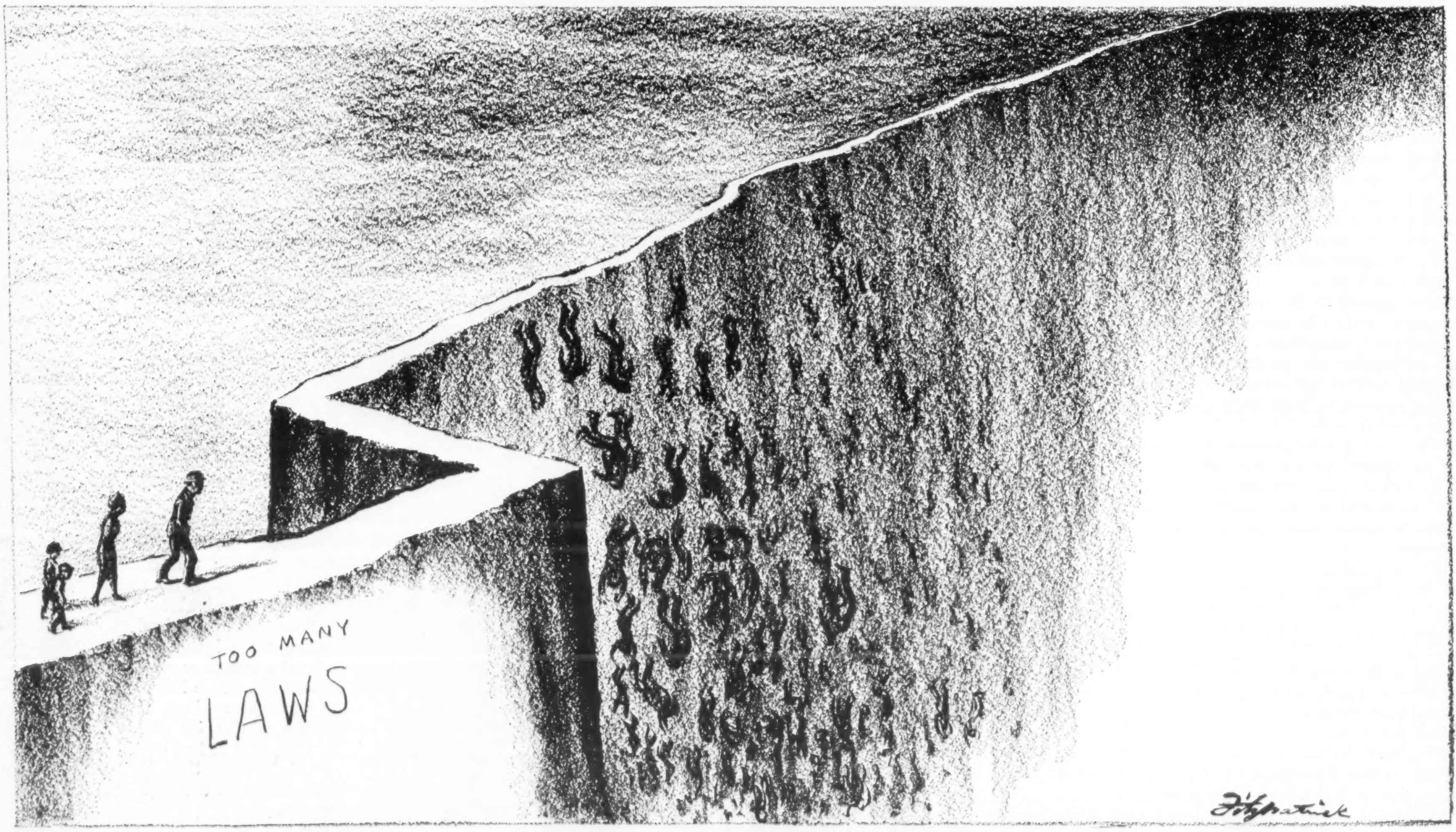
The alternative would be to arrest, indict by grand jury and try by jury 200 waiters. This would take about a year. Their fines would be paid, while the 200 places continued to sell liquor throughout the year.

It is natural that Mr. Buckner should know the situation into which lawbreaking and nonenforcement have led us. He deals with it every day in his job.

"We must make radical changes in our law-making and law-enforcing agencies," he told me, when I asked him about slow, creaking, flat-wheeled justice, "before we can expect federal law enforcement. Take prohibition, for instance. I do not see how anyone, except a fortune-teller, can say whether or not prohibition can be enforced by the United States Government because, to my way of thinking and judging by New York, no intelligent effort has been made to enforce it.

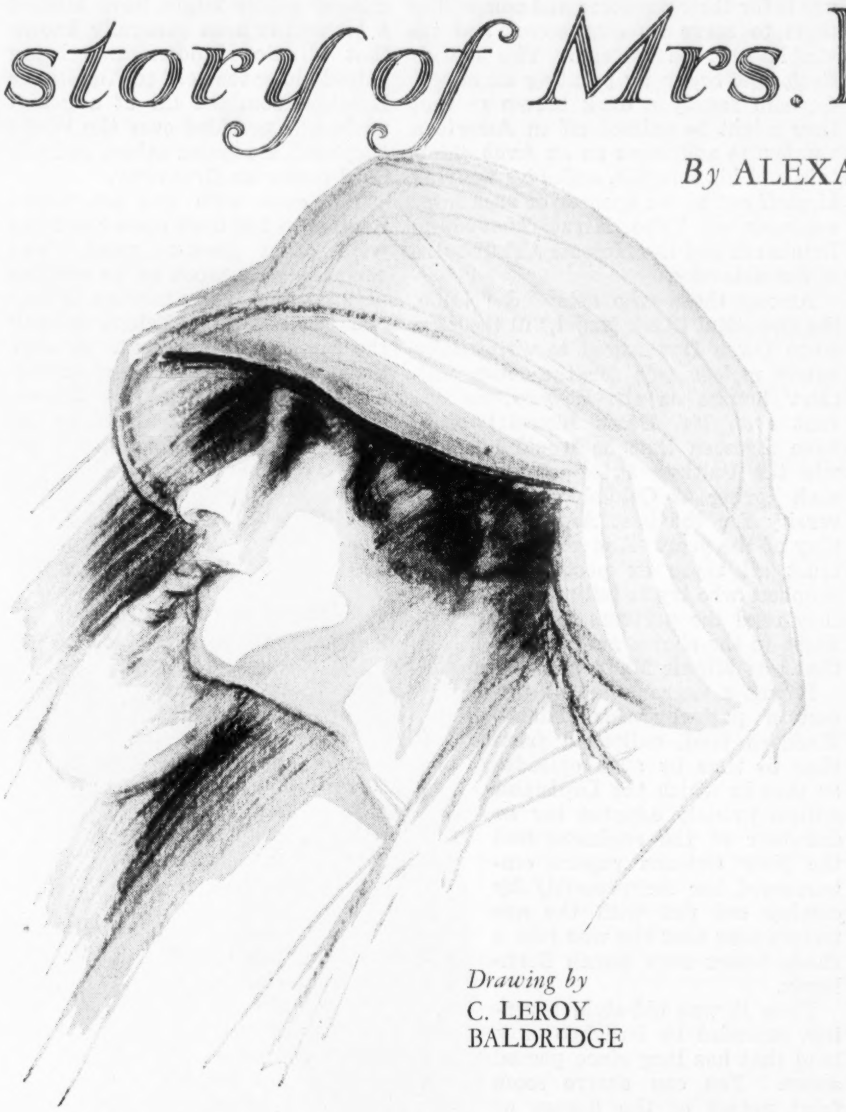
"The administration of the federal criminal law in my federal district has almost broken down. It cannot get much worse without going into the hands of a receiver.

"It has (*Continued on page 38*)



The story of Mrs. FISKE

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



Drawing by
C. LEROY
BALDRIDGE

> OUR tastes seem to have changed since Mrs. Fiske began her upward climb in the simple dramas of the eighties.
>
> Now the foremost actress of our day wonders whether the public "would stand for a play in which the heroine was ruined only once."

ON a morning in May, 1882, the advertisement columns of the meager and sedate newspapers published in New York in those days broke out in a rash of proclamations which all read something like this:

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE
CHARMING
YOUNG COMEDIENNE

MISS MINNIE MADDERN

as Chip in

"FOGG'S FERRY"

Charles E. Callahan's romantic comedy-drama of human love and passion. Illustrated by a strong company with picturesque scenery and magnificent effects.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE

To-night

Abbey's Park Theatre, which stood across Broadway from the huddle of buildings that were eventually to give way to the Flatiron Building, has itself vanished from the scene. It did not, however, yield to New York's childish but uncontrollable passion for tearing down playhouses and building new ones. Abbey's Park was *burned* down shortly after "Fogg's Ferry" was produced. That short-lived melodrama set neither the Hudson nor the theatre on fire, for the blaze did not break out until the October afternoon when it was a-buzz with preparations for the first American appearance of the ravishing Lily Langtry.

On the May night in question its lobby was gay with a brave showing of floral wreaths and horseshoes, all as elegant as the friends of Tom Davey could afford. That cheerful and vagrant showman had been gathered to his fathers, but this was his daughter, who was now challenging New York as a star. Wherefore the house was filled with his friends, packed from cellar to garret with good will.

When it was all over there was many a calloused palm and many a lamed larynx in the slow-dispersing audience. Then many must have remembered this sixteen-year-old comedienne as the child who had played with Laura Keene in "Hunted Down" or as the youngster who had sat on J. K. Emmett's knee in "Fritz, Our German Cousin," and to whom that graceless and incomparably engaging comedian had first crooned his celebrated lullaby. Now, on the first night of "Fogg's Ferry," these wiseacres were able to go about the lobby between the acts fairly aglow with "I-told-you-so" expressions.

For whereas the play seems to have been just about as gimcrack a piece of flapdoodle as it would be possible to invent, there were those out front who read great portents in the heavens that night, and there were only kind words for the young newcomer with the red hair and the green eyes who sang and skipped about with such unconquerable vivacity, perching herself on the perilous edge of a table and displaying a rather more liberal section of scarlet stocking than that circumspect generation was accustomed to.

"Fogg's Ferry" was a melodrama whereof the heroine was a ragged slavey who turned out (in the last act) to be the rightful heiress to the mansion on the hill. The great scene (involving the magnificent effects aforesaid) came when Chip crawled out of the ledge overhanging the river bank and with a pistol shot exploded a time bomb which the villains had placed in the river bed, thus saving from imminent destruction the steamer which was bearing upstream not only all her loved ones, but the mysterious papers which were to prove her claim to her inheritance.

Prophets See a Second Lotta

THEN under the head of "human love and passion" came the stirring moment when Gerald dissuaded poor Chip from ending it all with the selfsame pistol.

"You are to me hope, incentive, aspiration, my one dear lodestone to success. You must be my little wife. Promise."

Thus Gerald. And Chip replied nobly as follows:

"It would not do, Gerald White. Your good heart, your pity for a forlorn wretch, impels you to speak those words. You have a future—have prospects. I'd be but a clog. How could a gentleman like you link his destiny with an outcast like me? Leave me."

But the line in the play which I most bitterly regret not having heard was one spoken not by Chip but by the haughty villainess. When she discovered the lowly Minnie Maddern, shrinking in a talented manner in the second-act garden, she sneered as follows:

"I had not noticed there was a menial present."

I wish too that I could have heard the speech which brought the curtain at the end of the first act. The plot, of course, was a variation of the Cinderella legend. Indeed, as I look over the Minnie Maddern repertoire, she seems always to have been struggling out of ashes on the long road to elegance. But, then, it was ever thus in our theatre. If you follow the programs down to and including the vintage of "Peg o' My Heart" and "Sally" you will be smitten with a wonder as to what our playwrights would have done if no one had ever happened to invent the legend of Cinderella.

So the first act of "Fogg's Ferry" found Chip leaving the old ferry house forever. Hear her parting words:

"I know I'm a wild, rough girl, with raising not of the best, but I love the old place, love it because it's been *home*. I will still call you mother until I have better knowledge that you are not. You've been a little hard on me at times, but I forgive it all now, and I can't leave you without a tear. Mr. Rawdon, I don't want even you to think badly of me. I know I'm not a lady, but I never yet told a falsehood or did a mean thing, and I reckon that will count. You called me a lady, in spite of my rough ways. Now that we come to part, show me that you meant it. Tell me, tell me, Mr. Rawdon, if it's only by a sign, you think I'm a lady!"

Surely I need not add that, as the curtain fell, the villainous Rawdon, threatened by the heroic Gerald, slowly lifted his hat.

From the few glimpses of "Fogg's Ferry" here exhumed for the entertainment of those with archæological minds, it may be gathered that Mr. Callahan's opus fell something short of being the great American play. Indeed, it was described as hopeless by the reviewers and ignored as unappetizing by the playgoers. But it served Minnie Maddern well enough, and in her performance the prophets hailed the advent of another Lotta.

The prophets (as not infrequently before and since) were wrong. But the very nature of the hoydenish comedies which Minnie Maddern attempted made it seem probable that here was an aspirant for the same rich rewards which a fond and uncritical America had heaped upon the tiny and unutterably charming soubrette whose name was Charlotte Crabtree.

When, only a year or so ago, Lotta died in Boston and the newspapers carried next day the tale of a will by which the lonely little old spinster had left a fortune of two million dollars to ease the pain of the soldiers crippled in the World War the story was read in wonder by a new generation that had never even heard of Lotta.

Then, in a thousand American hearth corners, did the grandfathers wake up from their naps to tell how there never had been another such soubrette as Charlotte Crabtree. And some even recalled the days when she danced and sang in the California mining camps till the miners showered nuggets at her twinkling feet.

For in the eighties she was already a tradition, and the best anyone could wish the newcomer was that she might one day know the glory that was Lotta. In all that is now remembered of that first night in 1882 and of all that was then written in the dailies and weeklies about Tom Davey's ascendant daughter, you will find no hint that anyone foresaw the place, the much greater place, that was really to be Minnie Maddern's in the American theatre.

None Could Have Guessed Right

SHE was billed then, and for some years thereafter, as "A Ray of Dancing Sunshine." This was a quotation from the "Dramatic Mirror," of which flourishing theatrical weekly (perhaps as some slight and belated acknowledgment of the handsome tribute) she later married the editor. And at the première of "Fogg's Ferry" there was no prophetic soul who guessed that the Ray of Dancing Sunshine would one day be recognized not as a second Lotta at all but as a player of unrivaled tragic power, an ambitious and courageous actress the austerity and distinction of whose programs for many seasons were to have no parallel in the achievement of any other present-day American actress with the possible exception of Margaret Anglin.

In the years ahead stood the Mrs. Fiske, who would one day startle the land with the tragic beauty of her playing in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" and then bite deep with the acid of her comic genius in "Becky Sharp"—two spacious rôles as different from each other as night from day, but each drawn from the nineteenth-century treasure chest of English fiction, each serving notice on the playgoers of the country that a great actress had somehow emerged from the barnstorming, hodgepodge, fly-by-night novitiate of Minnie Maddern.

In the years ahead stood the Mrs. Fiske who would sponsor the plays of Ibsen in the American theatre, whose name would be written down in the great company of her time and the tale of whose extraordinary gift would be carried back overseas by such admiring fellow players as Eleonora Duse, Gabrielle Réjane, Emma Calvé and Ellen Terry. No one could have guessed as much as that première of "Fogg's Ferry."

The Eternal Miracle

THIS, then, is really the story of a player who has had two careers, each under a different name. And between the Minnie Maddern who for eight years captivated so many playgoers in such cheerful rubbish as "Fogg's Ferry," "Caprice," "In Spite of All" and "Featherbrain" and the Mrs. Fiske who was later to take the first place on the American stage by her performances in "Hedda Gabler," "Hannele" and "Salvation Nell" there is a difference as sharp, as unexpected and as dramatic as if the authors of the "Nick Carter" stories were suddenly to write the great American novel, as if the composers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" were to write a composition for the Boston Symphony to play.

It is, of course, the eternal miracle of the theatre. Something a little like it happens every now and again. For the theatre has a way of laying mesmeric hands on those who would like to use it for their purposes and compelling them to serve its own secret and invisible purpose instead. The Morris Gest, who began by painting an honest German family a dark brown so that they might be palmed off on American vaudeville audiences as an Arab chieftain and his seraglio, ended by wearing himself out as the sponsor of such lofty ventures as "The Miracle" of Max Reinhardt and the Moscow Art Theatre of Stanislavsky.

"Fogg's Ferry" was poor stuff, but it served Minnie Maddern

Mora

Among those who attended "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," in the days when Owen Davis used to write those gaudy melodramas for the ten-twent'-thirt' houses on the Bowery, no one (not even Mr. Davis himself) could have foreseen that he would one day win the Pultizer Prize offered each spring at Columbia University for the best American play of the year. And so I distrust all those ex post facto prophets who try to tell me that they read the portents of Mrs. Fiske in the charm and sparkle that was Minnie Maddern.

It was a vagrant and an uncertain pathway that Minnie Maddern trod, enlivened from time to time by such episodes as that in which the Louisiana militia proudly adopted her as daughter of the regiment and the New Orleans papers embarrassed her inexpressibly by coming out flat with the announcement that she was just a shade better than Sarah Bernhardt.

Then it was old-style trouping, attended by ballyhoo of a kind that has long since passed away. You can derive some faint notion of the finesse of the hands into which the destinies of Minnie Maddern were intrusted by reading the handbills that used to fall, like the flakes of a stage snowstorm, upon whatever town was shortly to be blessed with the boon of one of her performances. Let me read to you from one of them. It raves on, in part, as follows:

"Step by step, gaining victory after victory, she has steadily advanced until now, at the age of eighteen, she can look back through the dim vista of the past and point with the pride of a self-made artist to a history recording a series of the most unprecedented successes in the annals of the stage and the phenomenal development of almost magical processes from a child actress to an acknowledged star. And yet, though she has gained the goal, she pauses not within its portals. Onward, into the unknown future, she fearlessly continues her way, gathering garlands from the immortal trees of fame and weaving them, as plucked beneath the argus eyes of a critical public, into a wreath of glory to crown herself on Ambition's Heights."

Attended by such drumbeating, Minnie Maddern toured the land pretty continuously for the eight years that stretched from "Fogg's Ferry" to 1890, when she married Harrison Grey Fiske and quit the stage for three years of unchronicled retirement.

From all accounts the business of gathering garlands for a wreath of glory was not always attended by prosperity. Backing of her random ventures came intermittently and from different sources. The aforesaid argus eyes of the critical public might have blinked a bit had it been generally known that Minnie Maddern was being helped along the road to Ambition's Heights from the till of a genial uncle who presided over the White Elephant, a popular saloon and billiard parlor on Broadway.

But even with this benevolent relative to fall back upon the tours were often nervous work. The company was wont to be reasonably content if the takings in any one town were sufficient to pay the car fare to the next. If ever there was enough left over to buy a new frock or coat for Minnie Maddern it was considered an occasion for great rejoicing.

Cheerful rubbish such as "Caprice" gave her a vogue

Falk

And, then, she usually emerged into elegance

Sarony

Of the plays she played in that period I find records of "Juanita," "The Puritan Maid," "The Storm Child," "The Child Wife," "The Professional Beauty," "Lady Jemimi," "Mila, Queen of the Natchez" (that must have been a tasty drama), "In Spite of All," "Featherbrain" and "Caprice." In the surviving programs occur some names that have since taken on a luster of their own in the theatre, such names, for instance, as Richard Mansfield, Henry Miller, Wilton Lackaye and William Faversham, to mention only a few of those who shared with her from time to time the fortunes of the road.

'Gene Field Must Have His Fun

OF THOSE plays the one which seems to have served her best and to have lingered longest in the memory of the playgoers of the eighties was "Caprice," and I find, in talking with them, that the most indelible impression was that made by the moment when she sat alone by the hearth, the firelight playing on the red gold of her hair, and sang "In the Gloaming."

"Caprice" has long since vanished into limbo with the dodo bird and the bustle and The Duchess' novels. But you can get some sense of its quality by merely reading the program which I reproduce here:

> ACT ONE—Camping party in the Adirondacks. The Betrothal. "You May Kiss Me Now."
>
> ACT TWO—Farmer Baxter's Country House. The Release. "Never Again Darken My Door."
>
> ACT THREE—Jack's Cottage. The Revelation. "I'm Going to Be a Lady."
>
> ACT FOUR—Silas Henderson's Mansion in New York. New Year's Day.

While the trash which occupied Minnie Maddern's years in the theatre carried no hint of the important work that Mrs. Fiske was to do, one can, in looking back into the misty eighties, find certain straws which showed which way the wind was blowing.

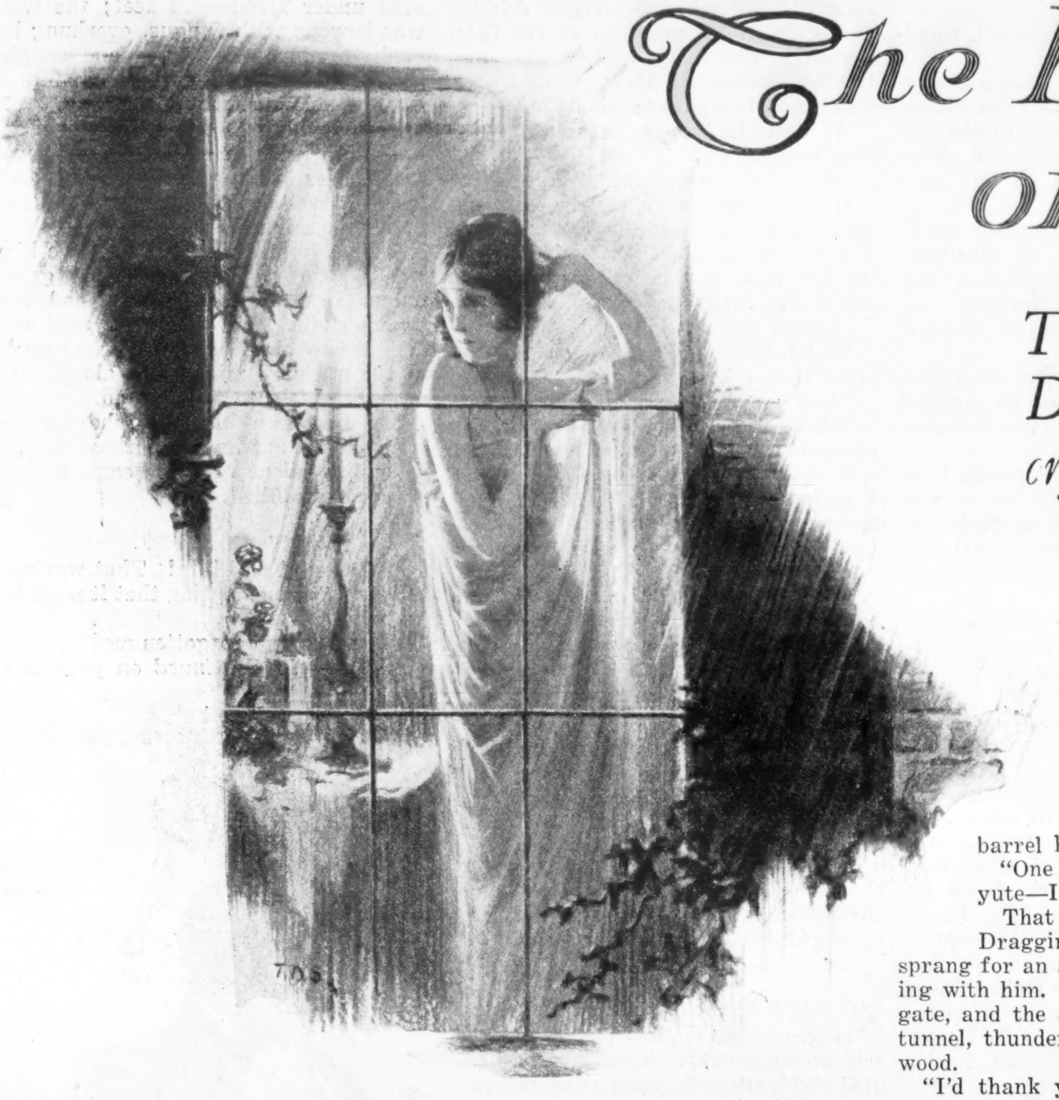
There was, for instance, the great store set upon her by Eugene Field, then the cadaverous, threadbare and malignant dramatic critic of the old Denver Tribune. A mighty man was Field and a terror to the troupers who came each week to play their pieces at the Tabor Grand, the opera house which surrendered some years ago to the encroachments of the movies, but which Field immortalized in his poem about "Modjesky ez Cameel." (*Continued on page 43*)

The House on the Bayou

The romantic adventure of Dominick O'Mara in the colorful Louisiana of the 1840's

By
CHARLES SAXBY

Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE



IT WAS that string of opals, playing their weird tricks again, which started it all. As soon as he woke, in the splendor of May noon, Dominick O'Mara had known that something was to happen that day.

They had come to him from a monk—a Mexican monk, renegade to his vows, stalking outcast and unclean. There were times when Dominick half regretted having hauled that fellow from his self-sought death in the river.

"Take these opals—the seal of my perdition. . . . A rosary of souls. . . . Women's souls. . . . All lost. . . ."

Dominick could feel again that sense of almost fate as, with a motion of the monk's scaly fingers, the opals coiled about his wrist. They seemed to cling to his flesh, promising strange events.

Three of the stones were gone now—gone to a blond opera singer for whose sake he had fought a duel, and received as reward—the thanks of her husband. As he rumpled at his tawny hair, Dominick's mouth twisted with that memory—a grin with a sigh in it, such as only an Irishman can produce.

But that was past; now it was May and beyond the closed jalousies stretched that fascinating city which was New Orleans of the forties. There was fine frilled linen waiting to be put on, money to be stuffed into pockets. And he was an O'Mara of County Clare, abroad upon the world with sails trimmed to the winds of chance, his only captain his own hot will, his only capital the wits inside his handsome head.

He clasped the opals round his neck and sprang out, throwing off his shirt and reaching for a sponge. A statue in slender ivory, his clear eyes were too well acquainted with life for one barely in his middle twenties, yet not so well acquainted as he liked to think. Though she deals always from the same time-worn deck, that jade of the world can turn strange tricks.

It was toward the levee that he sauntered. The brown flood of the river was blued by the sky; all about a tide of commerce poured from a massed mile of steamboats: low-hung drays piled with cotton, sugar or stacked hides from the Plaquemines Prairies; great flatboats, shoveling out wheat and corn and coal from the North; Creoles, uncouth rivermen, Indians, New Englanders; exquisite women gazing from carriages; planters and bankers and merchants. And everywhere Negroes, sweating and swarming, like a black foundation on which the city's brilliant pattern was embroidered!

Tapping with a gold-mounted malacca at trousers strapped under lacquered shoes, Dominick strolled on.

IT WAS those opals at their tricks again; he knew that, or why should he have chanced on the one street where he would meet it? It came on him suddenly from round a corner, a sound as of angry waters, the cry of a human pack in full tongue. They swept on, filling the street from curb to curb, Creoles, Jews, Cajuns, Italians, rivermen, all that poisonous froth which boils up from any stirring of a city's depth. Faces distorted from human semblance, shouts of "Abolitionist—nigger's friend—burn him—"

And in their midst a something that reeled and ran, with impotently milling arms, glimpses of blood and a horrid screaming!

Grasping his cane, Dominick sprang—an involuntary spring—utterly foolish, the surprise of it its only salvation. Suddenly he was in the midst of them, battering at faces, backing out again, hauling a mauled figure. A fog of fetid breath! Swift visions of contrast—serene sky above the roofs, and down here this snarl of blood lust now turned upon himself!

They were too many—his cane was broken now—damn those opals! He was going down. Then a halt as a figure pushed itself in front of him—a voice as bluely menacing as the pistol barrel held in a rocklike hand:

"One minute, boys—o-one minyute—I thank you."

That instant had been enough. Dragging his salvage, Dominick sprang for an archway, the other backing with him. They slammed the solid gate, and the arch became a darkened tunnel, thunderous with fists upon the wood.

"I'd thank you if I knew who you might be," Dominick panted.

"I might be a Texan," the man answered, "and what's more, I am."

HE STOOD there, vast, spare, beak-nosed and bleak, with an air of being as flatly on the world as the Staked Plains themselves. Dominick grinned, that mixed luck was on its upturn.

"Friend of yours?" the Texan asked, nodding at the figure collapsed against a wall.

"It's the first time I'm ever seeing him," Dominick answered.

The gate shook under a fresh assault; beastly threats came through it. The Texan's mouth widened grimly.

"Lad, you have a sure genius for trouble. Bring along your scarecrow—maybe there's a back way out."

There was—a courtyard, where women screamed and wet linen flapped from lines; a kitchen, all dirt, gloom and rich smells; beyond it a sun-drenched street, a two-mule hack drowsing in a swarm of flies. The Texan shouted to the sleepy Negro:

"Drive to Canal Street—like hell."

It was almost too late; yelping scouts of the pack were already upon them as the hack lurched off. In a few moments the whole quarter would be flaming with that contagious passion of the chase. A turned corner gave respite; down the street a funeral procession paced in pompous mourning, and Dominick seized on it.

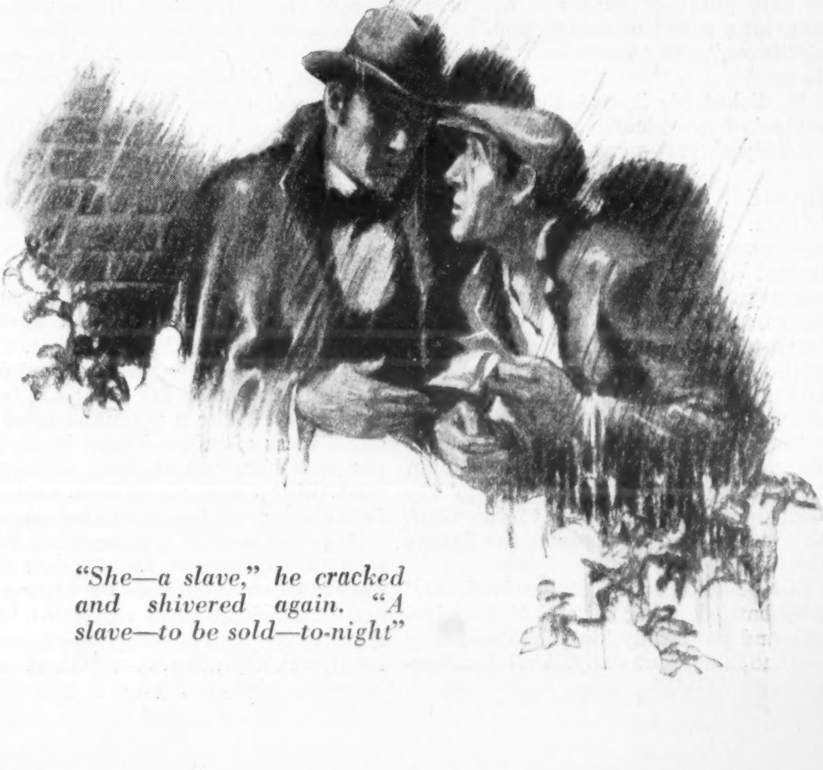
"Turn and follow," he called to the dazed driver.

And so, their faces veiled with grief-stricken handkerchiefs, the battered man crouching between their knees, they rolled in sanctity through the mob that mouthed in search of them.

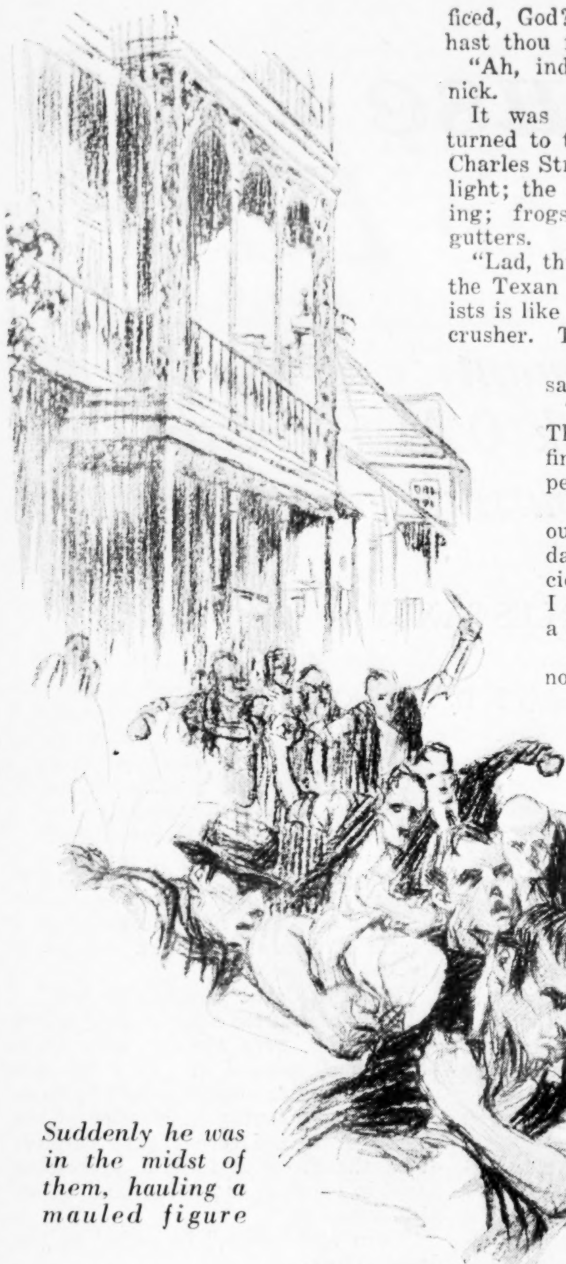
Not until the city thinned about them did they speak. With a spurt of meditative tobacco juice, the Texan unlocked his tongue:

"I cert'n'y am obliged to this corpse. And now, what in—Mexico—might this feller be?"

Wiping at his bloody face, the source of it all sat up—a gangling Westerner in rawhide boots and plaid shirt, his throat all Adam's apple under a gray fringe.



"She—a slave," he cracked and shivered again. "A slave—to be sold—to-night"



Suddenly he was in the midst of them, hauling a mauled figure

"The Lord's aninted, that's who I be, brethren. *An*-inted and *ap*-pinted to free the downtrod.

"'Bijah Cray—that's me. And in Pottsville, Indianny, the light come to me. ''Bijah,' it said, 'go south, down to the Scarlet Whore o' cities, and bid her free them slaves.'

"The sins o' the city o' Newarleens—Howl, oh Heshbon, for Ai be spoiled. Cry, ye daughters o' Rabah, and run to and fro upon the roads, ye that trusteth in your treasures—wallerin' in lusts and the pride o' the flesh."

He stood up, flailing with lean arms, a sort of Indiana Jeremiah, jaundiced by fifty years of pork and hot bread, preaching a god of destruction.

"Slaves," he went on. "*Wimmen* slaves."

He licked his lips at that word, his unblacked eye gleaming reddishly.

"*Body* slaves—pore souls—"

DOMINICK wondered at the strange luck. Glory of southern May, faces of hate sweeping down a street—and all he had drawn from it was this male calamity. The Texan spat again in cool contempt.

"If that locoed maverick gets loose in the city they'll hang him, or worse. And us too if they catch us while they're het up. We'd best hide him out.

"Bayou Tchoupic," he went on, "that's the place. I know a hunting cabin there—lake to the east; and to the south swamp clear down to the Gulf. As pretty a hide-out hole as the Sabine itself."

"Oh, Lord, thou hast deceived me," Cray bawled. "Ashdod and Magormissabib and the bloody kings o' Tyre, they hold me in derision daily. Ain't I sackerficed, God?—and now—oh, Lord, why hast thou forsook?"

"Ah, indeed—why?" yawned Dominick.

It was dawn before Dominick returned to the ramshackle hotel on St. Charles Street. A wet heat in the half light; the silence of a city still sleeping; frogs croaking in green-slimed gutters.

"Lad, this is no place to fool with," the Texan warned. "Saving Abolitionists is like putting your head in a cane crusher. This city never forgets."

"Nor ever learns either," said Dominick.

"You'll be watched after this. The Committee of Safety will find out who snatched that gospel shouter."

"I'll spend most of my time out at the cabin for a few days," Dominick brightly decided. "'Twill be a good act; I can cheer the old lunatic up a bit."

His eyes were wide and innocent, but the Texan, fingering at a rocky chin, said, "H'm!

"Go slow," he added, as he walked away.

That strange luck was still potent. It was not for the sake of 'Bijah Cray that Dominick would return to that lonely cabin in the swamp. In the hours between, stolen hours some of them, secret even from the Texan, he had met Louise de Marigny.

The hidden place where she dwelt, hard to come by except through chance, was in a network of dark backwaters where lazy Bayou Tchoupic turns off from the villas and groves of the St. Jean.

There Dominick had gone exploring in a pirogue. Great oaks massed by rank vines; saw palmettoes, cypress trees drooping banners of funeral moss over channels falsely blue with floating hyacinths—a secret place, and in its midst, on a spot of higher land, a house!

A roof showing above a blotched, vine-clad wall; a place heavily shadowed, with three steps of cypress logs leading down to the water from a narrow gate—the sort of place in which to hide oneself, or to keep a treasure! And behind the wall a voice, lilting and girlish, counting to sharp tap-taps:

"Cen'—tay—yune—cen' deux—cen'—ah, then, Céleste, it is incroyab'—yes. Cen' trois—a-a-h!"

Something flew over the wall, falling in the water abreast of Dominick's canoe—a shuttlecock, brave in red feathers and gilt. He picked it up, resting on his paddle, waiting; he knew that soon the girl behind that voice would be coming to look for it.

She came: through the gate, down the log steps into a shaft of sunlight striking between the cypresses. She might have been eighteen, her dress hardly whiter than her skin; her face a creamy oval, like a magnolia petal under a mass of bright brown hair. Then she saw him and stopped, even as a wild thing contracts to immobility before danger, all her life in her eyes.

A young man in a pirogue—a young man of glad raiment, his coat cast aside, his ruffled shirt opened to a white chest across which gleamed a jeweled band! As still as herself, he waited, letting his lips slowly widen to a flash of teeth. Silence. Hardly the stir of a leaf in the swamp's still air, the pirogue drifting slowly in under pressure of the faint current! But to themselves it seemed the compulsion of their mutual gaze which was bringing them closer.

At last he spoke, lifting up the shuttlecock:

"Mam'zelle seeks this?"

Her thoughts were in her face, unguarded to his sight. She saw only him, not the toy he was offering to restore. As she took it their fingers touched, but it was their eyes that clung.

"I, mam'zelle, am Dominick O'Mara."

"A-h? Dom'neek Om-mara—I not know that, not!"

"And you?"

"Me?—ah—" She glanced back through the narrow gate, hushing her soft voice as one who by force breaks a secret. "I mus' not tell that—I not know why! But—since it is *you*—I am Louise de Marigny."

"Louise."

It seemed a golden name as he repeated it in a golden moment which each prolonged. Then came another voice, throaty, vibrant with solicitude.

"*Mam-zelle! Vini—vini—donc.*"

Another face between the brick gateposts—a woman's face, pale, worn, sensitively aquiver! At sight of Dominick it changed to a mask of very terror itself.

"May good God have mercy!"

A swift hand drawing the girl inside, the slam of the gate on shrieking hinges, then silence once more, with only the faint gurgle of the water between great cypress knees!

SO BACK to the cabin Dominick went, enduring the endless prayers of the self-anointed Cray. Two days he paddled and waited, fanning away mosquitoes; but the little house in the cypress shadows remained silent. The third time he waited until nightfall.

The house was just a darker spot among the marsh trees, with not a light to betray its presence. The cypress logs squashed in the mud under Dominick's feet; the wall was leprous with fungus, overhung by rank jasmine. He leaped and caught the coping, drawing himself up into a bath of perfume.

A tiny villa of a bygone pattern, ornate with arches and slatted sun shutters! Roses in incredible riot; tall lilies bending whitely; oleanders scattering petals on spiky Spanish daggers!

Louise de Marigny? That gave him wonder, for it was one of the great names in that city just beyond the swamp's rim. Then wonder stopped and delight came instead, for she was there in the garden's midst, and alone. He dropped softly to the ground.

She had seen him, but she neither cried out nor ran as he advanced slowly, in smiling silence. There came a sigh as of hope fulfilled.

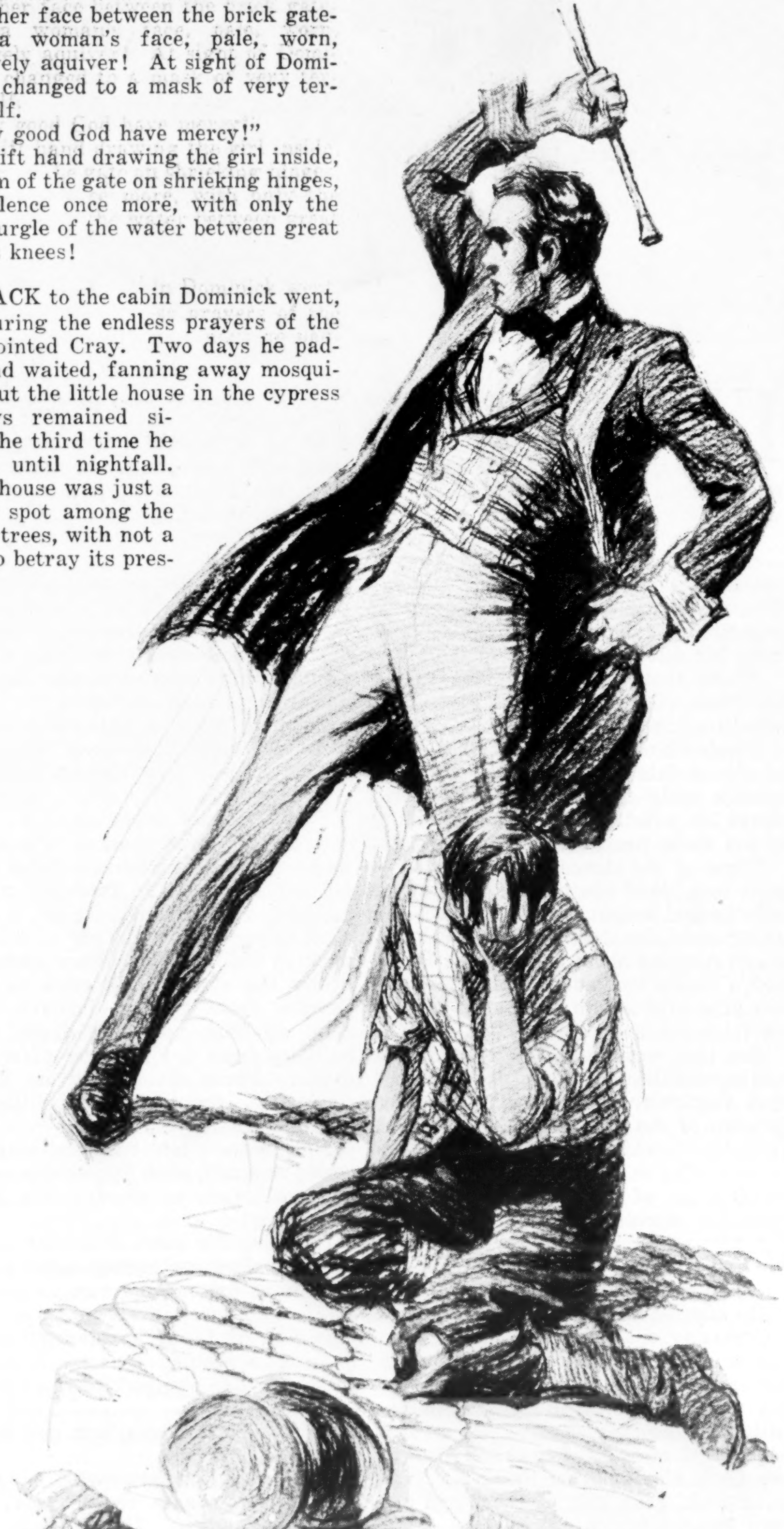
"Louise!"

"Dom'neek!"

She remembered him! That was unbelievable, so enchanting that it must be shared.

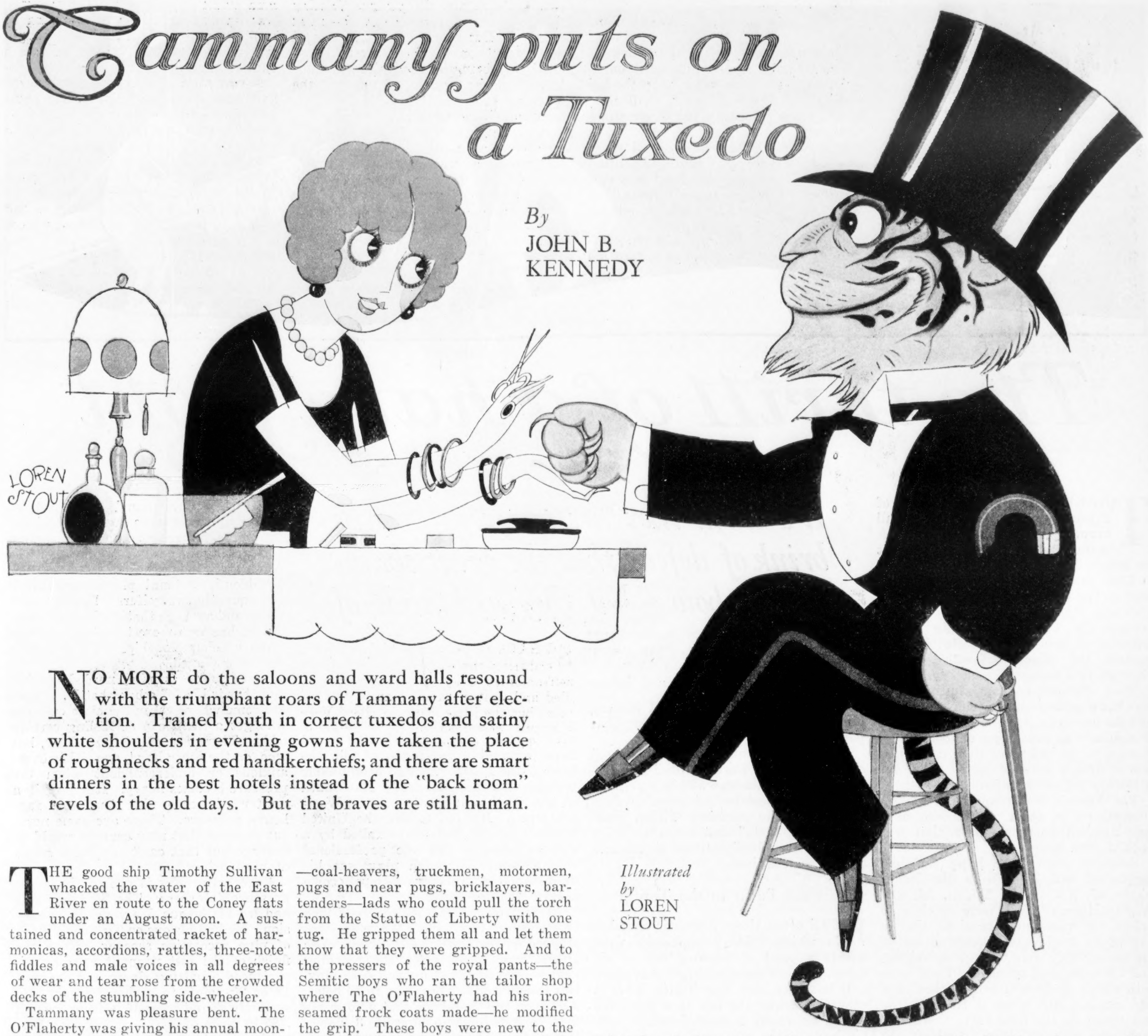
"You have not forgotten me?"

"Fo'got—? (*Continued on page 45*)



Tammany puts on a Tuxedo

By
JOHN B.
KENNEDY



NO MORE do the saloons and ward halls resound with the triumphant roars of Tammany after election. Trained youth in correct tuxedos and satiny white shoulders in evening gowns have taken the place of roughnecks and red handkerchiefs; and there are smart dinners in the best hotels instead of the "back room" revels of the old days. But the braves are still human.

Illustrated
by
LOREN
STOUT

THE good ship Timothy Sullivan whacked the water of the East River en route to the Coney flats under an August moon. A sustained and concentrated racket of harmonicas, accordions, rattles, three-note fiddles and male voices in all degrees of wear and tear rose from the crowded decks of the stumbling side-wheeler.

Tammany was pleasure bent. The O'Flaherty was giving his annual moonlight sail and clambake for the braves of the Tenth Ward. They were there in hundreds, packing the aisles between the rails and the ship's ribs, cigars aglow like phalanxes of fireflies marking time. Every man was a vote, and every man knew it.

In clusters they sang and drank and talked and gibed. The joyous oaths of Celtic men swelled up to mingle with the smoke from the sputtering stack. They gave way for no man—these roaring groups—save the sweating German waiters flatfooting up and down companionways carrying dripping trays laden with golden beer from batteries of kegs on the deck, each keg with a slab of ice strapped to its top like a dissipated and repentant giant.

Enthroned on a deck chair in a triangle of space where two lifeboats touched scarred noses sat The O'Flaherty, blue of chin, black of thatch, with an eye as clear and deep as a Killarney pool. He smoked not, neither did he chew. He sat shooting greetings right and left through the tooth-walled corners of a roomy mouth while the bhoys, beery and buoyant, stumbled over one another to get at his welcoming hand.

Not a man did The O'Flaherty miss—coal-heavers, truckmen, motormen, pugs and near pugs, bricklayers, bartenders—lads who could pull the torch from the Statue of Liberty with one tug. He gripped them all and let them know that they were gripped. And to the pressers of the royal pants—the Semitic boys who ran the tailor shop where The O'Flaherty had his iron-seamed frock coats made—he modified the grip. These boys were new to the ways of organized Democracy and promising in their swelling numbers. They must know that the ward leader could be gentle among the rough.

When a specially raucous voice raised itself in screamed obscenity a glint came into the eyes of The O'Flaherty. To Black Dan Garrity, his bodyguard, he'd fire a muffled warning between handshakes:

"Find that loud balbin and clout him quiet. No fights on the way to the beach or we'll all be drowned."

A Tiger Jamboree: Time, 1913

AND Black Dan's fighting bulk would smash through the milling admirers of the leader, strategically follow the footsteps of the stoutest waiter with the largest tray of suds, to find the rowdy party. He would invite the antagonists to one side for a special drink, conduct them genially inward to the hot diaphragm of the ship, then slap their heads together and leave them to sprawl and wrestle on the fireroom floor till sleep came through liquor or the wrong end of a stoker's shovel.

Black Dan would forge to the side of the throne—in time to catch Clancy, the undertaker, trying to push his shaggy brows, which needed separate umbrellas in a rainstorm, before the newspaper lad sketching cartoons of the prominent.

"Keep Clancy out of that," whispered The O'Flaherty. And Dan did it, flipping a wink to the artist which was either visé or veto for those wanting to get their picture in the paper. Clancy, pride-stung, would sidle back into the line moving before the throne, reach The O'Flaherty and whisper wetly, protesting against exclusion from "the picture"—and back would shoot a gruff reply:

"You've got the Sheehan funeral tomorrow and the Riley wake the day after, Clancy. What more do you want?"

The O'Flaherty, eyes eager for the lights of Coney, once more signaled Black Dan. Promptly the battery of kegs was plugged and a gibbering heeler, boorishly trying to beat this command from the throne, was tapped with a bung starter and collapsed with his intent. Black Dan kicked him aside with a boot the size of a rowboat, and to hoarse applause from the jumbled decks the kegs were rolled to a companionway for their destiny as swimming pools for limitless clams once the party was ashore.

Throughout the orgy of food and beer The O'Flaherty moved among his men, slowly, coolly. Nodding here, speaking there, he assured himself that everybody was having what everybody thought was a good time. Quietly he conferred with the cops in the background:

"There'll be no trouble, boys. Everybody's happy, and we'll be out before the beer's gone."

The cops, agrin, shook hands with Black Dan; transferred to their pockets what he left on their palms. All was well.

In the early hours of the morning, her decks littered, the songs and shouts of the outward trip replaced by snores and squabbles, the good ship Timothy Sullivan struggled up the East River and crawled into a mid-town dock. The O'Flaherty, viewing his limp supporters with a broad grin, glorified the Tenth Ward and Tammany in a modest, concise speech:

"We did well in last year's election, boys, and we'll do better this November. I thank one and all for the honor of your company. Remember me to your folks."

(*Continued on page 34*)

The thrill of a hard fight

It's when they are tottering on the brink of defeat that the great champions show what they are made of

By GRANTLAND RICE

THREE years ago Bill Roper of Princeton plastered this slogan all around the Tiger premises, "A team that won't be beaten can't be beaten."

That same year the Princeton team was on the verge of triple knockouts by Chicago, Harvard and Yale. In each contest the Tiger was within a half whisker of being licked. But in each contest the Tiger scrambled safely through to a memorable victory.

That Princeton team, individually, was not a great organization. It merely got the notion in its collective head that it wouldn't be beaten by anybody—and it wasn't. It had more close calls than ten or fifteen average teams have, but it always pulled through.

The Tiger's feat reminds us of two competitors in other sports who have just finished another season that was packed with drama.

Someone must have hung that old slogan of Bill Roper's in the locker rooms of William T. Tilden, 2d, and Walter Hagen. Both were so close to defeat on numerous occasions that a half shove would have pushed either on his neck. They were tight-wire walkers and the wire was greased. They were both within an inch of being licked time and again. But when it came to the last stand, to the final turn, there was just one answer—they wouldn't be beaten.

What are the qualities that bring about this condition in a man's soul? Tilden and Hagen are quite dissimilar in most of their characteristics. Tilden, tennis champion for six successive years, is a nervous, restless type, inclined to petulancy when he doesn't like certain decisions. Hagen is bland, smiling, care-free, easy-going, taking the situation as it happens along.

Tilden is supreme in his field of tennis. But Hagen isn't supreme in golf. Bobby Jones, Macdonald Smith, Jim Barnes and Willie MacFarland might challenge him in golf; and Jones is rated as the best match and medal player combined that golf knows to-day. Only Bill Johnston of California and Richards are now close to Tilden. But the remarkable feature of the Tilden-Hagen careers is the way they manage to pull out of tight places where the shadows are as black as midnight.

Tilden this last season was no all conquering whirlwind. He was more closely pressed than he has ever been before. Borotra, the French star, was within a point of beating him in the Davis Cup test, but Borotra didn't win. LaCoste, another Davis Cup entry from France, was within a point of beating him, but LaCoste could never get that point.

In the final round of the national championship at Forest Hills Bill Johnston of California was within a point of winning the decisive set three or four times. On two occasions Tilden made astonishing "gets" that saved his scalp until Johnston finally missed his chances by less than an inch.

Four Paths to the Top

HERE were three dramatic matches in which Tilden's opponents were within a point of winning five or six times. None of them could get that point.

It has been said that Tilden takes it easy and draws the line to a fine edge before he really bounds forward with his best. This may be true on many occasions. But no man is going to draw a line so thin and fine that only a single point stands between him and defeat. That's crowding it a bit.

It is under the heaviest pressure, in the toughest spot, against the longest odds that Tilden is at his best. He simply won't be trimmed.

The same was true of Walter Hagen in the professional championship at Chicago. Hagen came to this championship wearing the crown he won a year ago at French Lick. His season's record had not been impressive. He had won no tournament of any note. Stories were printed to the effect that he was slipping after a great career and that he would never again be the Hagen of old, the Lion of the Links. He had been unable to follow the fast pace set by Mac Smith in the North and South and the Western Open. His bid to bag the United States Open at Worcester failed by a narrow margin. So the professional championship at match play was his final stand. And this was the pet crown Hagen was defending.

Al Watrous came within a half inch of beating him, but Watrous was stopped on the thirty-ninth green. Leo Diegel was 5 up after the morning round—and finally 3 up and 4 to play. But Diegel couldn't beat him in 40 holes. And then Bill Mehlhorn shot a 70 in his first round to find himself 3 down. When the final day came around Hagen was 7 under even 4's for 31 holes.

All of which brings us back to the qualities needed for this "won't-be-beaten" stand which Tilden and Hagen so often take. First of all, apart from skill, there is determination. When this is missing there is nothing else that can save the day in a hard fight.

The next quality is concentration, which means the application of the mental side to the main job at hand, with no distracting side lines for the moment.

The third is the two stars' capability in the way of relaxation at certain times when they have found the knack of easing up to conserve their powers, and the more important knack of coming forward again at a fast clip when the home stretch is reached.

Tilden is *two* tennis players and Hagen is frequently two golfers. Hagen hasn't the grand average that Bobby Jones has, but he has won more titles and various types of championships than any man that ever played.

There is still another needed quality, and that is love of a hard battle. There are some who revel in the close call and who get a thrill out of feeling certain odds. There are others who don't, but who, on the other hand, are either over-anxious or underconfident when the pressure becomes heavy. It is largely a matter of nerve fiber that can face heavy pressure. There are some nervous systems that may carry a world of courage but that can't survive a series of hard drives.

Rogers Hornsby is one of the great pressure absorbers. The St. Louis star had led his league five years in succession. He had his eye on Ty Cobb's mark of nine successive seasons. Near the finish of the last pennant race he experienced a batting slump and dropped 18 or 20 points in a short march. He suddenly found himself batting around .385 in place of .400 or more, with Bottomley, a teammate, close upon his heels. Bottomley had drawn up within two points of the Cardinal star.

Under such conditions the majority of ball players would have become over-anxious, beset by worry and fear. A few weeks before the season closed I asked Hornsby how he felt about it. He had no alibi for the slump and no worry for the future. All he said was: "I'll do a lot better from now on. Slumps must always come, but they are nothing to worry about if you keep on plugging. Mine is now about over." And from that day on Hornsby moved steadily on from .385 up above .400, incidentally leading both leagues in the home-run zone for the second time in four years.

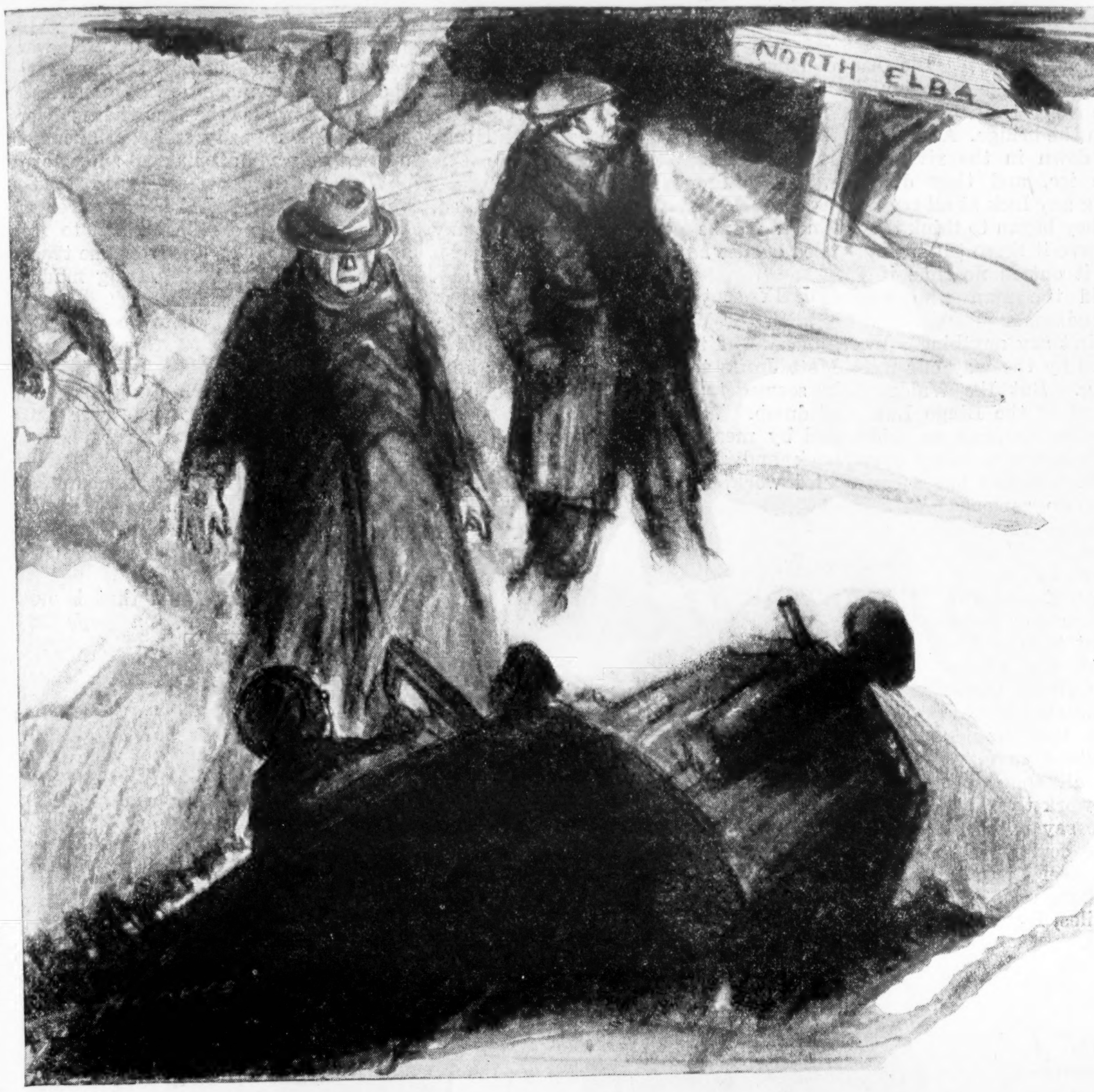
So Hornsby, like Tilden, has led the parade for six years in succession. He is another member of the "Won't-Be-Beaten" fraternity. In this age, where there is so much hard competition and where there are so many fine competitors, it takes the quality which the Hagens, the Tildens and the Hornsbys possess to decide the result on more than a few occasions. It will become more and more the matter of facing pressure, since the pressure will be harder and rougher each passing year.

Saturday's most important games are on page 45

Collier's All-America Football Team

THIS institution—founded twenty-six years ago by Walter Camp—will appear for the twenty-seventh time at the close of the present season. Mr. Camp in recent years assembled a corps of observers who helped him to keep posted as to the ability of various players all over the United States. The advice of the same experts will aid the selection of the All-America line-up by the foremost sports authority of the country—

GRANTLAND RICE



John Brown's Body

Another Upson tractor story! This time it is a tale of winter and it will tell you something you did not know about American history

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

"It's there for the night," I said. "Yes," said Jake, weary and disappointed, "that settles it"

IN JANUARY, 1920, during the first winter I worked for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company—makers of the famous Earthworm Tractors—me and old Jake Hawkins was sent to demonstrate a ten-ton Earthworm to the Bingo Lumber Company, at Tupper Lake in the Adirondack Mountains. And we ran into so much grief and trouble that we never would have gotten through if it hadn't been for the help we got from old John Brown, who had been dead for sixty years.

At that time I was one of the newest service men in the company, and Jake Hawkins was one of the oldest. Jake was about forty-five years old. He had started out in the navy, just in time to get into the Battle of Manila Bay. But when his enlistment ran out he started work with the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, and he had rounded out twenty years with them.

At this Tupper Lake demonstration Jake was in charge of operations and I went along as helper. On the train going up from Utica Jake explained to me what we were up against.

"The Bingo Lumber Company," he said, "have a number of camps in the Adirondacks. They do a big business. Like all the other lumber companies, they have always hauled their logs by horses, but now they are thinking of trying tractors. They may get Earthworms, but they are thinking much more seriously of a machine called the Wyndham Crawler Truck."

"And what," I asked, "is that?"

"I never seen one," said Jake, "so I don't know. But we'll find out soon enough, because this is to be a competitive demonstration. The Wyndham will be there, and we'll be there; we'll both haul logs; and the one that does the best will be what they'll choose. They expect to get about a dozen machines, and they'll be all Earthworms or all Wyndhams. They won't take both, because they want their equipment standardized."

And after he had told me all about the demonstration Jake started in and gave me all the dope on the Battle of Manila Bay, and how they used to do things so long ago. I came back with a few lies about the Argonne and Saint-Mihiel, and we spent the rest of the journey swapping yarns. You know how it is when two war veterans get to talking.

WE REACHED Tupper Lake in the evening, and went right to a hotel and turned in for the night. And old Jake let me look over what he called his "art gallery." On his chest was tattooed a couple of American flags, crossed, and a big eagle with a ribbon in its mouth with the words, "E pluribus unum." And underneath the eagle it said, "In God we trust." There didn't seem to be no mermaids or anything like that, such as you see on so many sailors. Old Jake run more to patriotism than sentiment. On his right arm was a picture of the Statue of Liberty.

"What you got on your left arm?" I asked. "Grant's Tomb?"

"No," he said, kind of insulted; so I looked, and it was the picture of an old man with a long beard. It didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the exhibit.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"That," said Jake, "is old John Brown of Osawatomie. I had the picture put on in honor of my grandfather. Before he was in the Civil War, Grandpa was out in Kansas with old John Brown. They was a scrappy bunch—fighting all the time. Grandpa used to tell me about it by the hour."

"Was this the same John Brown that was hung?" I asked.

"Yes," said Jake. "Just before the Civil War he went down to Virginia and stirred up a row and they got him."

"Wasn't he sort of crazy?" I said.

"Sure he was—but crazy in the right way. He was a regular fighting fool—a hell cat—scared of nothing. That's the kind of a man I like—a man that has the guts and the pep to get up and do something. Like George Washington and General Grant and Jesse James and Carrie Nation."

And Jake started singing softly to himself, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave—" So I crawled in and went to sleep.

The next morning we found the manager for the lumber company, a feller called Ike Waldron, who said he wanted to have the demonstration the next day. He told us it was to be out at the camp, about three miles from town. We went down to the freight depot and found the tractor had arrived O. K. It was a big ten-ton model, fresh from the factory and all fitted up for use in the north woods—inclosed cab with glass windows, electric headlights for use at night and ice spike grousers to prevent slipping.

That night we slept fine—much better than if we had known what was going to happen the next day.

In the morning we got up before it was light, and ran the machine out to camp, arriving on time at seven o'clock. It was a gray, cloudy morning—moderately cold—and, as I said, there was about a foot of snow on the ground. The tractor ran fine. Jake had put a couple of American flags on the front, and we looked ready to beat the world.

When we looked at the Wyndham Crawler Truck, which had just arrived, we had to laugh. It was built like a big motor truck, with the usual two wheels in front; but at the rear, instead of two driving wheels, it had a couple of endless chain tracks like ours, only much smaller. And the whole thing looked weak and flimsy beside our big beauty. We had good, heavy tracks from one end of the machine to the other, like a war tank; and you could just tell to look at us that we could butt through drifts and pull like an elephant.

"This reminds me," said Jake, "of Sunday, May 1, 1898. I feel like I was Admiral Dewey and you was Captain Gridley on the good old Olympia. And that bird over there reminds me of Admiral Montejo on the Reina Cristina. Poor old feller!"

THE weather wasn't quite like Manila, though. By the time the demonstration started up, a few stray snowflakes had begun to drift down.

The Wyndham Truck loaded up first. They took a pretty good load—part of it on the truck itself, and part on sleds hitched behind. It was about all they could pull.

Now, we couldn't load any logs on our machine. All we took had to be on sleds. And Ike Waldron, the lumber boss, stepped up and said, "That's one place they got you beat."

But old Jake just laughed. "Wait till you see what we pull," he said. "This hauling logs is the same proposition as hauling freight on a railroad. If a locomotive can pull a big enough string of cars nobody ever kicks because they can't load a bunch of freight in the cab along with the engineer and fireman."

When our turn came we hooked onto a string of sleds carrying about half again as many logs as the Wyndham was taking altogether. And we started off with a rush.

"Here we go!" hollered Jake. "Just like the Olympia went past Corregidor Island! Ta-ra-ra-ra, boom-de-ay!"

But after about half a mile the motor began to choke down, and the tracks began to squeak and stick. Something was wrong. Jake stopped and I got out, and it didn't take long to find the trouble. We had been running through soft, fine snow; and this snow had been gradually packing into our tracks.

You see, an Earthworm Tractor is like a war tank, running on two tracks—one on each side. Each track is an endless chain running around sprockets—like the chain on a bicycle. Only on the tractor the chain is much bigger, and on the outside of each link is a solid plate which acts as a shoe for the machine to run on.

As we drove along the fine snow had sifted into the chain—or track, as they call it in the tractor business—and the sprocket teeth had packed in there tight. As the shoe on the outside was solid, there was no place for it to get out. So, more and more snow was packed in tighter and tighter, until each link was filled with a chunk of solid ice and the track was so jammed up it could hardly turn.

I got a cold chisel and a hammer out of the tool box and cut the ice out of one link after another, while Jake backed and went forward to bring the links where I could get at them. I noticed that the snowflakes was beginning to come down a little thicker.

"This ain't so much like Manila Bay as you thought," I said.

"No," said Jake. "But cheer up. We may be stuck, but we ain't going to be stuck forever. Like when my grandfather and General Grant was trying to capture Vicksburg. First they tried to get at it from the east, by way of Jackson. And they got stuck. So they went back to Memphis and came down the river from the north. And they got stuck in the Yazoo Delta. Then they went around to the west—but nothing doing. And finally they oozed around to the south and came through a-flying. Which is just how we're going to go through with this."

AFTER about half an hour we got the tracks cleared and started off again, with old Jake singing a song about "In the good old days of eighteen sixty-one, when we fit for Ginral Grant." We kept out of the softest of the snow as much as possible, but before the end of the trip we got jammed up again, and we saw the Wyndham going back for another load.

This time I found that I could jar the little blocks of ice out of the links by hitting the top of the track as hard a whack as I could with the sledge hammer. And in this way I cleaned the track in ten minutes. We got down to the mill, unloaded and got halfway back before the tracks filled up again. By this time the Wyndham had taken a second load.

It kept up like that all morning, until finally the strain on one of the tracks got too much. A track pin snapped, and the right-hand track fell right off the machine just like a busted bicycle chain falls off a bicycle.

Old Jake let off a string of language like only a sailor can. But that didn't help none. And, as it was lunch time, we knocked off temporarily and went in to the camp cook shack to eat. On checking up we found that the Wyndham had hauled just twice as many logs as we had.

At lunch everybody was talking about some news that had just come in from one of the Bingo Lumber Company's other camps near a place called Lake Placid. It seemed that the old boiler in the saw mill at this other camp had given out, and they had sent for a new one. It had been shipped by railroad to Lake Placid, and had then been unloaded and put on an eight-horse sled to be hauled up to the camp, about fifteen miles away. But as they were crossing a bridge over the Au Sable River between Lake Placid and Wilmington the weight of the boiler had broken down the bridge. And there was the boiler down in the river all frozen into the ice, and they didn't seem to be having any luck at all trying to get it out. They began to think they might have to leave it there till spring.

"I could pull it out in no time if I was there," said the man who was running the Wyndham.

Jake and I didn't say anything. We was too disgusted by the way our machine was acting. But Ike Waldron, the superintendent of the Bingo Lumber Company, spoke up, and he said:

"They certainly are in a hurry over there, because the company has a contract to deliver two carloads of sawed ties to the railroad company at Lake Placid each week starting next Friday. If we don't get the first consignment there on time they have reserved the right to transfer the contract for the whole business to the Culbert Lumber Company. And they would do it too. And that would mean the mill would have to shut down and all the men would be out of work the rest of the winter—to say nothing of the loss to the company."

"How far is it over there?" asked the Wyndham man.

"About fifty miles, I guess," said Ike Waldron.

"All right," said the Wyndham man. "If you want to, we'll change this demonstration. Instead of me and these Earthworm people pulling logs around here, we'll see who can get over there first and pull out that boiler and take it up to the mill."

Ike Waldron turned to Jake.

"How does that suit you?" he asked. And as Jake couldn't figure out any good excuse he had to agree.

THEY sent one of their men to go with the Wyndham driver to act as guide. And they gave us a man called Matt Jones to show us the way; and he seemed to be a good feller but kind of dumb. We rushed out after lunch, and by means of running the tractor back and forth, and a good deal of hard work, we got the track back on. Fortunately, we had a couple of extra pins, so we drove one in and were ready to start about half an hour after the Wyndham machine had gone.

By this time the snowflakes were coming down steady and continuous. It seemed we was in for a real snowstorm.

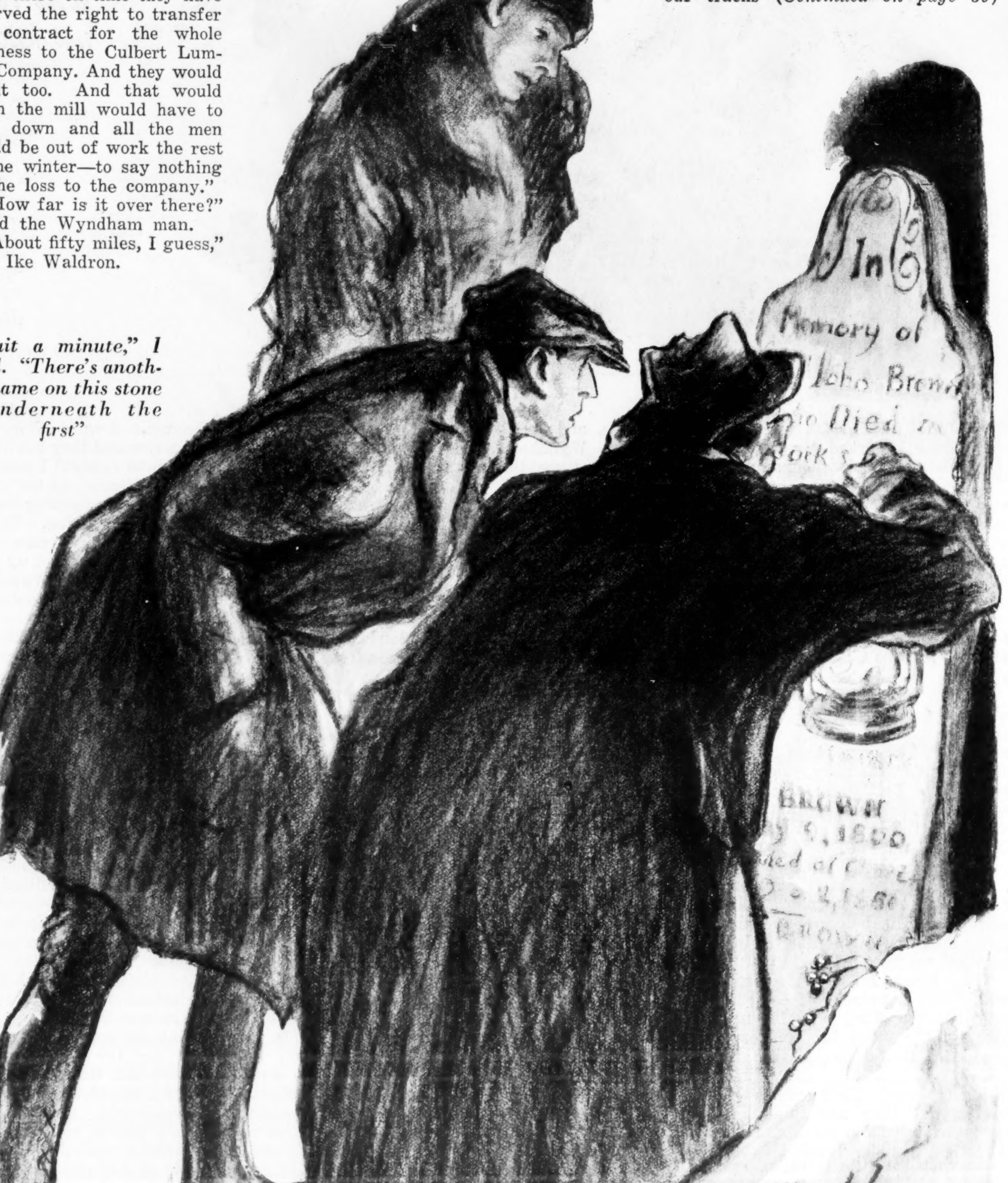
We started down the road to the village of Tupper Lake, and after we had gone about a mile we had to stop and knock out the snow from the tracks again. Old Jake was getting madder and madder.

"Something has got to be done," he said. "If we keep on this way we'll come out about like old man Cornwallis at the Battle of Yorktown."

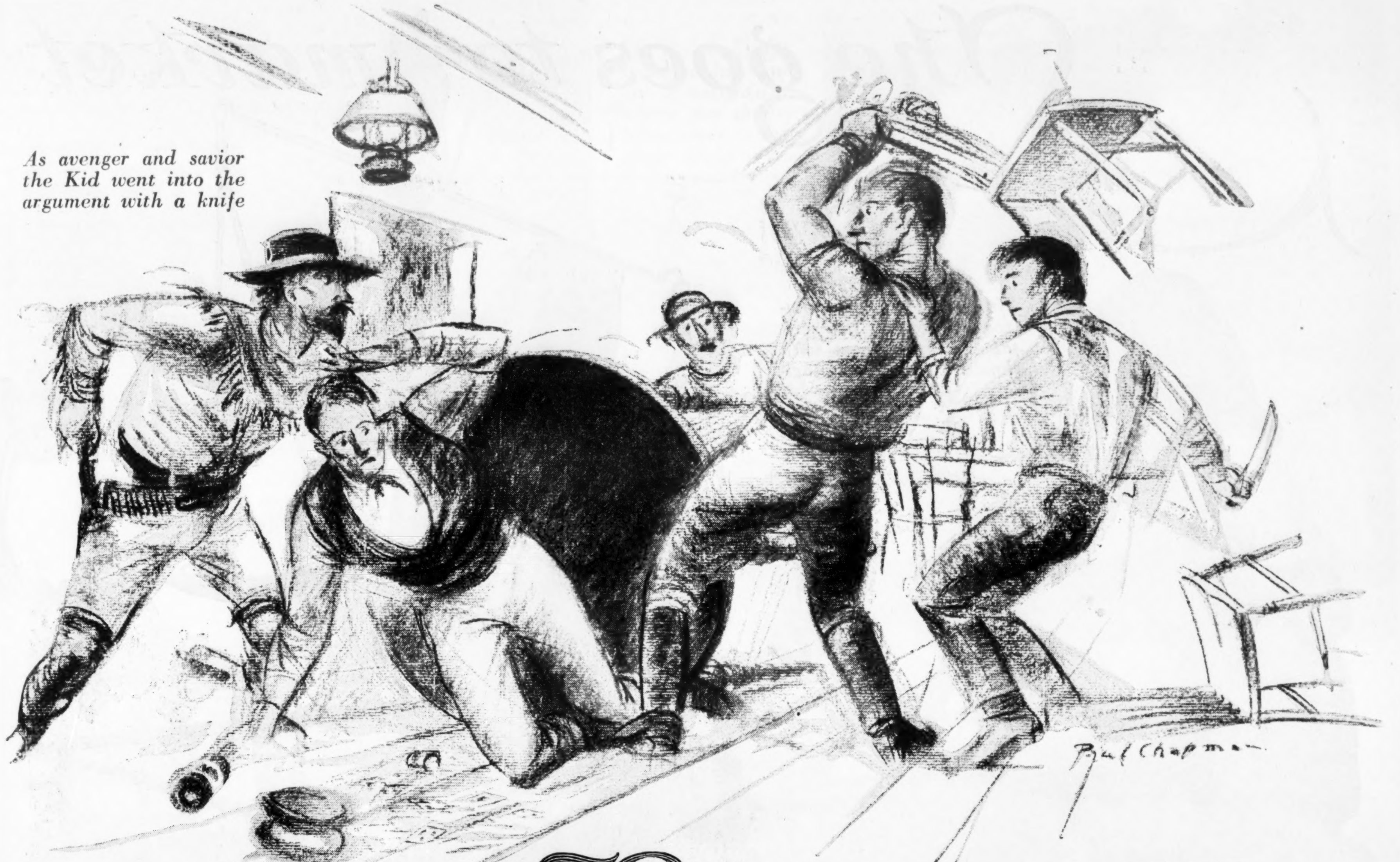
"At noon," I said, "I was over looking at the tracks on that Wyndham machine. And I noticed they have a big hole cut right through the middle of each shoe, so that as fast as the snow gets into the links, the teeth of the sprocket push it right out through the bottom."

"Yes," said Jake, "and that is how our tracks (*Continued on page 36*)

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS


In Memory of John Brown who Died in York
BROWN
DAVIS

"Wait a minute," I said. "There's another name on this stone—underneath the first"



As avenger and savior the Kid went into the argument with a knife

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL CHAPMAN

Billie the Kid

By OWEN P. WHITE

He was born in a New York slum, killed his first man at twelve and became the most popular bad man the old Southwest ever produced

MR. WILLIAM BONNEY, who, under the poetic pseudonym of Billie the Kid, bombarded his way into vast prominence and then, just when he was at the height of his glory, died ignominiously, with his boots off and a butcher knife in his hand, was born in an East Side slum in the city of New York on November 23, 1859.

This fact, however significant though it may appear to be in view of his later achievements as a super-gunman, could not have had any bearing upon his career, because before he was old enough to derive any real benefit from his metropolitan environment he was uprooted therefrom and carried away by his parents to Coffeyville, Kan.

After a short residence in Kansas, Billie's father died and his bereaved mother at once moved, with her offspring, to a mining town in Colorado where a replacement was soon secured in the person of a Mr. Antrim, who turned out to be the cruel stepfather of story-book fame. Shortly after his marriage to Mrs. Bonney, Mr. Antrim took his new family first to Santa Fe and then to Silver City, N. M., in both of which towns he acted as chief assistant to his wife in her profession as a boarding-house keeper.

Silver City—which little town has long since forsworn the frivolous pursuit of the precious metal for which it is named and settled itself down to the profitable and prosaic business of producing actual copper—was, during the years that little Billie Bonney lived there, a hard camp. Everybody there was endeavoring to ride to prosperity on the crest of a silver boom. Six or seven hundred miles of an Apache-infested wilderness lay between it and the nearest railroad.

With this much distance between it and the nearest pulpit or public school, it is not to be wondered at that the population of the place was made up almost entirely of men and women of the very lowest order of unorganized society. The patrons, both regular and transient, of Mrs. Antrim's boarding house were of a most turbulent type, and it naturally followed that Billie the Kid, who seems to have always been a lad to take advantage of his opportunities, soon became an adept in the use of profanity, liquor, pistols and cards.

In fact, so precocious was he, and so proficient did he become in the above-mentioned arts, that—and for this we have only his own word—at the tender age of twelve he shot and killed a "black nigger" who was endeavoring to "put something over on him" in a card game. This initial killing, which was the first one of "twenty-six, not counting Indians," occurred at Fort Union, and Billie kept the story of it a secret from his mother because he did not want her to worry about the conduct of her wayward son.

His next homicidal venture, however, which took place when he was fifteen, was different. It was a public affair, and Billie's mother herself was, indirectly, the innocent cause of it.

He Skins a Whole Tribe

BILLIE was standing on the street corner one afternoon with a crowd of his associates when, as his mother passed, a young blacksmith made an insulting remark about her. Quick as a flash Billie, who was small for his age, planted his fist squarely against the blacksmith's jaw and was just about to be severely spanked for his temerity when a bystander, Ed Moulton, intervened and knocked the blacksmith out with a blow from the rear.

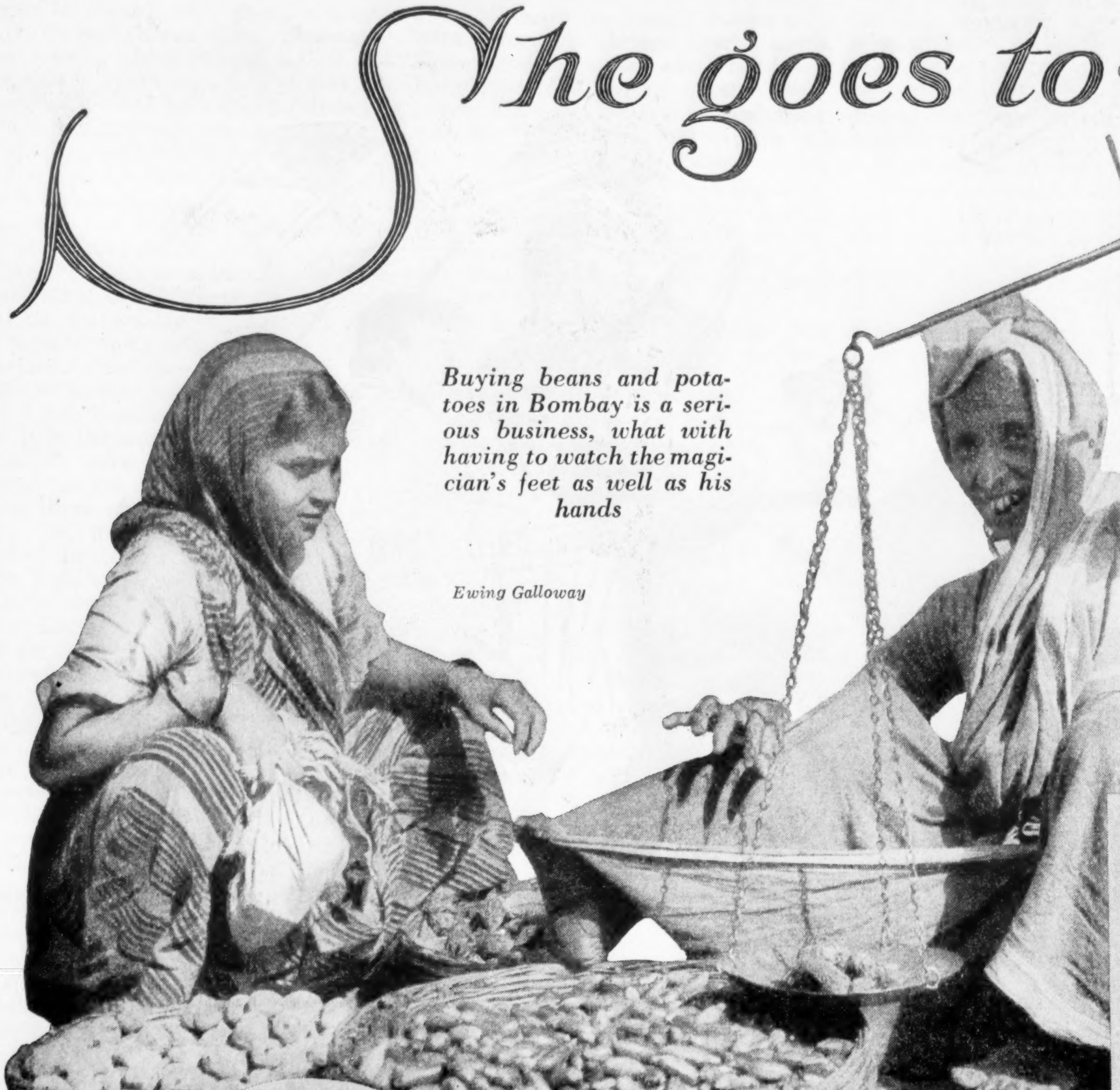
Naturally this act caused a friendship to spring up between Moulton and Billie Bonney, and three months later, when Moulton and the blacksmith were about to come together a second time, the future bandit liquidated his obligation in full. Just as the blacksmith was about to hit Moulton over the head with a chair, in a free-for-all which was taking place in Joe Dyer's saloon, Billie went into the argument with a knife. The next day the blacksmith was dead, and Billie, after having kissed his mother good-by, was a fugitive from justice.

Three weeks later, having in the meantime stolen a horse and joined forces with a lone wanderer who facetiously informed the guileless youth that his name was "Alias," Billie the Kid arrived at Camp Bowie, where the pair traded their mounts for arms and ammunition and then set out, on foot, for the Apache Indian Reservation. On this trip luck was with them. When they were only about ten miles from Camp Bowie the pair of adventurers sighted three Indians, who were the possessors of a vast store of wealth in the shape of twelve ponies, a quantity of pelts and several good saddles.

By ambushing and killing these Indians an immediate transfer of possession and ownership of all this property was effected. Thereafter, being well mounted, Billie and his companion turned away from the Apache Reservation and went west instead of east. Following this new route, they came into contact, about a week later, with a band of Texas emigrants and sold and traded all of their plunder.

Being now equipped with money, a commodity that he had never had before, Billie bade farewell to his friend "Alias" and, looking about him for a larger world to conquer, decided to go to Tucson, Ariz. It was a long, dreary ride for a lone sixteen-year-old boy to undertake, but (*Continued on page 48*)

She goes to market



Buying beans and potatoes in Bombay is a serious business, what with having to watch the magician's feet as well as his hands

Ewing Galloway

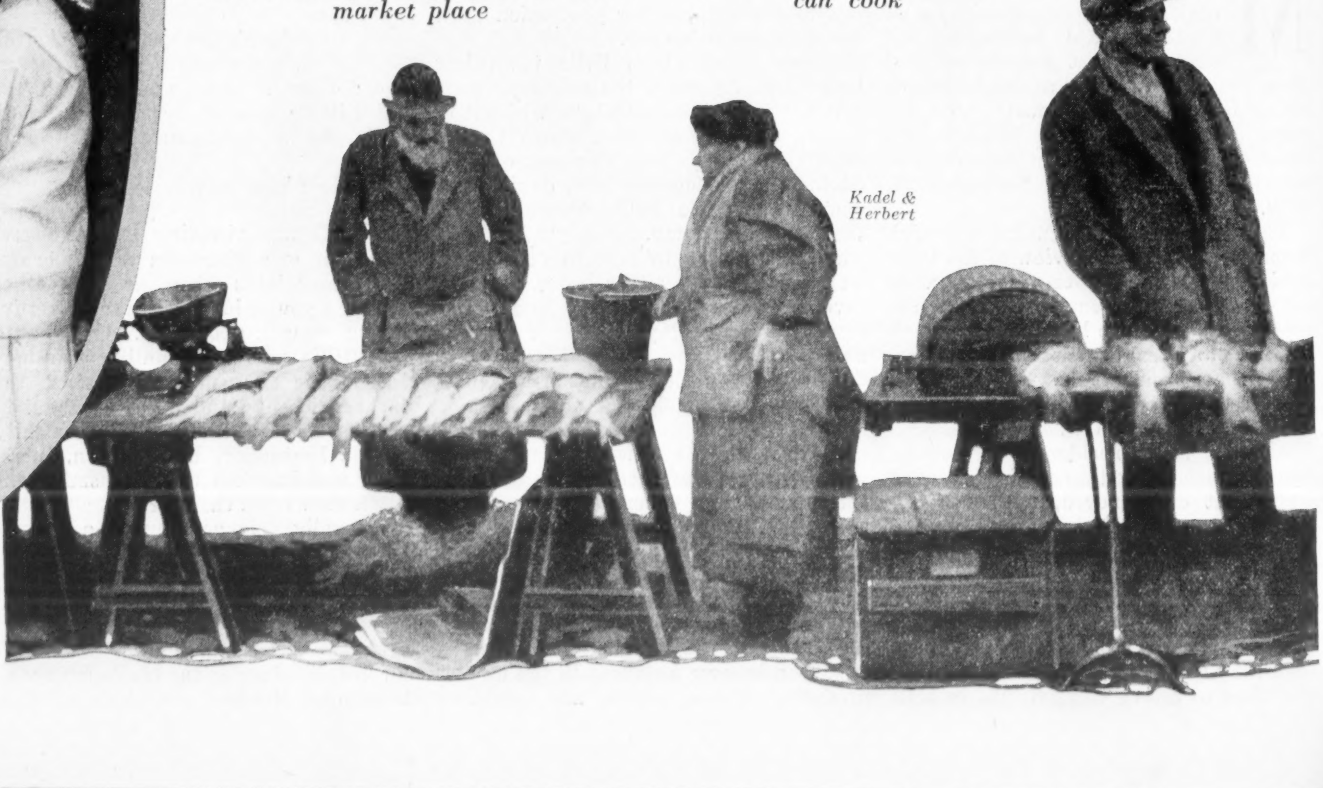
Ewing Galloway

It is still the style in Paris for madame to purchase her meats at an outdoor market—and such roasts and stews as only she can cook

London's famous East End (below), where the parking space is the market place

Ewing Galloway

There is more than one way to pick a chicken. Out in Iowa, for instance, she drives out to the farm and practically picks her chicken right out of the yard



Kadel & Herbert

Boston housewives, and their husbands too, buy their fruits and vegetables from pushcarts parked in so-called market streets

International

The cash and carry system is in vogue in Amsterdam, where the thrifty housewives select their fruits and vegetables

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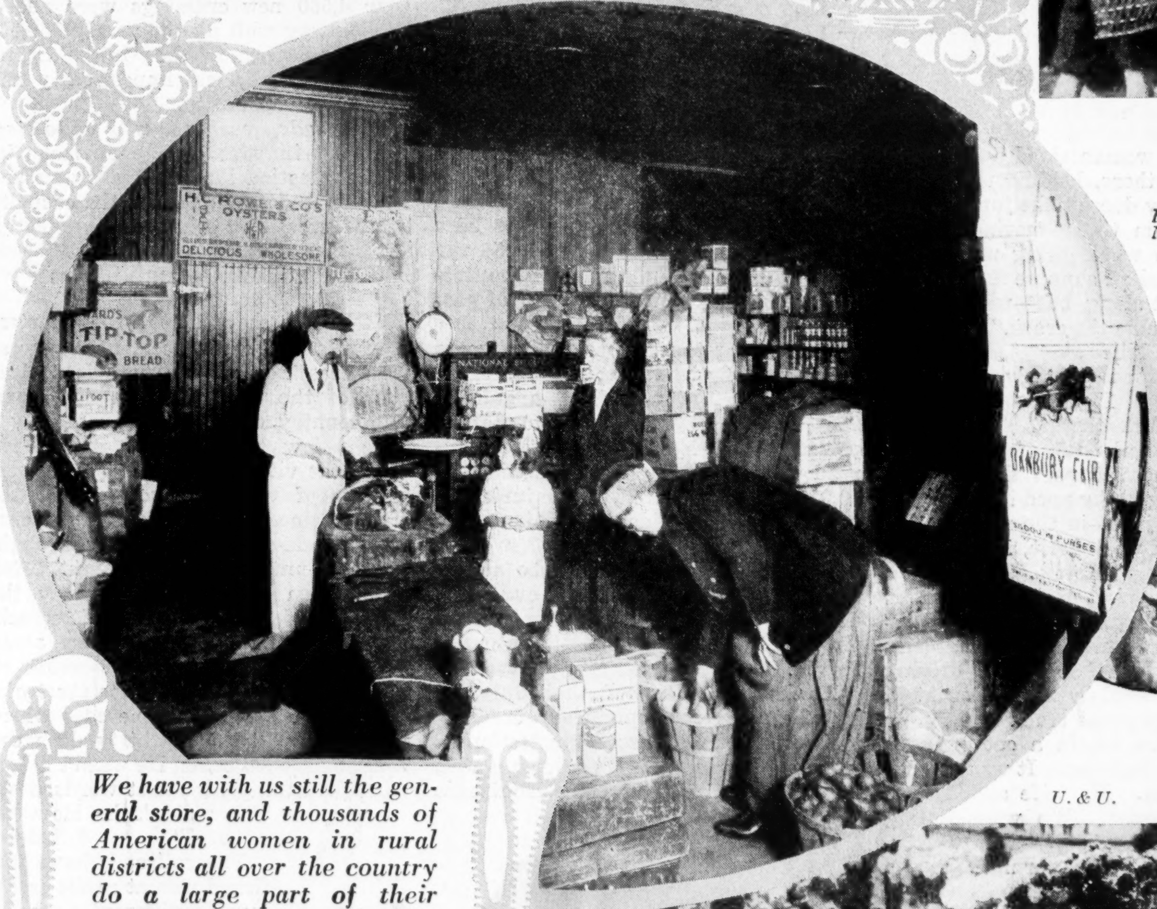


We have with us still the general store, and thousands of American women in rural districts all over the country do a large part of their marketing in stores like this

Brown Brothers

Frank A. Mansfield

U. & U.

Her place is in the home when the gentlemen of Mombasa, British East Africa, gather downtown for a friendly cup of coffee

Harry A. Frank

Peanuts and not a circus tent in sight, but it's China and they do everything backward over there

© U. & U.

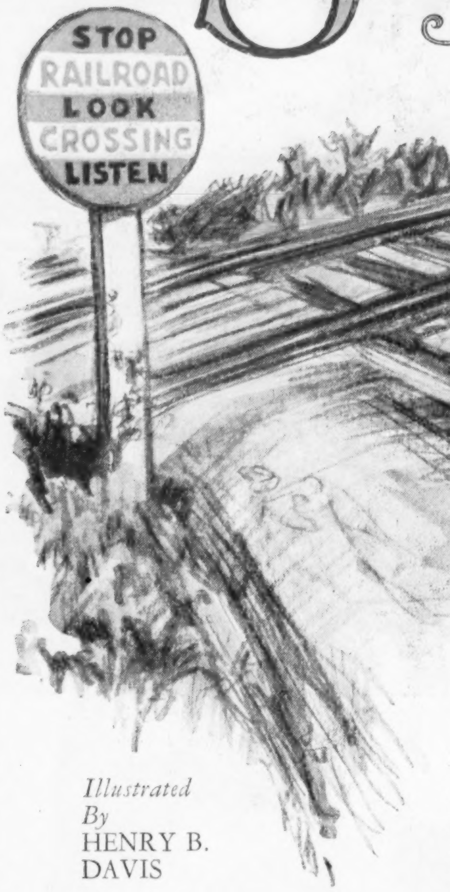
Business isn't so brisk in Korea this morning and two friendly members of the local Rotary Club seize the opportunity to visit a little between customers

Where considerable marketing is done for as well as by milady. San Francisco's sidewalk flower market is a year-round proof of that well-known sunshine

Stop, Look and Listen!

By MYRON M. STEARNS

THAT locomotive pounding down the track toward the grade crossing can't stop quickly. It can't be steered deftly out of your way. And there's an apprehensive man in the cab who says simply, "It's no fun to kill a man." But the killing goes on. In twelve years grade-crossing accidents have increased 233⅓%. How can we make our grade crossings foolproof? For the best three letters on this important subject Collier's will pay $50, $30 and $20. Limit yourself to 300 words and address Letter Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York—before December 15th.



Illustrated By HENRY B. DAVIS

A FEW months ago, while crossing Arizona on the Santa Fe, I was introduced to one of the officers of the road, himself a former engineer. He was on his way home from a safety convention at Chicago. As we noted one after another the dusty automobiles along the desert highway that paralleled the track the talk drifted naturally to grade-crossing accidents.

"You know," he said, rather abruptly and very quietly, "it's no fun to kill a man."

Just that one remark, together with the tone in which it was uttered, smashed a picture for me forever. Up to that time the ruthless engine at the railway crossing had always played for me—as for most Americans—the villain's part. Dangerous and devouring it went roaring through the land, menacing the lives of all good automobile drivers.

"You've been through crossing accidents yourself, then?" I asked.

He shot me a quick glance. "Of course. What engineer hasn't? One of our boys has already hit thirteen. My God, it's got so that every time you come down to a crossing you feel the old strain and wonder if you're going to hit one of the poor fools this time."

The Railroad Does Its Part

HE TOLD me of one accident. Look in this morning's paper and you will probably find a more spectacular one—maybe several.

"I was running just out of Fresno," he said, "going south. We were passing a local, headed north. Suddenly my fireman gave a yell. He was at the window on the other side of the cab. I gave her the emergency. He didn't even have to tell me; I knew before I could see 'em. Then they were there, right in front of me—a man and a woman in a flivver, coming out from in back of the local that had just crossed. The woman stood up, but the man just sat there, holding the wheel. I thought 'Why doesn't she jump?' The car didn't seem to be moving at all. Of course the whole thing must have been only a flash; I suppose the car was plugging right along, but—we were too close. Then came the crash."

"Were they killed?"

He looked at me curiously, as though wondering why I didn't understand more about such things. "Sure," he said. "The woman was thrown clear, and struck the 7x9 post that carried the crossing sign. Snapped it square off. The man was just—in the machine."

More than a week later, in Missouri, that story hit home to me.

Now, I count myself a good driver. For the last ten years I have been driving a great deal, without an accident. On this occasion we were driving through open, slightly rolling country. There was a railroad track a dozen or more feet below us, in a cut running parallel to the highway. It was a beautiful, clear day. My wife and I were on the front seat. We were rolling along at a good road gait—about thirty-two. A fellow began horning for the road, and almost unconsciously I drew out a trifle to the right. He was a long way back, but coming fast.

The road had been running straight ahead up grade and down for miles and miles. Now it abruptly turned to the right just beyond a little rise. I had to brake sharply for the corner. Then I turned down a steep little grade, hardly more than twice the length of the car. And as I turned a realization hit me right between the eyes: That fellow honking and honking for the road wasn't an automobile at all. *That horn was a train whistle.*

As I jammed on both brakes and stopped the car almost in its tracks on that down pitch, the whistle rose hysterically, and a train slashed through the cut just ahead of us—sleeper after sleeper, with an observation platform at the end. My sudden realization of what the whistle meant had not only saved us from a horrible death; it had also saved us from assisting at the derailment of a Pacific flyer.

What I remember now is the length of time that whistle had been sounding before its meaning penetrated my consciousness.

During the last dozen years railroads have reduced fatalities among employees more than half—54 per cent. In passenger fatalities there has been a still greater decrease—nearly 58 per cent. And this in spite of the tremendous increase in the number of passengers carried.

But during those same twelve years grade-crossing fatalities have increased from nine a day to thirty—a gain of 233⅓ per cent! According to figures printed by the New York Central Railroad from 1916 to 1922, there were 10,911 deaths and 29,391 injuries in grade-crossing accidents. This means almost 2,000 deaths and 5,000 injuries annually. And aside from the almost countless automobile wrecks, every ten or twelve days a train is derailed as the result of collision with an automobile.

As the railroads see it, their duty lies in efficient train operation, crossing maintenance and crossing protection or warning, by means of signalmen, gates, wigwags or fixed signs. Engineers have to go through the mill before graduating to the throttle of an engine; *they* are always anxiously alert, keen with responsibility; their lives and livelihood hold them to the highest possible pitch of clear-mindedness in fulfilling their responsibility. But they cannot think and act for you and me.

Perhaps you have shared with me, these many years past, a pleasant feeling that bit by bit the grade crossings are being eliminated. But the figures slap us in the face.

In 1922, 706 grade crossings were done away with, at a cost of close to $70,000,000. But during that same year 4,560 new crossings were added. To do away with all the nearly 260,000 grade crossings in the United States would be a physical impossibility and a financial absurdity.

The grade crossing is with us to stay. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

The question is: What are you and I going to do to cut down the casualty list of crossing accidents?

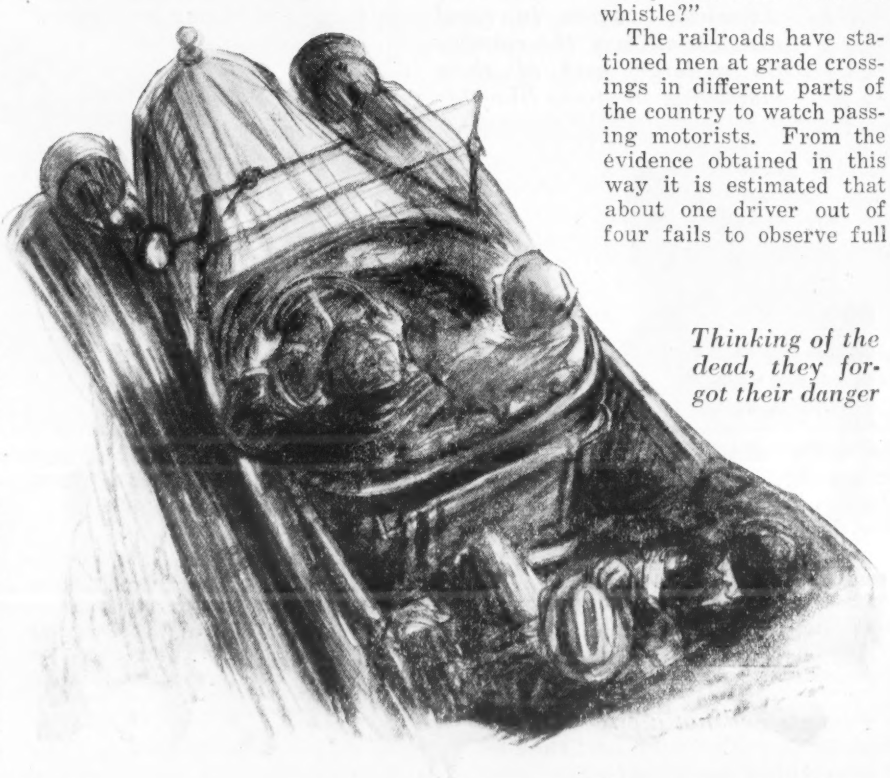
Branch-Line Death Traps

FIGURES show that three quarters of the California accidents occur at open crossings, where there is a clear view of the track in both directions. The country over, the figure is only a little below that—63 per cent occur where the view is open. In a high percentage of cases the seat beside the driver is occupied. Seventy per cent of the grade-crossing accidents throughout the country occur in daylight. And in nineteen cases out of twenty the automobile is moving when it is struck.

In one instance out of every seven the train doesn't hit the automobile at all—the automobile runs into the train.

Last year there was one case where a man drove into the thirty-sixth car of a long freight train. He wasn't killed. When he came to, his first words were, "Why didn't he blow his whistle?"

The railroads have stationed men at grade crossings in different parts of the country to watch passing motorists. From the evidence obtained in this way it is estimated that about one driver out of four fails to observe full



Thinking of the dead, they forgot their danger

caution when approaching a railroad track. Only about one out of twenty passes over regardless and wins the right to be labeled definitely "reckless."

But with 18,000,000 licensed trucks and automobiles even one out of twenty leaves us with nearly a million reckless drivers still loose in the land.

Here is something that gets us still closer to the heart of the matter: *The most dangerous crossings, the so-called "death traps," are, in proportion to the number of automobiles using them, the least dangerous.*

A tremendous number of grade-crossing accidents occur in rural communities, on tracks where there are few trains. Drivers approach such crossings confidently; it seems so darned *unlikely* that a train will be along, way out there, on that branch line in Podunk.

The psychology of that is obvious: the greater the danger the greater the care exercised by the driver.

A section man, cleaning switches at a Grand Rapids, Mich., highway crossing, saw an automobile and a train both approaching. He stood up and tried to flag the driver. His signal was totally disregarded. He was struck, knocked under the train and killed.

Which of These Hits You?

UNFORTUNATELY for the purposes of investigation, most drivers who run into trains in this way are killed too and can't be asked why they did it. But, bit by bit, it has become possible to classify a good many of the reasons. Perhaps, in going over them carefully, you and I may find some of our own pet failings in the list.

1. *Absent-mindedness.*

Now, this doesn't mean the absent-mindedness of the mathematics professor who couldn't remember why he got into the bathtub full of water. It's the everyday sort of absent-mindedness of the man who, as he approaches that pesky grade crossing, happens to think of the letter he forgot to mail yesterday.

Just at the moment when he should be oblivious to everything but the train approaching from the right, he is *intent upon something else.*

Near Niagara Falls a party of nine people, crowding a small five-passenger car, were struck when recrossing a railroad track they had passed over a short time before. Eight of the nine were killed. Next day a party of four *going to arrange funeral details* for the victims of the previous day's accident were struck at the same crossing. All were killed.

Why? My guess is that as they approached the spot they were intent upon the details of the accident and so were oblivious to the danger threatening them.

2. *Lack of sense of danger.*

Last year the automobile of a man living near Indianapolis was demolished at one of those country grade crossings where no train was expected to appear. Through no fault of his own, he got out of it with nothing worse than a broken leg.

"You will never catch me again!" he told one of the railroad investigators. "I've learned my lesson!"

But most grade-crossing victims learn that lesson too late.

3. *Holiday mood; joy riding.*

Hilarity and a sense of danger seem incompatible. When everybody is feeling gay it seems ridiculous to worry about a little thing like a railroad crossing. And holiday accidents mount with surprising rapidity. Glance over the list in the paper next Monday morning.

4. *Overcrowding.*

A surprising proportion of accidents occur to crowded cars. Three on the front seat will crowd the driver; he has little freedom either of thought or action.

In one New York State accident nine people crowded into a seven-passenger car and started away from home. They lived less than one hundred feet from a grade crossing. There was an unobstructed view of the track. *From the time they left the house until they reached the crossing a train was approaching in plain sight.* The mother of the children in the car was standing on the porch of the house. The moment the automobile left the steps she saw the train. Realizing that none of the party was paying any attention to it, she shouted and tried to attract their attention. They didn't hear her. They were struck and all killed.

In the confusion and excitement of getting settled in the crowded car, they were not thinking about approaching trains.

5. *Lack of knowledge.*

As, for instance, at the unexpected crossing that I described in Missouri, where a sudden turn led sharply down to a main-line crossing in a cut. Strangers driving through a rural district often assume that trains pass infrequently on crossings they see for the first time, and—they guess wrong.

6. *Lack of skill.*

An Ohio man bought a new roadster. The salesman showed him how to run it, driving around with him until he had apparently mastered the use of brakes, clutch, throttle, transmission and steering. The man drove away from the salesrooms. While still on that first drive he got into trouble with his gears at a railroad crossing. He was killed with his thirteen-year-old son beside him.

7. *Confusion.*

It is a little hard to draw a sharp line between confusion and "lack of skill," because with skill a habit of mind and muscle is usually formed that reduces the confusion element to a minimum.

The attitude of the law on this point is interesting: neither engineer nor driver is held accountable for his acts after the smash has become inevitable. Put enough strain on the human mechanism, and it breaks down. Nor is it such a long step from the lack of rationality, after a smash is inevitable, to confusion or lack of sense when it is impending.

8. *Slow-mindedness.*

This is another phase, perhaps, of confusion and lack of skill—but a phase to which a good many accidents are directly traceable. Your quick-witted, quick-muscled driver may in the last half second avert an accident that his recklessness nearly plunged him into.

9. *Lack of warning.*

In many instances dangerous crossings are protected for only part of the time. A Sunday crowd in a packed car came to a rather blind crossing in upper New York. Until six o'clock each day the crossing is protected by flagmen and gates. Assuming, perhaps, that they would have the customary warning, the party drove ahead on the tracks. But it was twenty minutes past six. They were all killed.

The automatic safety devices, that are gradually taking the place of the old wooden crossing signs, warn automobilists during any hour of the twenty-four.

10. *Physical defects.*

Deafness and deficient eyesight are, of course, the most common physical defects. But railroad men tell me that a surprising number of drivers are epileptic or insane.

11. *Trying to beat the train.*

I have kept the blackest reasons until the last. Can you find any excuse for the criminally inclined idiot who will risk his life, the lives of his companions and the lives of a trainload of passengers for a few seconds of time? I can't. Yet railroad records show that accident after accident is caused by the reckless driver who thinks he can *get across first.*

12. *And, finally, intoxication.*

The percentage of grade-crossing accidents due to drink is increasing, according to the Safety Bureau of the New York Central Lines. Says a New York judge: "An automobile in the hands of a drunken driver is more dangerous than a loaded revolver in the hands of a maniac on a crowded street."

Perhaps you have noticed that many of the crossing episodes that I have mentioned ended up with the three significant little words, "All were killed." Is there anything you and I can do about it?

Legislation, except in part, cannot furnish the remedy. One of the present difficulties is too much legislation. In one large city a reckless driver smashed through crossing gates and into a train. The city council ordered the railroad to substitute a flagman for the gates.

In another town, not many miles away, a driver ignored a flagman and crashed into a train. The council ordered the railroad to put in gates.

In some sections giving flagmen police powers is under consideration. That may help. In place of the old wooden crossarms set close to the crossing the American Railway Association has adopted a flashing signal of two red lights that wink alternately when a train is approaching. This will prevent many accidents. In my opinion, however, it is not nearly as good as the "wigwag," found throughout the Southwest and on the Pacific coast.

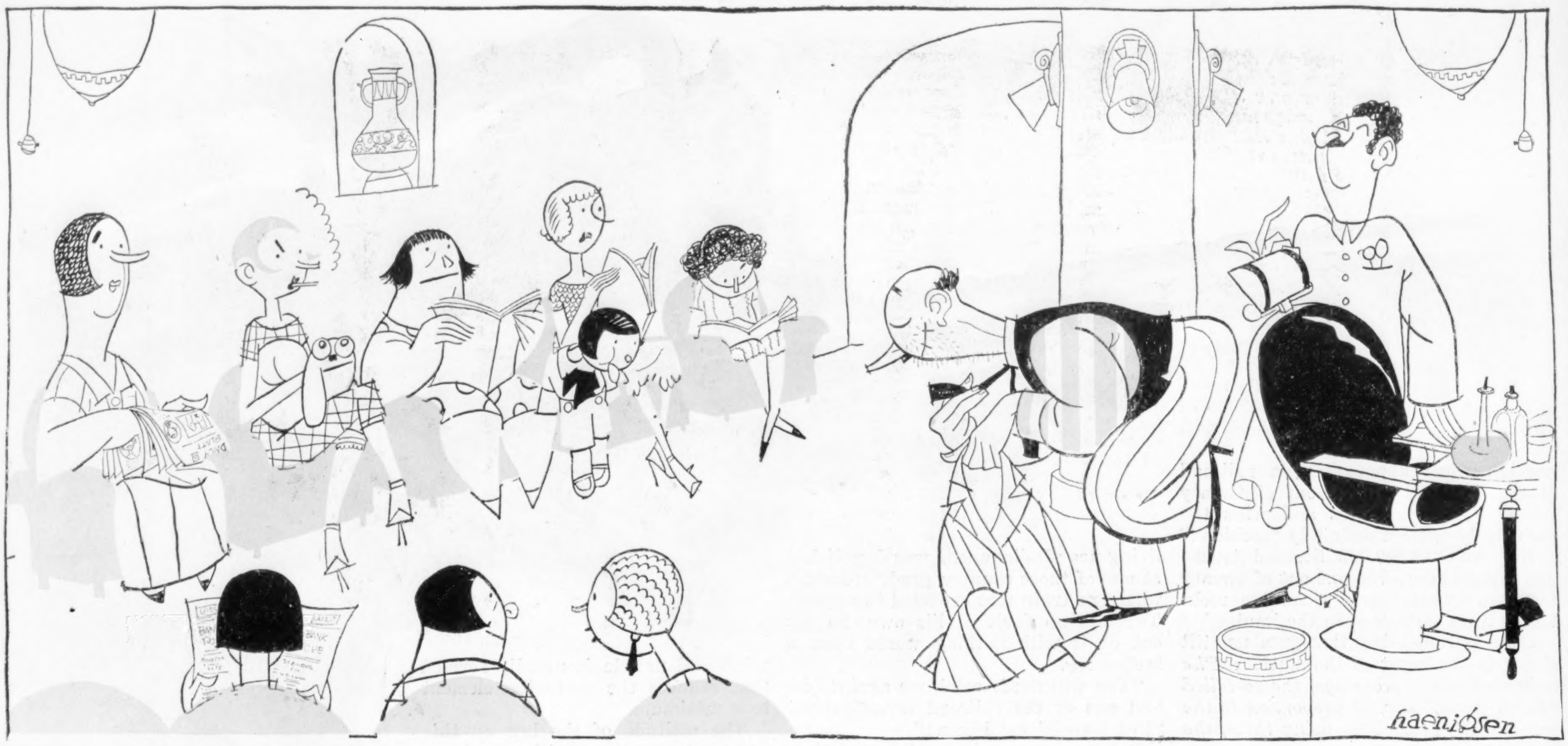
With this device the approaching train starts a red disk swinging, flashes a red light in the middle of it, and starts a bell ringing at the same time.

Only One Remedy

BUT all such things—safety devices, police powers for flagmen, legal enactments—are merely halfway measures.

"If we could get from the public the same response that we get from our own employees," say the railroads, "we could reduce crossing accidents 50 per cent in a single year."

Right there is the heart of the whole thing: You and I must associate a *sense of danger* with railroad crossings. Anywhere and everywhere railroad crossings mean *peril.* Let the signals, whatever they are, mean "*Danger!*" There is the cure for absent-mindedness; a sense of danger will cut through it every time. There is the cure for "holiday" casualties, for accidents due to carelessness and for most of the rest.



Under no circumstances should he remove coat, vest, collar or tie until called and then only with a bow and a polite "Pardon me, ladies; I do this only to facilitate the work of the barber"

The book of barber-shop etiquette

By
H. I. PHILLIPS

Tips to the timorous males on good form where the bay rum flows, including advice on self-protection against the dangers that lurk in the chair, with special reference to lady customers

BARBER-SHOP etiquette is not what it used to be. The rules governing correct conduct in tonsorial parlors have undergone revolutionary revisions during the past few years and, while serious attempts are now being made to modernize them so they will be within the ready comprehension of any gentleman wishing to get a haircut and shave and still keep his social position unsullied, the situation in American barber shops is still so chaotic that any rules are subject to change without notice.

A few years ago getting a haircut and shave was a simple affair involving none of the intricacies of attendance at a formal function. It was almost exclusively a male event. A barber shop was one place where any man, high, low or medium in the social scale, could go and enjoy a complete let-down. There was comfort there and democracy. It was no place to put on airs. It had come to be generally realized that all men looked free and equal in a barber chair and that one touch of lather made the whole world kin.

Slap Beverley B. Bristle, the millionaire glass-eye magnate, back into an old-fashioned barber chair, wrap a sheet around his torso from the chin to the waist, muss his hair and get him moderately well soaped and he looks no better than "Cookoo" Hostetter, the town idiot. It is doubtful if he looks as good. Certainly he feels no better, and if he has an idea he is a superior personality it disappears after the first few stabs in the eye from the barber's ten thumbs.

The old-time barber treated all men alike and expected them to be equally broad. Everything went. There were but four rules in the old-fashioned Barber-Shop Book of Etiquette:

1. *Listen.*
2. *Try any hair tonic once.*
3. *Never tear out a photograph from the Police Gazette.*
4. *Hit the cuspidor on every attempt.*

The greatest freedom was allowed with respect to dress. A customer could enter a barber shop in his shirt sleeves or his overalls. He could even enter in his nightgown if he wished. In many of the smaller communities socks were optional. Every barber wanted his clients to feel at home, or even more comfortable than that. A patron could come in singing boisterously, yodeling, whistling or giving vent in any other manner to his exuberance. He could continue singing throughout the shave, provided he could sing through his nose when the barber was going over the upper lip. He could come in vertically or horizontally, and he had the same choice when it came to his exit.

A man had the same feeling of unrestricted freedom in a barber shop that he felt at a clambake or barbecue. Those were the days when men were men and when women were still women. The barber shop was a retreat, a haven of rest for males. It was one to which a man could fly to to get away from the womenfolk. Henpecked husbands went to it frequently whether they needed any facial improvements or not.

"Shave?" asked the barber.

"Yep," they replied.

But what they truthfully could have answered was:

"Nope. Just a rest, a few stories, the latest baseball dope and a respite from the wife's jawin'."

Hit by the Bob

TO-DAY all is changed, and over every barber shop in the land might well be hung a sign "What's Wrong With This Picture?" It is as difficult for a man to get into a barber shop to-day as it is for him to get into the Daughters of the American Revolution. The bobbed-hair craze has made the barber shop a woman's institution like the Martha Washington Hotel, the Daisy Chain at Vassar and the Lucy Stone League.

A shave no longer is a care-free episode. It is a daring adventure. A man may enter a barber shop with a beard and his self-respect only to emerge smooth-shaven but feeling socially a "bum." No man who claims to be a gentleman and wishes the claim recognized should consider getting a haircut or shave to-day without first ascertaining the rules of conduct and satisfying himself he is the type of customer whose behavior, manner and general bearing can survive discriminating inspection by the ladies.

The true gentleman is as much at his ease in a barber shop as at one of the Vanderbilt weddings. The really well-bred man is as much the master of himself in an atmosphere of bay rum as in an atmosphere of orange blossoms. It is the mark of the well-brought-up male that he can enter and leave Tony's College Barber Shop at Holyoke, Mass., with the same elegance of manner and the same measure of dignity that he displays when entering and leaving one of the lawn parties at Newport.

A man who presumes to enter a barber shop, however humble (the barber shop I mean, not the man), without first schooling himself in Correct Deportment is simply throwing his social position, if any, to the dogs.

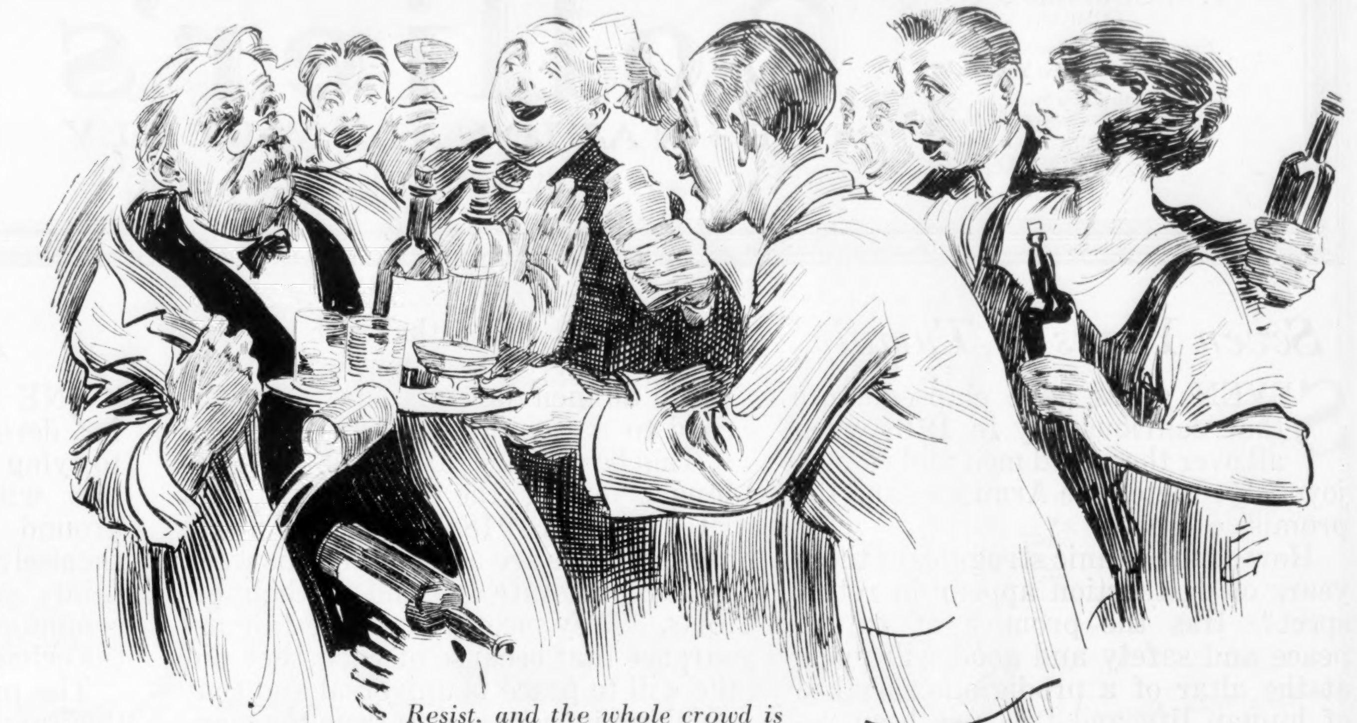
It is for the benefit of the millions of male Americans who wish to get haircuts, neck shaves or shampoos, but are backward about doing so because they feel they may commit some social error and disgrace themselves forever, that this little article on Barber-Shop Etiquette is written.

Getting an Appointment. As the number of people using barber shops has doubled if not trebled in the past few years while the number of barber shops has remained practically the same, it follows that the supply is not equal to the demand. Consequently every barber shop in the country is overcrowded the year around. From a casual glance into some of them it would appear they were booked up six months in advance.

It is therefore necessary, if you contemplate getting a haircut or any of the affiliated (*Continued on page 41*)

The hip and mouth disease

While the great epidemic rages, Uncle Henry asks: "Why should the Best People have to do all the drinkin'?"



Resist, and the whole crowd is on you like a pack of wolves

"AN' TO think that some people have actually got the nerve to call this a free country!" sarcastically remarked Mr. Stubbs. "Why, there's less personal liberty here than any place in the world."

"True," admitted Uncle Henry. "Too true! Where Jefferson made his mistake was in not mixin' benzoate of soda in with the Declaration of Independence so's to make sure it would keep, an' while I don't want to be understood as sayin' a word against George Washington, he certainly ought to have known enough to put freedom on ice the minute he won it for us.

"You're perfectly right in sayin' that personal liberty has perished from the face of the earth as far as the United States is concerned. I used to walk by penitentiaries with a feelin' of gratitude that nothin' had ever been proved on me, but now I'd jes' as soon wear stripes as not. About the only difference between law-abidin' citizens an' convicts is that convicts don't have to pay for their board an' they get shows free.

"I hate to keep harpin' on the Good Old Days, 'Lonzo, but anybody with intelligence must see how things have gone to the dogs. Before Volstead got in his deadly work, life was worth livin', for the Constitution *meant* somethin'. A man had the right to drink or not to drink. As the inmate of a sovereign republic, an' inheritor of Bunker Hill an' other great traditions, it was his proud privilege to take it or leave it alone, accordin' to the dictates of his conscience.

You Can't Dam It

"BUT what is the condition that faces us to-day? Why, a man has *got* to drink; that is, unless he wants to lose his social an' business standin', an' go through life as a leper. He hasn't any option in the matter at all. Either he opens his mouth an' swallows whatever happens to be passin' for liquor at the moment, or else he dooms himself, his wife an' innocent children to shame, obloquy an' social banishment.

"All over the land there's a reign of terror that takes no account of human rights an' inclinations. I go out to dinner in the evenin' an' before I'm well inside the door eighteen people are tryin' to force highballs down my throat, while others are pourin' cocktails in at my ears in the hope of reachin' the gullet by way of the Eustachian tubes.

"Resistance only maddens 'em. Lock your teeth an' they send at once for a hammer, handsaw an' chisel, or else call in a safe blower to introduce a charge of glycerine in your maxillary process.

"It isn't as if there was any sportsmanship about it either. Murmur somethin' to the effect that you don't care to drink an' the whole crowd is on you like a pack of wolves, even the women an' children joinin' in the effort to drag you down so's the strongest man can hold your nose an' make you take it. There's no use tryin' to hide, for unless you get there early all the best closets are taken.

A Multitude of Gins

"LAST night, at a party, I managed to escape from the parlor while they were usin' pokers an' billiard cues to chase an elderly W. C. T. U. member out from under the piano. Both the attic an' the cellar were full of people who were tryin' to get out of takin' anythin' more to drink, an' when I finally tried to wiggle into the gas oven out in the kitchen I found two men there before me an' they were stubborn as mules about movin' over.

"Never in all my life was I in a tighter fix. The cold sweat stood out all over me. I could hear the host comin' down the hall, yellin' somethin' about another dividend, an' out in the yard his wife an' sons were huntin' the shrubbery with Airedales. Desperation sharpened my wits, an' jes' as the pursuit was about to close in on me I jumped into the sink an' began makin' a noise like a roach.

"Nor is there ever any hope of the liquor givin' out. In homes of wealth an' refinement cocktails are mixed in wash boilers an' the highballs in bathtubs, an' carried to the parlor by means of a fire hose. If the supply does happen to run low, by some error in calculatin' the gallonage per guest, there are always the hip flasks of the company to fall back on, or the host can go out to the garage an' drain the crank cases or tap the gasoline tank.

"Everythin' goes, 'Lonzo, for nowadays charity covers a multitude of gins. It used to be that first-class drinkers took pride in bein' able to tell the vintage of a wine or the age of a whisky, but the modern connoisseur is one who can take a single sip out of a bottle an' then guess its chemical base. Anything that burns goin' down serves the purpose, or vice versa as the case may be an' often is.

"I was at a home the other evenin' where fire extinguishers were served with the drinks, an' even at that the lace curtains burst into flames through some fool breathin' too close to 'em. It's nothin' to see a man's vest buttons melt after the second highball, an' I've seen tonsils reach such a stage of white heat that they shone right through the throat wall like arc lights. One man I know never drinks without a sponge under his chin.

"'What's the idea?' I asked him.

"'Protectin' the rugs,' he gasped. 'A drop would ruin 'em.'

"I reckon you know, 'Lonzo, how I've always fought the growth of class consciousness here in the United States. I've hated the thought of antagonism between the rich an' poor, an' never wanted to see our national life embittered an' corroded by angers an' envies. But I've changed my mind after watchin' the gross injustices an' open favoritisms of modern America, an' to-day I'm about as class conscious a man as you can find anywhere.

"Why should the Best People have to do *all* the drinkin'? In the great fight now bein' waged to set the Volstead Act at naught why should the whole burden of the struggle rest on the rich an' cultured? What is the reason for exemptin' the workin' classes? When every man of means is doin' his duty, drinkin' until it hurts, why should plumbers an' bricklayers an' clerks be allowed to play the part of slackers?

Pity the Drink Drudge

"A DITCH digger gets through his work by five o'clock, or sooner if the boss happens to be at a ball game, an' has all the rest of the evenin' to loaf in, but after a hard day at the office your Man of Affairs drudges the whole night through, puttin' down one drink after another, an' singin' 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,' 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' an' other songs that popular tradition has associated with gayety.

"Not only that but he's also got to drink durin' the *day*. Go into an office, an' before you've had time to warm your chair the poor wretch hurries to his file, takes down the box marked 'Private Correspondence' an' pulls out a medicine bottle filled with somethin' that looks like a cross between cleanin' fluid an' a mouth wash. An' then another ten minutes goes while he brushes the floor so as to have a clean place for his fit.

"No longer do you see a man sneakin' off into some remote corner to take a shot of strong drink, for to-day, 'Lonzo, the secret drinker is the soft drinker. When a chap takes you by the elbow an' leads you down into the cellar, all the time walkin' on tiptoes an' urgin' you to make less noise, an' then pulls a bottle out of his pocket, you can bet it's soda pop he's offerin' you. As for buttermilk, its addicts have got to carry it in silver pocket flasks in order to avoid the lash of public opinion.

High Life on the Lowest Level

"LET the word get around that you've been seen drinkin' lemonade or some other noncorrosive, an' it's as though you had been accused of some crime involvin' gross moral turpitude. Your name is taken out of the Social Register an' struck off of all first-class dinner lists; the banks call your loans; you are suspended from your clubs for conduct unbecomin' a gentleman, an' you've got to get letters from three prominent bootleggers to recover your standin'.

"By comparison with what the rich are called upon to suffer look at the free, happy lives that workin' people lead.

"Not havin' any social standin' to lose they can drink *water*, an' even go to bed sober without anybody thinkin' the worse of 'em for it. An' they still eat on top of the table, 'Lonzo, while the Best People have been compelled to put the food on the floor *under* the table.

"That's where most of the guests are, y'see."

"It's terrible!" admitted Mr. Stubbs. "Darned if I know what's the matter with the country."

"I can tell you," said Uncle Henry. "We're sufferin' from an epidemic of hip disease."

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Seven Years of Tumult

SEVEN years have elapsed since that delirious day in 1918 when all over the world men and women joyously greeted the Armistice and the promise of peace.

How do the titanic struggles of those years of destruction appear in retrospect? Has the promise of future peace and safety and good will made at the altar of a prodigious sacrifice of human life and treasure been redeemed?

Slowly we have been pushing through a prolonged period of hard disillusionment. To-day we are closer to the fulfillment of the dreams of Armistice Day than at any time since Marshal Foch drew up the terms of surrender for the German armies.

Not since Napoleon went to St. Helena has the prospect of world peace been better. In spite of our political wrangling over the League of Nations, in spite of the rise of nationalist feeling in most of the European countries, in spite of Russian bolshevism and the Italian dictatorship, in spite of a resurgence of reaction without parallel since the wily Metternich was the arbiter of European diplomacy, substantial progress has been made toward organizing the world on a peaceful foundation.

There is no longer talk of a "Yellow Peril." Russia is a menace to nobody. The German people seem to have utterly abandoned their Bismarckian dreams of world domination. Ireland is at rest with self-government. The military clique in France has been downed by the pacifists. Even the swashbuckling Mussolini is willing to join in guaranteeing European peace.

We have reached no Utopia and men are as selfish to-day as ever, but a few lessons have been learned. Chief among them is the soundness of the doctrine that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The sacrifices whose ending was celebrated on that memorable November 11th made these things possible. Millions of good men were killed, uncounted wealth was destroyed, dynasties were overthrown, peoples passed through the dreadful ordeal of revolution, before the simple lesson was accepted. But at last the truth has conquered and to-day nowhere in the world do men dare preach war as the road to national aggrandizement.

This boon is the gift of the men who fought during the long years from 1914 through 1918. Across the world the survivors are assembling this week to commemorate the end of their efforts. They meet now in the fair assurance that because of what they did the will to peace is universal and that mankind is more secure from the menace of self-destruction than at any previous time in history.

What generation can claim credit for a greater achievement?

How He Got There

IF YOU are still planning your life, or, which is just as good, if you have a son who is planning his, consider Roald Amundsen.

At fifteen Amundsen began to dream of being an Arctic explorer. But he didn't stop with dreaming—he trained. He made and kept himself physically fit and mentally keen. He went before the mast in a sealer to study the way of a ship in the ice. He took two years to make a study of magnetism before trying to locate the magnetic pole. He went to air school, at forty, and became a pilot. No wonder he conquered the South Pole and the Northwest Passage.

There are many men as brave as he. But courage isn't half so difficult as knowing where you want to go and training hard in order to get there.

Those abilities are sound currency everywhere and always.

A Job is Life

WHEN William H. Monahan, seventy-seven years old, rounded out his fiftieth year's work for a Kansas City coal company the president gave him $500 and a gold watch and retired him to his home on full pay.

But Monahan showed up for work Monday morning as usual. Pay or no pay, the job was essential to his peace and well-being. Too much pity is wasted on able-bodied old men. No one dies happier than an old man in the midst of a busy morning.

Mass Madness

ONE thousand Mississippi citizens devoted part of a recent Sunday to tying a Negro to a post, drenching him with coal oil, building a fire around his feet and congratulating themselves over the ashes on the certainty and celerity of justice in that community. The Negro had confessed; the crime was less than three days old.

The provocation was great, but no thousand men ever staked and burned anybody in anything but a blur of mob madness. Of the two crimes, the mob's was worse, for the bomb is more destructive than the fuse.

For centuries civilization has been dousing savage instincts in peace and justice, but savagery in the herd smolders under it all. Wars prove it, and all mob instincts. The nation that tolerates it must at times hang its head in shame, and the mob that burns shame into the conscience of the country is a sorry, criminal thing.

Mirrors of U. S. A.

WHAT does Europe think of us? That we are rich. That we are rough. That we live amid dangers. That the cowboy is a glorious institution and the Indian a whiff of the romance that has been squeezed out of life in cramped European quarters.

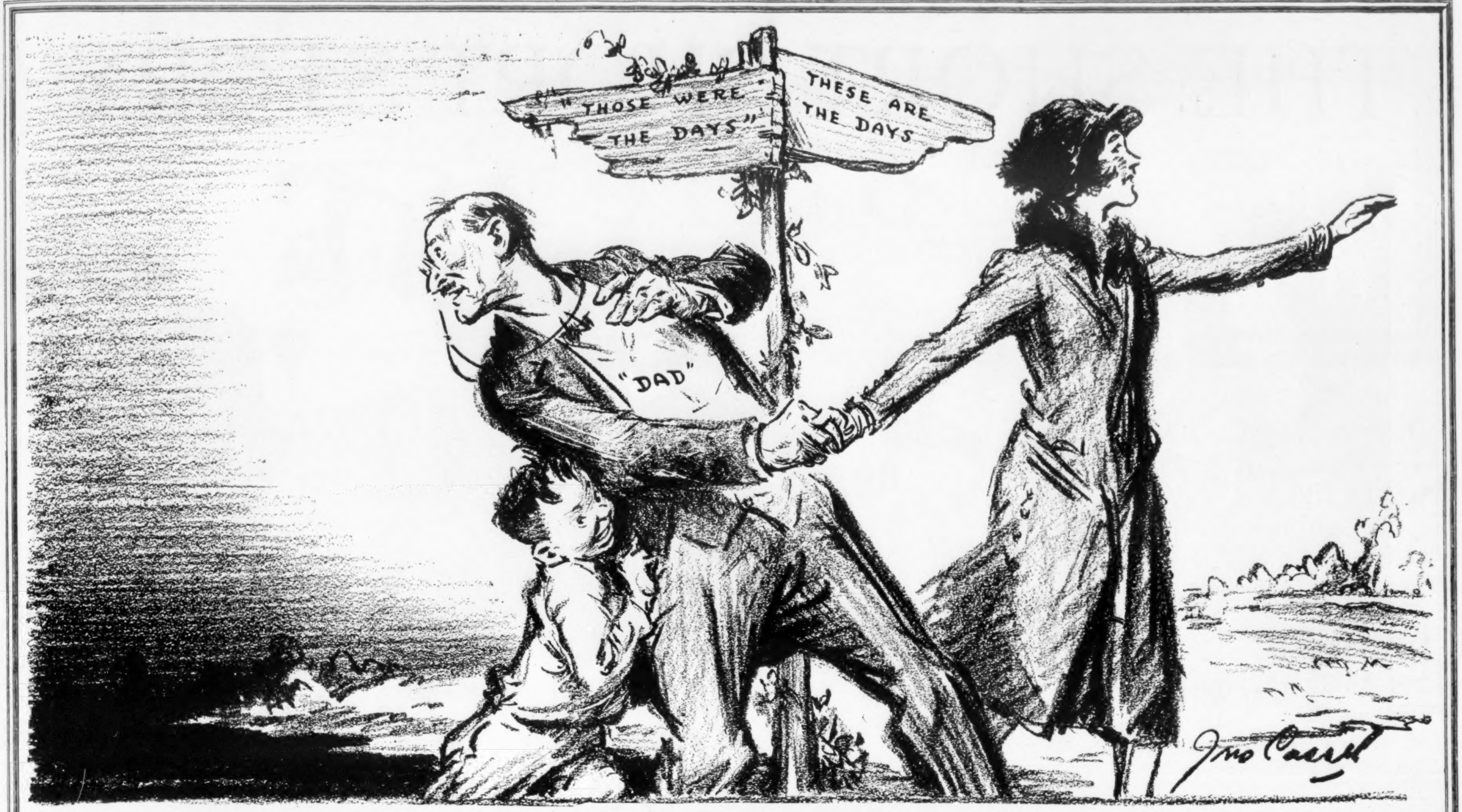
Our policemen are very comical fellows, not at all like a bobby or gendarme. We fight a lot and go at terrific speeds in motor cars. And we wear strange clothes and grow custard pies in huge quantities.

But we needs must go constantly armed, lest bold, bad highwaymen stick us up at the point of a gun or train robbers pour us full of lead.

How does Europe know all these things about us?

The story is in a dry governmental item: during the last fiscal year we sent abroad 250,000,000 feet of picture of us—made in Hollywood and similar elsewheres. It was an eight-and-a-half-million-dollar picture. In a dozen years Europe has paid us seventy-five millions for this gigantic movie serial.

You cannot tell them much about us now: they know us.

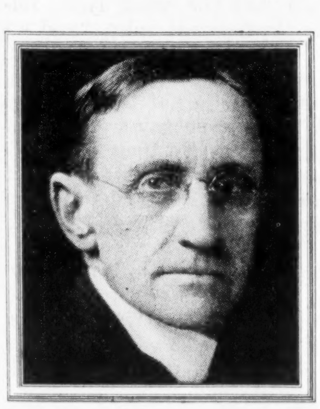


Hand in Hand with the Children

Don't Guess About Money

By R. A. LONG

Chairman of the Board, The Long-Bell Lumber Company



IT IS my firm conviction that most failures, business or personal, are due more to an inability to grasp the meaning of money than to natural ineptitude. A dollar is one hundred cents. Ninety cents of income cannot be stretched to make a dollar, and a hundred and ten cents of outgo cannot be so compressed as to be paid by a dollar.

These are primary, elemental facts. Mathematics is an exact science, but curiously enough great numbers of people, both in their personal and in their business affairs, act as though addition, subtraction and multiplication did not exist. They do not keep exact accounts, and without exact accounts it is human nature to overestimate income and underestimate outgo.

Putting a strict accounting on oneself and on one's business is not the giving up of freedom—it is the gaining of freedom. The man who has debts he cannot pay is not a free man—only the solvent man can be free. And it is only through strict accounting that the ordinary man can remain solvent.

In business the reasons for accounting are even more compelling. Nearly every business must borrow money or goods or both, and it is the manipulation of this credit, together with the capital invested, which determines whether the business earns or loses. Neither the miser nor the spendthrift can be a success, for the one hoards money without knowing why and the other spends money without knowing why, whereas it is knowing why that counts.

When I went into business over fifty years ago, practically all the money that my partner and I had in the little lumber yard we started was borrowed money. I felt that my future depended on eventually returning the money we borrowed, and therefore, although I got to the lumber yard before seven o'clock in the morning, I never left until I had balanced the books for the day and knew exactly where we stood.

Our present business grew and expanded on this exact accounting. When our affairs became too big for me actually to handle the books, I began to devise reports which would show me in detail each month exactly where we stood. A little concern can balance its affairs every day, but a big concern can hardly get its records more than once a month. As we opened up new divisions and our lumbering and selling began to spread over many states, I devised reports for each division until now more than thirty of these reports reach my desk every month. They will each run anywhere from fifty to a hundred pages or more. They carry comparisons and I can know exactly what a lumber camp or mill a thousand miles away is doing—right or wrong. It is this close accounting which has enabled us to make money and to extend. I carry exactly the same procedure into my personal affairs. I get regular accounting reports on my house and on my farm.

The field of guesswork—and there must always be a field of guesswork in business—is brought down to the narrowest possible limits, and as we narrow guesswork we insure success. The late P. D. Armour used to tell a story about a butcher from whom he bought a roast of beef. Mr. Armour asked the price, and the butcher said: "About a dollar." It proved to be a fine roast, worth much more than a dollar, and Mr. Armour went back to get another. Again the price was: "About a dollar." But the second roast was tough and stringy and worth much less than a dollar. That butcher was just guessing—he was not in business. He had entered a guessing contest, and anyone who transforms his business or personal affairs into a guessing contest is bound to lose.

Common sense says "Know" and not "Guess."

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T. B. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

The Question

By
ZONA GALE

"What's it all for?" Baldy asked about life. Alex could have told him. Next week: Rupert Hughes

BECOMING aware that he had no idea what his life was about, Baldy Michelson thought that he must end it. How could he go on with his little grocery and his cement house on Cottage Grove Avenue, his small car and his wife? If he had a radio or a player piano or a child, life might be interesting, or if he could afford to go anywhere for two weeks' vacation. As it was, he went for a few days to the Dunes, then sat at home with his wife or went to the picture show; and dug in his languid garden.

In the beveled mirror, too large for the bedroom, he saw a man with dead eyes and expressionless face which did not change when he spoke. In all his day there was nothing that he liked to do. Sometimes he looked at his wife and wondered what she made of it. But she was a shadow with a sharp tone.

One day he said to her, "Ella, I can't stand twenty years more of this."

She replied, "Neither can I."

It was the first time that they had agreed in years.

He looked at her with new sympathy, saying, "What can we do?"

She said, "Let's sell the house and the business and go abroad."

He cried, "What would we do when our money was all gone?"

And she, "I don't know, but it would be more interesting than to turn on the gas and leave the money to Alex."

Baldy did not like his nephew Alex either. They sold house, furniture and business. From the time the hatrack was carried out of the hall, Baldy began to revive. They bought new clothes, sailed away, saw three capitals, visited the seat of the Michelsons—it was *probably* the same family—and one night were walking in Chelsea when Baldy said:

"How'd it be to buy a nice villa over here and settle down? I was talking with the greengrocer yesterday. He needs a partner. . . ."

They bought the villa in Chelsea and a small car, and hoped to have a radio or a player piano, but not yet. When vacation came they went for three days to Brighton. When they returned Baldy dug in a languid garden, went to the cinema and sat at home with his wife. In five years he looked in their beveled mirror and saw himself with dead eyes and unchanging face, and in a voice which did not change either he said to his wife, "Ella, how would you like to go back to the States?"

She replied with emotion, "Let's go, let's go!"

They sold the villa and the greengrocery partnership, and when they arrived in Chicago Baldy found that his former partner was getting on and wished for some help, so they rented a house on Cottage Grove Avenue, and Baldy went back to that grocery.

"This is something like!" cried Baldy, and his wife thought so too.

Five years later he saw in the mirror an aging man, with dead eyes, who spoke in a dead voice. His partner was old, his wife was an icy shadow; and if only they could go somewhere for vacation or could afford a radio or a player piano—

"We had it nice in Chelsea," said his wife.

"We did," he agreed, thought of the greengrocery, Brighton beach and the cinema, and said, "Ella, I can't stand ten years more of this."

They were sitting on the side porch, and Baldy stood up and shook his fist at the evening sky.

"What's it *for?*" he shouted. "That's what I don't sense. It ain't in the game to give a man a brain and then not tell him what it's *for.*" He looked at his wife, his dead eyes unchanging, and said in his flat voice, "Ain't there *anything* that could tell a person what it's for?" But she had no answer.

That evening Alex unexpectedly arrived. Baldy never had liked Alex, a little man, with an eager manner and no great respect for business.

"I dropped in," said Alex, "to take you both over to my camp for Sunday. Can you go?"

"*Your* camp?" said Baldy, and felt a new respect for Alex. Had he struck a good thing?

They drove to a corner of the forest reserve where were lines of gray ghostly tents and a living eye of fire in the midst. Around the fire were fifty boys, one boy standing before them. Alex and Baldy Michelson and Ella Michelson sat on the edge of the company and listened.

"We've all had the week here, fellows," came the hesitant voice, "and we could have another one. But there's fifty that ain't going to get to camp at all, 'count of there not being money enough. What do you say we go back and give the other fifty their chanst?"

There came groans and hisses. But they took the vote, counted hands and the vote was to let the other fifty come out.

"Nice kids," said Alex to Baldy. "Never had a thing either. But they've got the gang sense—the Whole Gang, I mean. They never saw one of these fifty boys they're giving up their week for, you understand."

"The Whole Gang," Baldy repeated vaguely. "What's that?"

Sitting among them on the Sunday, their last day in the camp, Baldy said to his wife, "Ella, they've got hold of something or other. So has Alex. . . ."

But she returned vaguely, "Do you think so?"

That night, as they were falling asleep, Baldy said: "Ella! I'll bet Alex staged that, thinking I'd put up for the extra two weeks of camp for those boys. I never thought of that."

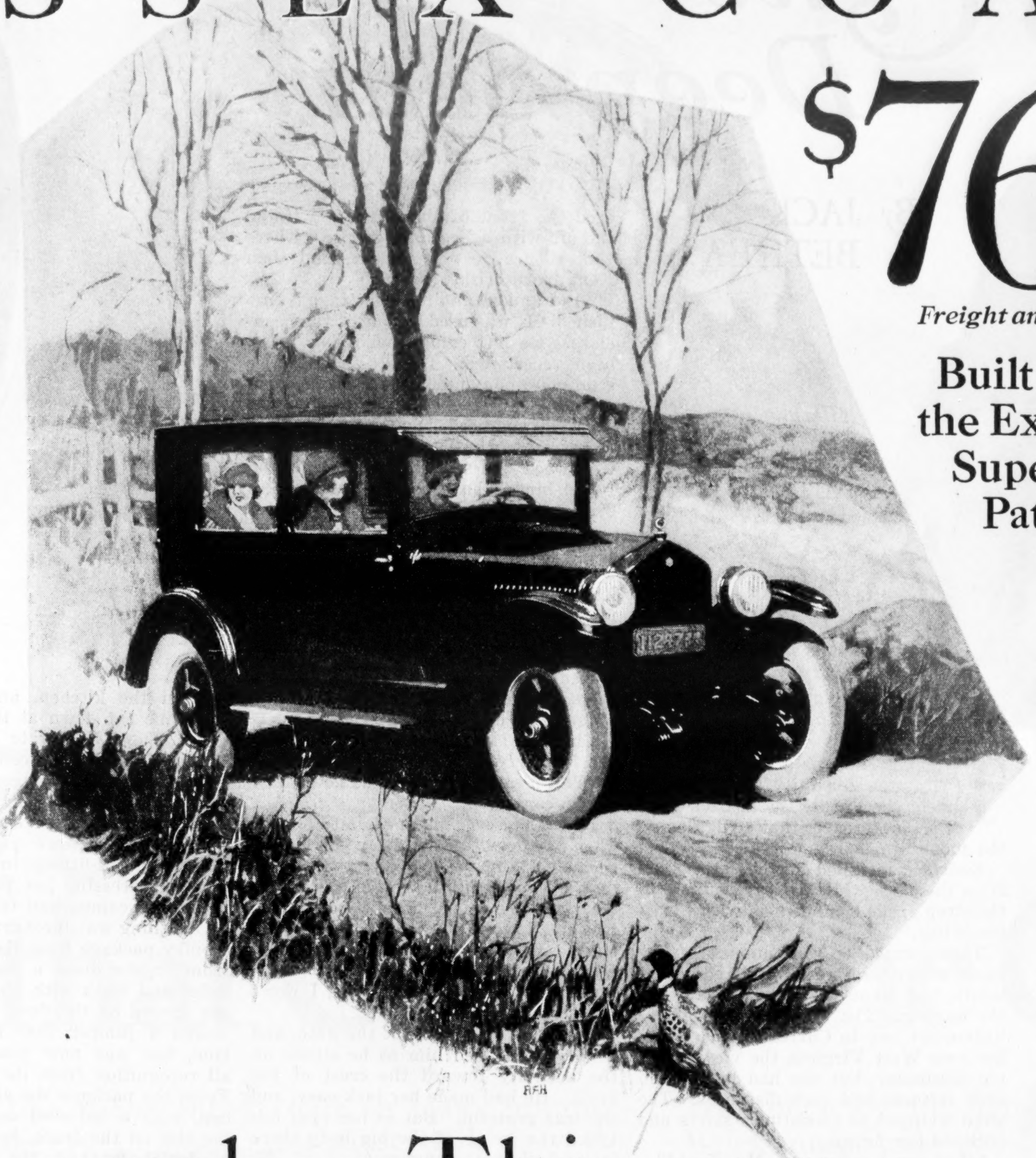
She said sleepily: "Oh, surely not, Baldy. Alex isn't crazy."

"All the same, he's got hold of something or other," Baldy muttered.

He went to his grocery. Mrs. Michelson tidied the house. At night they went to a picture show, in time they bought a player piano and a radio. They would sit on the side porch at evening and Baldy would shake his head and say, "What's it all for? That's what I don't sense."

But when he died he left his money to Alex. "Because," Baldy explained to his lawyer, "*I* think he seems to have got hold of something. . . ."

ESSEX COACH



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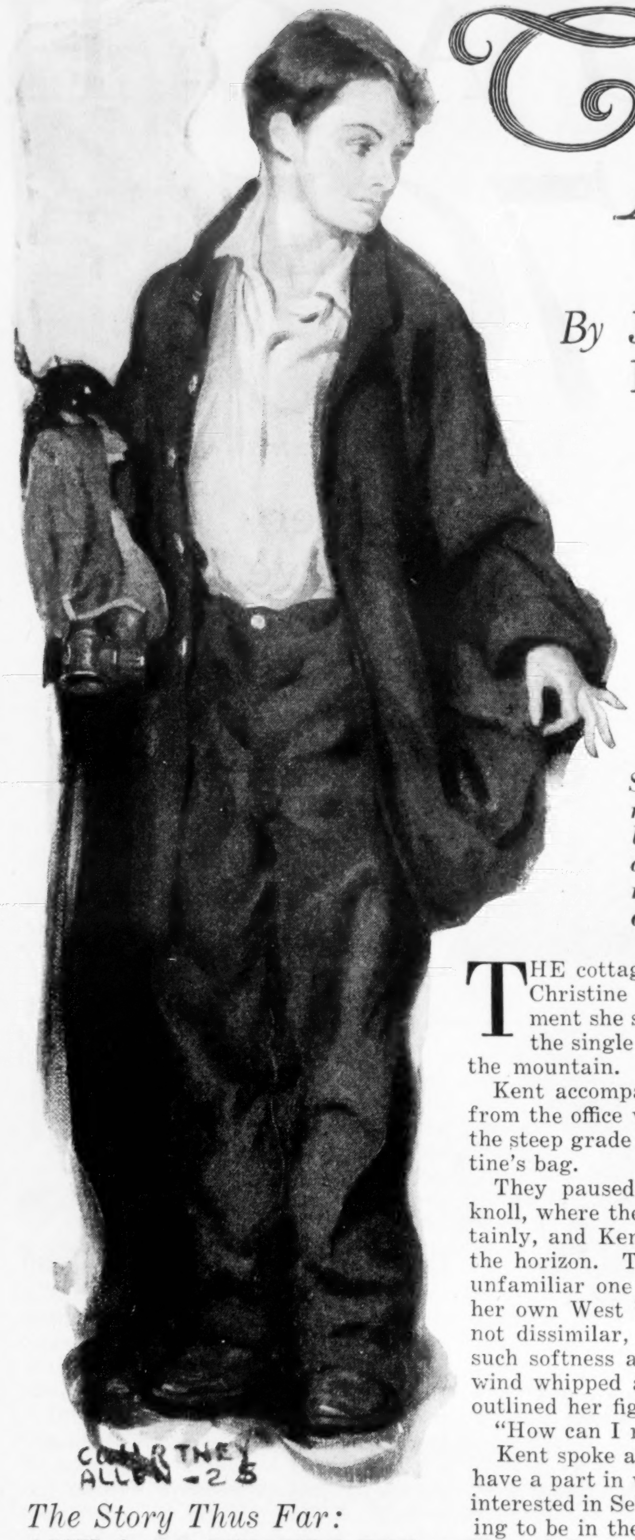
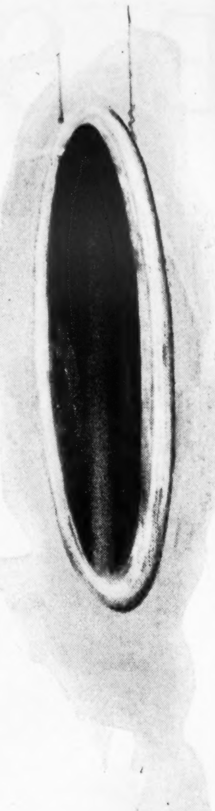
The Deep Seam

By JACK BETHEA

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



Suddenly she was no longer a woman, but a miner. "Underground they'll never know me in a thousand years"



The Story Thus Far:

AFTER three years of an unhappy marriage, Christine Bennett returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father, Angus McIvor, works. Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, Christine's husband, blacklisted in several states so that it had become impossible for him to get a job. Clem deserted Christine. Before her marriage she had sensed that Selden was in love with her though he had never declared himself. He and her father had strongly disapproved of her marriage.

Selden now takes the attitude that he has saved her from a disagreeable fate. Christine's one idea is to humble Selden and make him ridiculous in the eyes of the camp. To this end she asks Selden to help her in making herself independent. He offers her a job as his secretary.

She soon becomes expert and Selden tells her that he can teach her nothing more but that he has other plans for her. Christine realizes that he is interested in her and feels that her chance is at hand. Her plans are completely upset, however, by a disastrous accident in the camp. Though the company officially exonerates Selden of all blame, Selden holds himself responsible and is completely broken. He resigns. Christine goes to see him before he leaves Ivanhoe and is filled with compassion for him. Her attitude changes and her main desire is to help him, but there seems no way. He feels that sooner or later he is fated to be killed in a mine.

Two years later Christine Bennett discovers that Selden is working as a contractor in Marengo, a small mining town in Alabama. She goes to Mallory Kent of the company which owns the camps at Ivanhoe and Marengo and asks for coöperation in bringing Selden back to the life where he belongs. The company has lost track of him but is still interested in him. Kent promises aid and takes Christine to Marengo where she is given a cottage ostensibly as the wife of a miner about to come to Marengo.

Clem Bennett, who has been working crooked games in the mining country, happens on a plan to work some sort of game with two other men in Marengo though he does not know that both Selden and Christine are there.

THE cottage was a tiny thing, but Christine liked it from the moment she saw it, set far back from the single street that struggled up the mountain.

Kent accompanied her over the knoll from the office while a Negro puffed up the steep grade behind them with Christine's bag.

They paused on the summit of the knoll, where the street wandered uncertainly, and Kent swept an arm toward the horizon. The prospect was not an unfamiliar one to Christine; indeed, in her own West Virginia the views were not dissimilar, but she had never seen such softness and such distances. The wind whipped at Christine's skirts and outlined her figure.

"How can I repay you, Mr. Kent?"

Kent spoke abruptly. "By letting me have a part in what you are doing. I'm interested in Selden and, without intending to be in the least impertinent, I am interested in you."

Christine looked at him. "Interested in me? How kind! Of course you may have a part in it. You already have. I wanted you to see the pathos of the thing as I saw it."

They paused before the fence surrounding the little house. The yard was a small affair, but it was neat. A walk of sunken rock led up to the low steps that gave on to the veranda that ran around in an ell. The porch was hidden behind trelliswork covered with vines that climbed daringly to the sloping roof. Christine leaned on the picket gate of white-oak slabs intertwined with wire.

"If it's half as pretty inside as it looks from here, I won't want to leave," she said with quiet feeling. "I am indebted to you for making this possible."

Kent gestured in protest. "No more talk of obligation. You've undertaken a mission for the safety department, and that is the one department that looks after its own. Shall I come in and help you get settled?"

"No, I don't think you'd better. I shan't be in a hurry about things."

Kent was reluctant to go. He draped his big form over the gate and looked at her. She was very attractive against the background of the clematis that covered the front of the house and tinted the air with delicate fragrance. There was silence for a moment, and then Kent spoke briskly:

"As I understand it, the cottage is furnished. It was used by one of the bachelors. He left camp, and it has never been reoccupied. I told Yearwood to send you linen and dishes from the commissary, and the boy will bring what groceries you need. You get water from the well on the back porch, I believe. Yearwood will send you some coal, and I told him to have our special keep an eye on the cottage."

CHRISTINE came to life and looked at him. "You think of everything. I know how busy you are and what it means when you drop everything to come here with me." She held out her hand. "I want to thank you."

Kent leaned over the small gate and looked down at her. "This is a personal request. We are to be friends?"

Christine raised her brows. "Why the future tense?"

"You mean we are friends now?"

"Of course."

Kent's big eyes snapped, but he knew when to stop. "I won't delay you longer, because I know you are anxious to go inside. I'm going to keep in touch with what you are doing. Yearwood will tell me, and I want you to feel free to call on me whenever you need me. You won't forget?"

"Thank you, Mr. Kent. No, I won't forget."

Christine still stood at the gate, and her eyes followed him as he strode up the acclivity toward the crest of the knoll. He had made her task easy, and she was grateful. But as her eyes followed the swing of the big body there intervened another figure.

Again she saw Selden, tall, lithe, poised, whiplike, his gray eyes frosty and his thin lips curved in an ironical twist.

What had the years done to him? Her thoughts went back to the last night in the lodge at Ivanhoe. Her thoughts always came back to that night: they had brought her here.

Christine sat and thought of the past: of the hurt of her husband's desertion; of the humiliation of her return to Ivanhoe; of the rescue by Selden; of the joy of the newly realized independence; of the work that had come after Ivanhoe; of the delight of wandering; of her decision to return to Ivanhoe to seek Selden, and finally this.

THE sun was falling behind the tiny cottage, and the light had already deserted the eastern slope of the knoll. Long shadows stretched away before her. Held by the spell of the silence, Christine listened. Then she shook herself as if drowsy and inserted the key Kent had given her and entered her new home.

The house was musty, and Christine busied herself with opening windows, throwing back shutters, exploring: kitchen, bedroom, living-room, dining-room—tiny but comfortable and furnished with surprising taste.

Presently from the commissary came a boy with her groceries. There was coal in the kitchen, and before long Christine sat down at the table under the kitchen window to her supper in solitary and absolute content.

Christine did not linger over her supper. She hurried through her meal and then unpacked in her bedroom.

Her clothes were purposely plain, the dresses ill-fitting, in garish colors. She was dressing her part, and years in mining camps had taught her how.

One thing was incongruous. She took a bulky package from the suit case and from it she drew a pair of overalls soiled and black with coal dust. These she spread on the floor. On them she placed a jumper that had once been blue, but was now blackened beyond all recognition from its original color. From the package she added a miner's cap, with a battered carbide lamp in the slot on the front, heavy shoes and woolen hose, and the package was empty.

Christine stirred the bundle of blackened clothing with a tentative toe and then swept her eyes about the dresses on the bed.

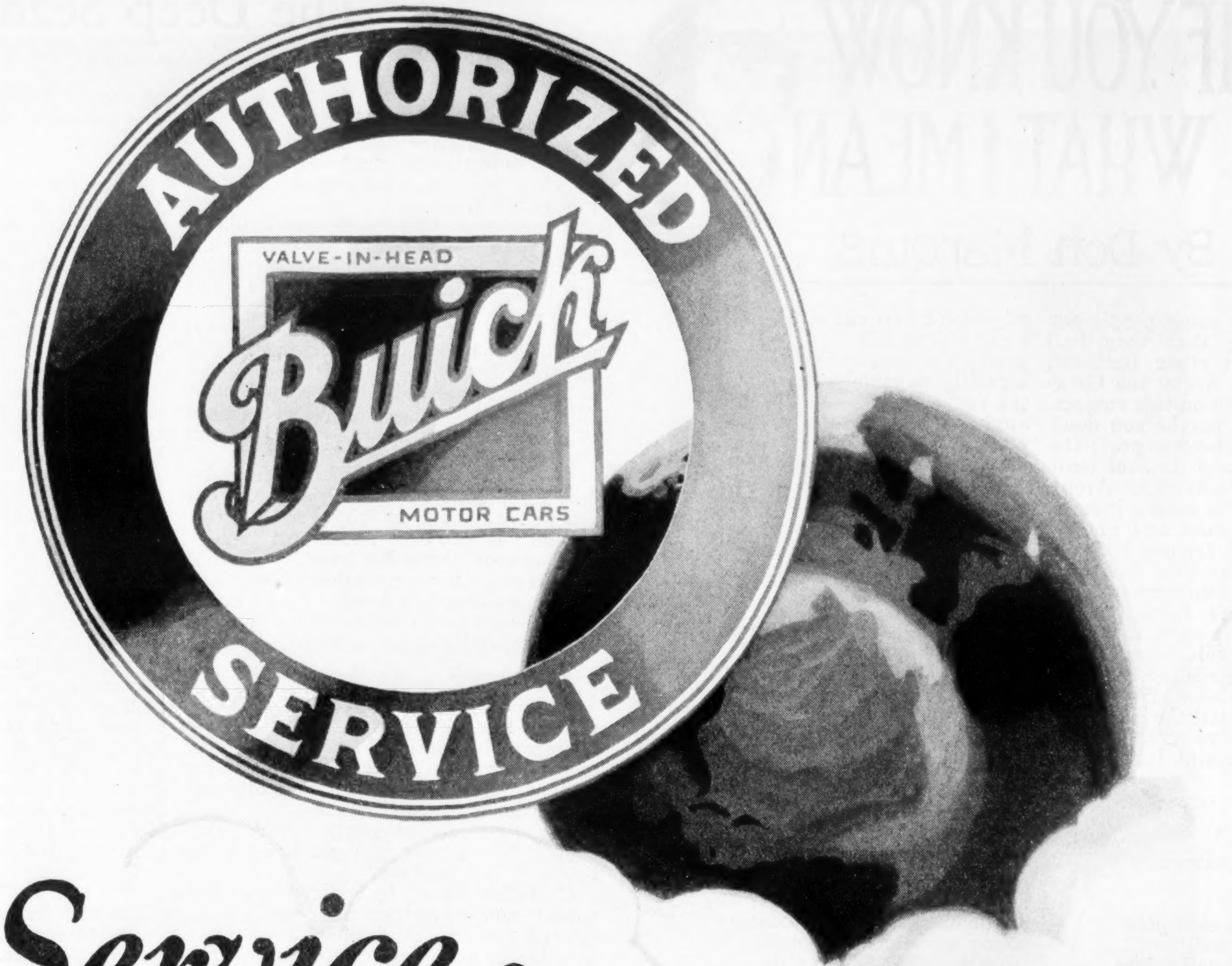
"The best costume of all," she murmured.

CHRISTINE'S life for the next few days was leisurely. Apparently she had not a care in the world except her small house. Here she busied herself with scrubbing, sweeping and cooking, reveling in the freedom to do as she chose without criticism or hindrance.

In her roving life among the mining camps, a nomad in bleak boarding houses, Christine had had scant time for home-making. But now she was all woman, happy with household tasks from morning until night. And in the evenings she sat on the low steps, enveloped in the fragrance of the clematis, and gazed on the purple mountains. Then it was that her thoughts were busy with the task before her, which she seemed in no haste to begin. Christine told herself she was establishing herself with her neighbors; but deep down she knew that it was only an excuse.

Mining camps are singularly incurious. When lights shone in the cottage at night and a woman's form was visible at times about the porch the camp's comment was brief.

"Somebody's (*Continued on page 30*)



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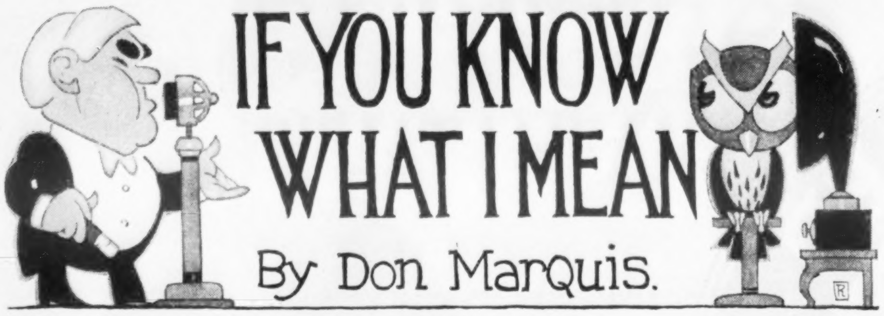
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN



By Don Marquis.

HOW is it that so many people are always wishing that they had gone into some other business, trade or profession? Archy the Cockroach has a word to say on this subject. Archy, you know (or maybe you don't know), was once a free-verse poet; the free-verse poet died, and its soul went into the body of a cockroach. Archy has many acquaintances among insects, human beings, birds, mice and ghosts, and one of his newest friends is Peter the Parrot, who claims that he is between three and four centuries old and was taken to England from Central America by Drake. He came to America right after the Revolutionary War, and has hung in a cage in an old chop house downtown in New York ever since. But let Archy tell the story; he butts the typewriter keys with his head and can't manage capital letters nor punctuation marks:

pete says he used
to belong to the fellow
that ran the mermaid tavern
in london then i said
you must have known
shakespeare know him said pete
poor mutt i knew him well
he called me pete and i called him
bill but why do you say poor mutt
well said pete bill was a
disappointed man and was always
boring his friends about what
he might have been and done
if he had only had a fair break
two or three pints of sack
and sherris and
the tears
would trickle down
into his
beard and his beard
would get
soppy and wilt his
collar
i remember one
night when
bill and ben johnson and
frankie beaumont
were sopping it up
here i am ben says bill
nothing but a lousy playwright
and with anything like luck
in the breaks i might have been
a fairly decent sonnet writer
i might have been a poet
if i had kept away from the theatre
yes says ben i ve often
thought of that bill
but one consolation is
you are making pretty good money
out of the theatre
money money says bill what the hell
is money what i want is to be
a poet not a business man
these damned cheap shows
i turn out to keep the
theatre running break my heart
slap stick comedies and
blood and thunder tragedies
and melodramas say i wonder
if that boy heard you order
another bottle frankie
the only compensation is that i get
a chance now and then
to stick in a little poetry
when nobody is looking
but hells bells that isn t
what i want to do
i want to write sonnets and
song and spenserian stanzas
and i might have done it too
if i hadn t got
into this frightful show game
business business business
grind grind grind
what a life for a man
that might have been a poet
well says frankie beaumont
why don t you cut it bill
i can t says bill
i need the money i ve got
a family to support down in
the country well says frankie
anyhow you write pretty good
plays bill any mutt can write
plays for this london public
says bill if he puts enough
murder in them what they want
is kings talking like kings
never had sense enough to talk
and stabbings and stranglings
and fat men making love
and clowns basting each
other with clubs and cheap puns
and off color allusions to all
the smut of the day oh i know
what the low brows want
and i give it to them
well says ben johnson
don t blubber into the drink
brace up like a man
and quit the rotten business
i can t i can t says bill
i ve been at it too long i ve got to
the place
now where i can t write anything else
but this cheap stuff
i m shamed to look an honest
young sonneteer in the face
i live a hell of a life i do
the manager hands me some mouldy old
manuscript
and says bill here s a plot for
you this is the third of the month
by the tenth i want a good
script out of this that we
can start rehearsals on
not too big a cast
and not too much of your
damned poetry either
you know your old
familiar line of hokum
they eat up that falstaff stuff
of yours ring him in again
and give them a good ghost
or two and remember we gotta
have something dick burbage can get
his teeth into and be sure
and stick in a speech
somewhere the queen will take
for a personal compliment and if
you get in a line or two somewhere
about the honest english yeoman
it s always good stuff
and it s a pretty good stunt
bill to have the heavy villain
a moor or a dago or a jew
or something like that and say
i want another
comic welshman in
this
but i don t need to
tell
you bill you know
this game
just some of your
ordinary
hokum and maybe
you could
kill a little kid or
two a prince
or something they like
a little pathos along with
the dirt now you better see burbage
tonight and see what he wants
in that part oh says bill
to think i am
debasing my talents with junk
like that oh god what i wanted
was to be a poet
and write sonnet serials
like a gentleman should
well says i pete
bill s plays are highly
esteemed to this day
is that so says pete
poor mutt little he would
care what poor bill wanted
was to be a poet

archy

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 28

took Cade's cottage," said the camp. "Wonder who it could be?"

When Christine had established herself sufficiently she went over the knoll, knocked at the superintendent's door and entered.

Yearwood was not particularly pleased to see her, but the credentials Kent had given her made his manner more deferential than he would have chosen.

"I'd like a talk with you, Mr. Yearwood, if you have time," she said. "My vacation is over."

Yearwood grunted noncommittally. "I'm pretty busy, but we've gotta have it one time or another. Might as well be now."

Christine smiled at him placatingly, sensing his hostility. "Did Mr. Kent tell you anything of why I am here or what I came to do?" she asked.

Yearwood shook his head. "He said you were acting for his department and was to have a free hand. I told him I didn't want to know anything about it or have anything to do with it."

CHRISTINE patted the arm of her chair briskly. Her condescension of manner matched his own. "It will not be necessary, but before I begin I need certain information for which I have come to you. Afterward I shall shape my course at my own discretion."

Yearwood smiled sourly. "All right, shoot. The sooner you get it over the better it will suit me."

Christine moved by indirection. She would not advertise her interest in Girard Selden. And there were other details she must know before she could act with certainty that would prevent a misstep. Wherefore she began afar off from her subject.

"This is a slope mine, I believe."

Yearwood nodded. "Thirty-eight hundred feet from the mouth of the mine to the chain yard and five miles of track along the headings."

"You work how many men?"

"About three hundred picks."

Christine asked her first pertinent question. "Who is your mine foreman?"

"Minto Newell."

"Newell?" Christine's tone was thoughtful. She dissembled. "Wasn't he from West Virginia?"

"No; he's been right here in this working since before I came."

Christine had found what she wanted to know. The foreman could not recognize her. "Is he a good man, trustworthy? Could he be promoted?"

"Newell's all right. He's getting pretty well along in years, but he still knows his business. But I don't believe the company would ever make him superintendent. Least, it never has when I've been gone."

"Who carries on for you while you're away?"

"Minge, usually; he's the resident engineer. He's got one assistant and he sort of acts as assistant to me. We don't have a reg'lar assistant superintendent."

Christine was rapidly acquiring information she needed. Now she asked a question that would lead her to the object of her visit.

"Do you contract here?"

"Pretty near all the work is contract work. We been pretty successful with it, and it's less trouble to the company."

"How do you farm your contracts?"

"Oh, just the same as anywhere else, I reckon. The company hires a contractor to work an entry, and it pays him sixty-four cents a ton for the coal. He pays the men forty for loading it, and it costs him ten cents to shoot it. All we do is haul it."

"Then you don't have any direct relations with the men?"

"The company has some entries it works itself, and then there's the drivers and the dead workers and the floating gang. 'Course all the men are paid through the company, and we keep the contractors' books. Their men get their commissary checks just like the company men, and they trade at the commissary. But the contractor hires 'em and generally fires 'em."

"Know many of the contractors here?"

"Yes, I know the contractors. That's part of my job."

"Have you got a man named Selden here?"

Yearwood's attention was arrested. "We sure have."

"What does he do?"

"He's a contractor and a doggone good one. The best in the mine."

"What sort of man is he?"

Yearwood scruffed his stubby bristles with the back of his hand. "Guess I'll have to pass," he confessed. "I don't know anything about him. He showed up here about two years ago and said he wanted a job. He took a contract, and he has done right well with it, but, Lord, the camp don't know no more 'bout him than it did the day he came, and I don't neither."

Christine was thoughtful. She must not question too closely, but still she ventured: "How does he live? Doesn't he mix with the camp?"

"Not any," Yearwood denied. "He said he wanted a cottage to himself, and I gave it to him. It's one across the valley right on the edge of the reservation. Ain't been occupied in years and sits right up on the shoulder of Cat Mountain. It looks down into the camp. He's been there ever since, and if he's ever been in camp once I don't know it."

"How many men does he work?"

"Five or six." Yearwood was interested and he thawed. "And that's a funny thing too. All the men are crazy to work for him. From all I can gather he's pretty hard too, but they don't seem to mind. He's got the pick of the whole camp and keeps 'em." Yearwood paused and then amended his statement in painstaking effort at accuracy: "He don't have any trouble with the miners, but he can't keep powder men. You know the company requires contractors who work more than five men to have a man to handle powder. Seems Selden wants to do it all himself, and the powder men get sore because they think it kind of reflects on them. He's always needing a powder man. Needs one now, I think."

HAVING questioned as much as she deemed prudent, Christine turned to other things. To camouflage her real points of interest, she asked a multitude of technical questions—ventilation, rock, trackage, brattices: every exhaustive detail of production—that brought to Yearwood's manner a new respect.

"Say, is the safety department after me?" he demanded at last. "I never saw a woman like you before, and if Kent has set you on me maybe—"

"Is it likely you would know I was here if I were after you?" Christine interrupted. "No; Mr. Kent is after other things, I believe."

Christine rose to go. At the door, Yearwood stopped her, his manner more friendly.

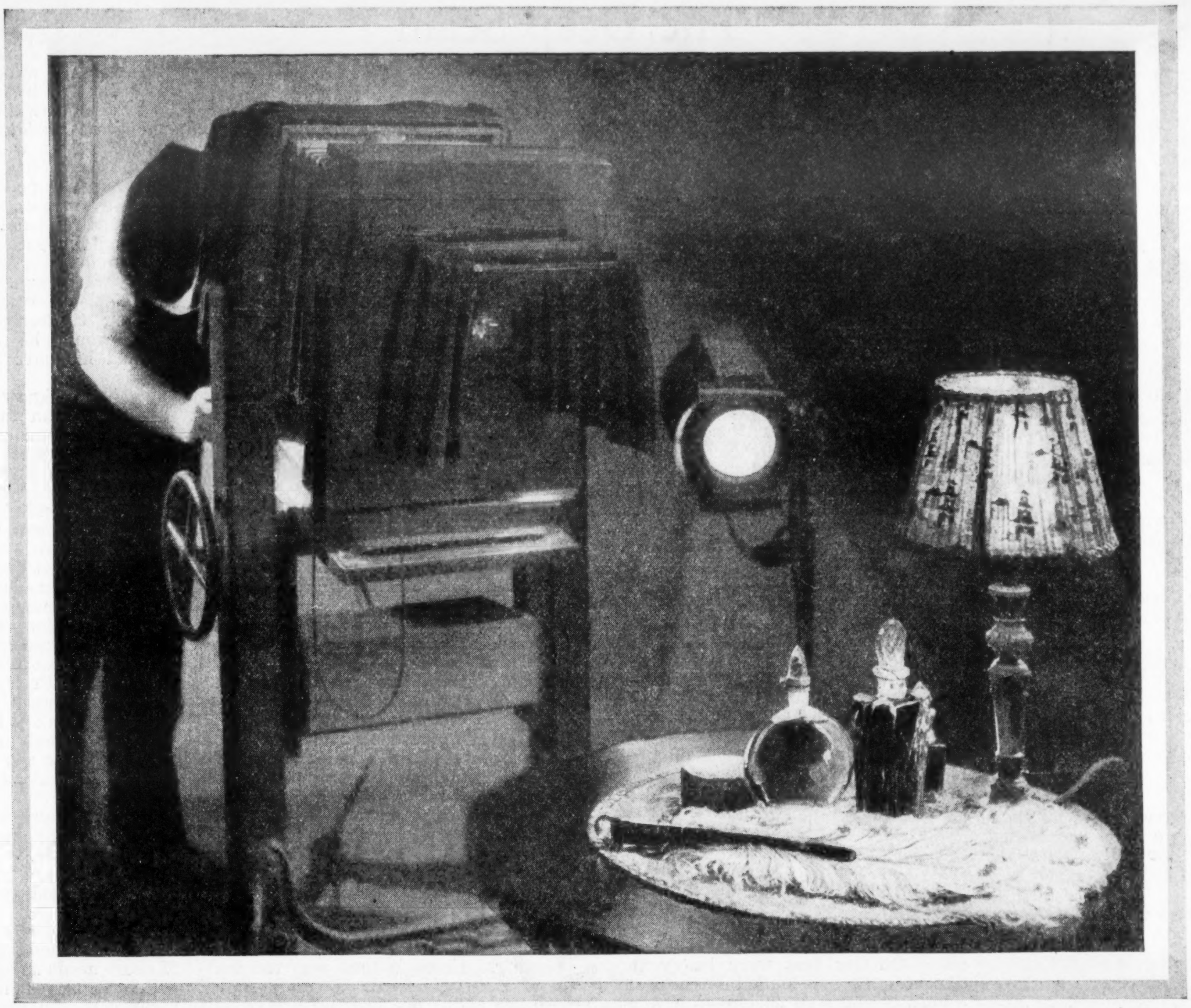
"I ain't told you the queerest thing about that man Selden," he observed. "After he'd been here a while he brought in a nigger man to look after him. And the nigger's dumb—can't talk. Don't you suppose them two have a real sociable time in that house by themselves?"

Involuntarily Christine smiled. "I suppose it suits them both," she said. "I believe I know all I need right now. If I want anything else I'll come back, but don't expect to see much of me. Most of my work will be under cover."

Christine opened the door, and Yearwood turned to his desk, plainly relieved to see her go. Christine passed the commissary on her way back to the cottage over the knoll and stopped a moment to buy some thread. Busy with her thoughts, she gave scarcely a glance at the inevitable loungers who whittled idly on the porch.

One of them was a man with bright red hair and pale eyebrows. His eyes widened as he caught sight of Chris-

(Continued on page 32)



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TOM MASSON SAYS —

THE way every European nation feels with regard to its debt to Uncle Sam: "Let's hope it will all be the same in a hundred years."

Still, they can't complain that we don't take any interest in them.

* * *

Our admiration and respect for the wonderful way women have forged ahead in the present era increases constantly. But it will not reach a climax until they begin to pay real alimony.

* * *

If we may judge from what we read, the perfect lover is a man who cannot live more than a few weeks with one woman.

* * *

Thumb prints came in about the time calico prints went out.

* * *

Mr. Henry A. Wallace recently told the Williamstown Institute of Politics that in 1960 we would be short of food. By that time maybe our wives will come back home.

* * *

So many unimportant wars are going on all over the world that until a big one is started these little ones might be syndicated.

* * *

The problem as to who will succeed President Coolidge is as nothing to the problem of who will succeed Jackie Coogan.

* * *

By the time the girls' hair grows out they will look so much like women that we will have to learn them all over again.

* * *

In Bavaria the sixth anniversary of the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles was observed as a day of mourning. They probably shed nitroglycerine tears.

* * *

You can make your mark more easily if you are not an easy mark.

* * *

The new law in Turkey declares that a man shall have only one wife. There are no motion picture stars in Turkey.

* * *

Mischa Elman recently paid $50,000 for a Stradivarius violin. It was probably owned by a man who lived next door.

* * *

A man named William Shakespeare has become a Pullman car porter. When he says "thank you" they call him silver-tongued Will.

* * *

Self-centered people spin around like tops on their own peripheries, but never go anywhere.

* * *

Senators and congressmen no longer wear sideboards: the next step in progress is to reduce the number of government bureaus.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 30

tine's figure when she walked out of the commissary and stepped out freely up the knoll, her pace unchecked by the steep ascent.

As Christine disappeared, the man jerked a thumb in Christine's direction. "Who's she?" he asked.

Pinetop Thompson, the man addressed, looked after Christine. "I don't know the lady, Mr. Bennett." He spoke rebukingly. "We don't generally comment on ladies in this here camp."

Clem Bennett accepted the rebuke silently; it was unpalatable. But he planned to use Thompson, and he hid his anger. He grunted listlessly.

"No offense," he said.

"None will be took, then," Thompson answered promptly.

Bennett had been in camp less than a day, but already he was fraternizing with the men, a false joviality making him free of their company. While he talked his eyes were busy and his ears keen.

Then came Christine. He had recognized her instantly in spite of the changes the years had wrought. His mind was filled with questioning. What was she doing here? What attraction had brought her from West Virginia? He had almost forgotten her; his interest at best had been but temporary. She had meant little to him. But here in Marengo, where he himself planned to operate! That was another matter. She might be a menace. She might be a help. But he must know more about her before he returned to Kriel to make his report.

At the cottage over the knoll Christine was not cooking supper. Instead she was in the front room surveying herself in a small mirror.

She was dressed in blackened overalls. On her feet were heavy shoes. She stooped and pulled on a jumper. Suddenly she was no longer a woman, but a miner, clad in miner's clothes, and when she walked across the floor she had the same shambling, loose-kneed gait that is sure on uneven footing.

She returned to look at herself in the glass.

"Underground they'll never know me in a thousand years," she murmured.

CLEM BENNETT looked over the men in front of him, and his eyelids with their pale lashes opened and closed. Bennett's eyelashes were an indication of his mood. When angry his lids opened and closed and his mouth drew down at the corners; when he was pleased his eyes worked rapidly and he swallowed. One observed these things after knowing him well.

Although Bennett did not realize it, he also was under close observation. He was talking to Adam Ensley over a glass of white whisky in Ensley's bachelor cabin.

Ensley was a Continental special officer at Marengo, and to him Bennett had come in search of information about Christine. Ensley was a tall man, with an incredibly long and thin nose that dominated his narrow face. His eyes were bleak and cold and blue; harder than Bennett's own. Everything about Ensley suggested length, not thickness. He was tall and thin and lathlike, with dangling arms and slender legs.

Ensley divested himself of his coat when he came into his kitchen and then went to a cupboard, where he took down a jug fitted with a corncob stopper. He shook the jug with a questioning ear against the sleek brown side.

"Guess there's 'nough here to slack down the dust," he remarked and looked at Bennett, who nodded. Ensley took two tumblers from the cupboard and poured liberal portions of the white liquid into them. It gave off a faint acrid bouquet, redolent of burnt sugar.

Ensley threw back his head and poured the fiery liquid down at a gulp. Then he sighed noisily and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Bennett drank more slowly and followed it with water.

"I never did learn to drink that stuff without a chaser," he remarked, and Ensley broke into voluble speech:

"Me, I never did believe in spilin' good likker with water. Water's all right in its place, but it ain't nothin' to mix with good likker. You don't never make no mistake—"

Bennett interrupted him. Even in their short acquaintance he had learned that he must do that if he expected to get in a word:

"Go on and make yourself comfortable," he said. "I figure on making a right smart call if you'n me can talk turkey."

ENSLEY accepted the invitation, but he did not stop talking. He rose and drew from each hip pocket a long-barreled revolver that would throw a bullet almost like a rifle. From his belt he took a pair of handcuffs.

"I ain't got no more use f'r cuffs 'n a cat has f'r pants," he explained to Bennett with an apologetic smile. "But they come with th' badge, an' I've allus carried 'em. Me, I don't make many arrests." His blue eyes grew steely. "Most generally I don't need no handcuffs. When I git to 'em they're ready to be still."

Bennett chuckled. Ensley's sinister words regarding the fatality of arrest by him Bennett put down to boastfulness. But he reached over and picked up one of the pearl-handled forty-fives.

"How many notches you got on this?" he asked.

"There ain't but two on that one," Ensley answered simply. "That's Salt. I carry him in my left-hand pocket. Most ginerally it's Pepper what git's 'em. He's muh right-handed one."

Bennett glanced at the gangling form lolling in the splint-bottom rocker. He was undecided whether the special was boasting. Ensley's tone was too matter-of-fact to be real. Bennett smiled with the air of one sharing a joke, but he restored Salt to the table with some respect.

"I've been a special officer myself," he said conversationally.

Ensley straightened. "Y' don't say! I thought I reckernized some of th' earmarks 'bout you. Where was it you worked?"

"In West Virginia. But we didn't have exactly the same conditions up there. I'm thinking of locating in Marengo."

"Real glad to have you," Ensley replied. "Ain't many new folks come here to this camp. It ain't got such a good reppitation, an' then it's way off up in the mountains an' there ain't much goin' on. We ain't had no new folks come sence that feller Selden blew in, an' that's been mebbe two-three years ago. When he—"

Bennett's eyes blinked rapidly, and he interrupted sharply: "What did you say his name was?"

Ensley gnawed off a huge wad of tobacco before he answered.

"Selden. S-e-l-d-e-n. I know that's th' way to spell it 'cause I took him some mail one time when he was laid up with a mashed foot. 'At was right after he come an' th' time of th' big fall of rock. He shore won hisself a home with th' men then. Ain't never had no trouble with 'em since, an' they tell me he's hell on wheels. Why, I remember—"

Bennett volleyed his questions: "What is he doing?"

"He's a contractor. When he first come here Old Man Yearwood thought that—"

Bennett gave only half an ear to Ensley's garrulity. He stared before him out of narrowed eyes. "Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered.

Selden in Marengo! Christine here too! It was not chance: obviously it had been arranged.

His hatred of Selden, almost forgotten in the press of intervening years, sprang into full life again. Selden's blacklist had hounded him until he had changed his name and deserted West Virginia for a time.

The ruddy color drained from the man's face as his bitterness concentrated. He cared nothing for Christine, but if Selden did— Evidently Selden had been deposed by the Continental; he was here, a small contractor in a little Alabama mine—almost on a parity with Bennett himself.

The man whistled sibilantly as he thought. Ensley still gabbled and Bennett caught a word now and then. He gave mechanical assent at intervals. His mind leaped ahead to the future. The advantage was his. Neither Christine nor Selden knew of his presence. He would be patient until his time came, and then—

He was recalled to his surroundings by Ensley's voice. Ensley had been talking tirelessly and steadily. This man would be useful, and Bennett opened his ears again to the flow of words.

"—Don't know when I've enjoyed hearin' a man talk so much," Ensley was saying. Bennett looked at him sharply, but there was no sign of irony in his guileless face. "I declare my throat's dry just from hearin' you talk! How 'bout wettin' down ag'in?"

They reënacted the solemn ceremony, and before Ensley could resume his discourse Bennett broke in:

"I said I had decided to locate here, an' I will if I can get anybody to do business with. I'm a business man myself, and I don't expect nobody to do business with me for nothing. How is the company here? Pretty strict?"

Ensley wagged his head. "Old Man Yearwood ain't so bad. 'N fact, he leaves things like that pretty much to me. I guess y' could say the comp'ny ain't so awful strick s' long as they is diggin' coal."

Bennett's eyes worked. "Ain't much chance to make money thataway," he observed softly.

Ensley's assent was hearty. "Shore ain't, an' my salary ain't what you'd call lib'ral. 'F I was married I'd be in a fix." He rubbed a bony hand over his narrow forehead in rueful perplexity. "I shore needs money."

Bennett's eyes blinked again. "I think I can put you in the way of making some," he said quietly. "Now listen here. . . ."

Bennett did not linger when he left Ensley's cabin that night. He was jubilant as he waited for the Hoodlum to leave on its leisurely run to Kingsland, where he would take another train for Birmingham. He wanted to see Kriel and get back to Marengo.

Kriel was waiting for him when he reached the same obscure hotel where they had met before. Pusher Riley was there too, and the three went immediately into executive session.

"Well?" challenged Kriel, his voice rumbling from his barrel-like chest.

Bennett nodded. "It's everything you said and then some."

"Willing to go in?" asked the gambler.

"I'm already in," answered Bennett.

Kriel grunted in satisfaction. "Then we can all three drift down there and get going. Did you do any fixin'?"

FOLLOWING a convolution of his own mind, Bennett lied: "No, I didn't, for two reasons. I never had no money, and I didn't want to spoil anything by too much speed." He paused and blinked in perplexity. "I know who we've gotta fix though, and it ain't the old man."

"The special?" asked Pusher Riley, whose long form was overflowing a chair at the window, where his eyes were ceaselessly on the street.

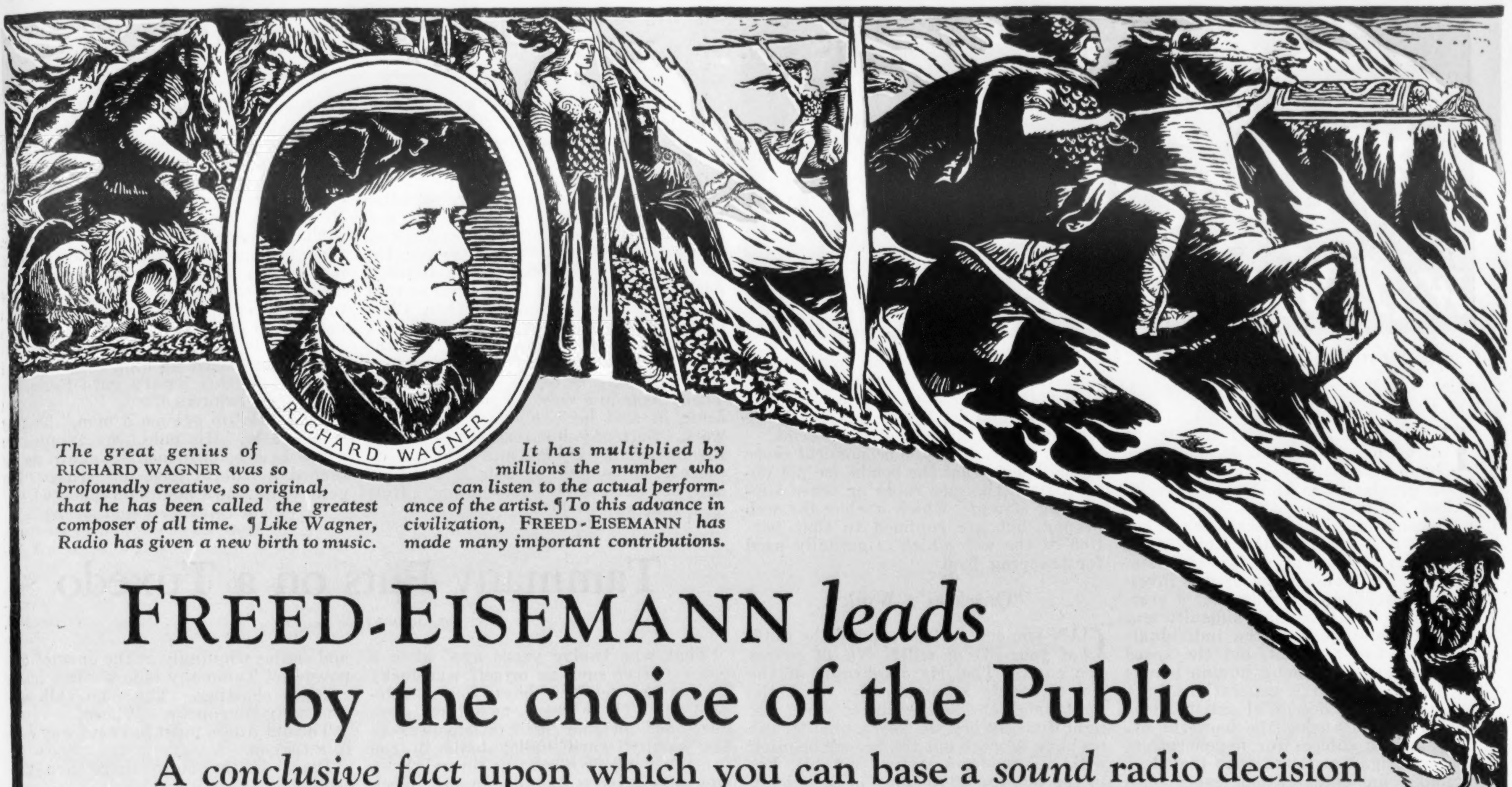
"Yeh," replied Bennett. "I never said nothing funny because I ain't been able to size him up. I want you to look him over and you too, Pusher. Queerest bird I ever saw. I can't make out whether he's a big bag of wind or whether he's the real goods. He kind of had me going round in circles."

Kriel looked inquiringly at Bennett, who, immersed in his own thoughts, closed his eyes. Kriel read the sign incorrectly.

"Come out of it. We ain't goin' to have no trouble with that special," he ordered, and Bennett looked at him. His eyes grew steady and then opened and closed once. When he spoke his tone was dry.

"I ain't worrying about him."

(*Continued on page 34*)



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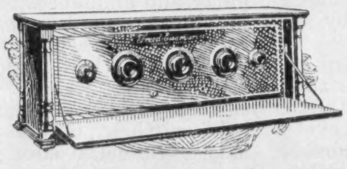

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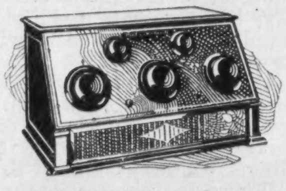

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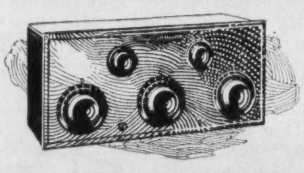

NEW! FE-15 $75.00
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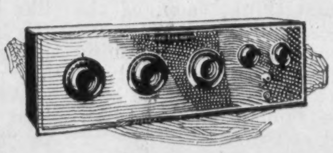

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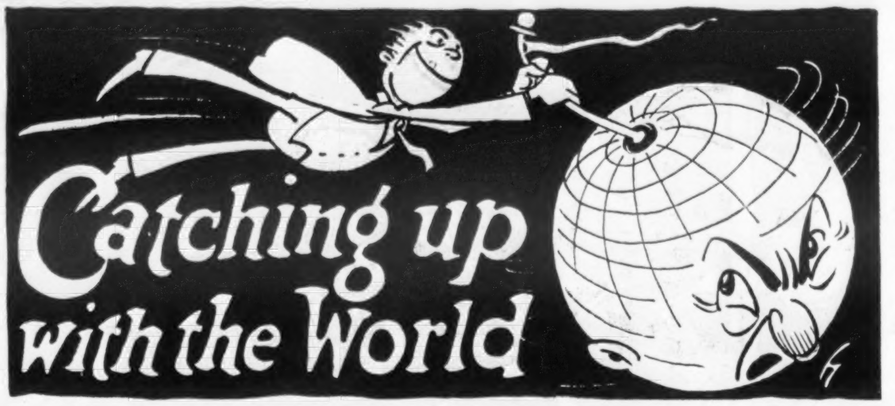


Catching up with the World

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

TAKE up a teaspoonful of common dirt from the garden. In that small heap you will be holding a population greater than that of the entire United States.

A census of the soil has been taken for the first time at the Rothamsted farm, the mother of experiment stations, and it took a team of five investigators, working every day for a year, to do the job. Their chief difficulty was not the minuteness of the individuals that they had to count, but the speed of propagation. Among human beings there are only three generations to a century, and a decennial census does very well, but among the bacteria fifteen minutes suffices for a generation. The investigators found that they had to make an enumeration every two hours for several days to get an adequate idea of the fluctuating population. The bacteria in a gram of soil, about a teaspoonful, varied from 45,000,000 to 22,500,000. And their total weight varied accordingly from 50 to 25 pounds per acre. The amœbas, simplest of animals, which prey upon the bacteria, varied inversely from them, ranging from 150,000 to 280,000, and from 170 to 320 pounds per acre. The soil population is high in spring and fall; low in winter and summer.

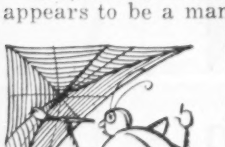
The study of these mysterious variations in the life of the soil may give a clue to the variation in the price of our foodstuffs and of our securities. For we are dependent upon a balanced activity of these underground creatures for our daily bread. It is fortunate for us, therefore, that there are so many of them and that they multiply so rapidly. Sir John Russell, director of Rothamsted, gives us a vivid picture of the population of his teaspoonful of soil:

"If the whole array could be magnified to the size of men, and caused to march past this desk in single file, they would go in a steady stream, every hour of the day and night, for a year, a month and a day, before they had all passed. We must think, then, of the apparently lifeless soil which we tread beneath our feet as really throbbing with life, changing daily and hourly in obedience to great laws which we have not yet discovered: pulsating with birth, death, decay and new birth."

False "Dewdrops"

SCIENCE has shattered another popular illusion. This concerned the "dewdrops" on spiders' webs, which, glistening in the morning sun, awaken the admiration of early risers. Poets have found inspiration in what they regarded as nature's delicate device for glorifying the handiwork of the lowly weaver of webs.

But, alas for the sentimentalist, what appears to be a manifestation of natural æsthetics is but the clever device of the spider for increasing the efficiency of her web. The "dewdrops" are not really dewdrops at all—are not water, in fact—but a gluelike substance secreted by the spider, very much like the sticky stuff on fly paper. Under the microscope a web strand is seen to be more or less regularly strung with beads of this adhesive material.



It is a tribute to the economical sense of the spider that the beads are not deposited on the guy ropes or other supporting strands, which anchor the web proper, but are confined to that portion of the web which is actually used for trapping food.

"Quick as a Wink"

CAN you contract or expand the pupil of your eye at will? No, of course you can't. The iris diaphragm of the eye contracts automatically when the light brightens and enlarges when the light dims. When we take a photograph we have to work out the proper opening with an exposure meter or table, but in the eye the adaptation is so quickly and quietly made that we are quite unconscious of it.

Yet the pupil can be trained to respond to signals other than that of light. Professor Cason of Syracuse proved this by repeatedly ringing a bell whenever the light was increased. After a time the habit of association so formed was so strong that when his subjects heard the bell the pupils of their eyes contracted though the light was unchanged. In another group of subjects the opposite reaction was cultivated. One subject was so trained that his pupil would contract for a bell, but would expand when he heard the buzz of a telephone. The professor also succeeded in cultivating a similar reflex with winking, so that the subject would wink at a low sound unconsciously and more quickly than he could wink intentionally!

Twenty-five Tons to the Pint

A pint's a pound
The world around.

THIS is an old saying, but, like other old sayings, it is not of universal application. It is close enough only for the kitchen, where water and liquids of like gravity are handled. Mercury is the heaviest of earthly liquids, but out in space there are stars heavier than any metal we have here.

We all know Sirius, but few of us know that the Dog Star is "dogged" by a smaller sphere, too dim to be discerned by the naked eye. This satellite revolves around Sirius once in fifty years and, unlike the planets, shines by its own light. It is what the astronomers call a "white dwarf" star, being only about three times as big around as the earth.

In weight, for its size, the companion of Sirius exceeds all other known bodies or substances. It is 53,000 times as heavy as water, bulk for bulk. A pint of this star stuff would therefore weigh about 53,000 pounds.

But although the star is denser than any metal or stone, Professor Eddington of Cambridge says it is not a solid or even a liquid, but a pure gas! Hardly the sort of stuff with which to fill a dirigible.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 32

"What is it, then?" Kriel asked bluntly.

"Nothing. It's just funny, that's all. Wait till I find out something more and I'll tell you maybe."

Kriel did not like mysteries, but after a sharp glance at Bennett's florid face, that looked rather haggard, he desisted.

"Well, here's the way I figger the thing out," he rumbled. "Let Bennett go back there and fix the special so that he knows what's comin'. Then Clem can pass the word that there's a jack pot goin' to be held. 'F you use the word lottery, I'll wring yore neck, Clem. The big thing is to git 'em interested. Then, 'long in a week or so, Pusher can come in and he can carry on Clem's work. Both of you spread the word that I'll be comin' along, and when I do there'll be somethin' doin'. Kind of ballyhoo act for me, understand. How does that suit you?"

"Fine," said Riley. "How long ought it to take us to clean up?"

"Well, three months ought to be enough for the whole thing, an' if we work it right it ought to be a gold mine, 'specially if we gobble the git-away pot. How 'bout you, Clem?"

"The sooner the quicker." Bennett's thoughts turned inward. "Better give me 'bout a week before Pusher shows up. I got some private business to tend to in that camp, and it may be real important to all of us."

"What is it?" asked Kriel.

Bennett looked at him, and his eyes blinked. Under Kriel's gaze Bennett's ruddy face whitened.

"I'm goin' to get me a man," he said venomously. His pale eyes, fringed by white lashes, hardened to agate as he turned a baleful gaze on Kriel. "I'm goin' to get me a man," he repeated.

(*To be continued next week*)

Tammany Puts on a Tuxedo

Continued from page 13

That was twelve years ago, when a cub reporter such as myself was lucky to get among the boys for a celebration. There were moonlight "excursions" on the river or smokers in the shanty ward halls; balls in the armories, where a man in formal dress was considered a Republican spy; block parties and country picnics, plus all the amazing enterprises of the athletic and pleasure clubs named after the ward leaders—this was the system of rounding-up the organization, of controlling the vote and cementing the base for the different units of the machine that was Tammany.

Rough was the work to be done, and rough were the men who did it. Reform might sweep the city when the roughness was too blaringly bold. Reformers came and reformers went, but Tammany toiled on forever.

That was the Tammany of Van Wyck, even of McClellan, even of Gaynor—the Tammany of Devery and "the gang," of Croker and sometimes of Murphy. But not the Tammany of to-day.

Tammany to-day is triumphant, but sober in its triumph. The explanation is that Tammany has always been human—both in its viciousness and in its helpfulness to the smallest human cog in the great machine. Tammany is now human in its sobriety, because young men are in the shoes of the rough, ready and dead veterans—younger men who know more than their fathers knew.

For ten years no saloon has been a block branch of Tammany; for ten years women have grown in political power, and the monarchs of the Hall have had the sense and vision to understand that power and to win it by new ways.

At the behest of women Tammany has put on the tuxedo. Women vote; there are no more ward or district stag parties; the women are in on everything, from conferences to clambakes.

Where do we now witness the celebration of a primary victory? In the Hall on Fourteenth Street? Yes—the formal celebration, with governor, judges and gray-templed magistrates eloquently complimenting the populace on its suffrage, concisely pointing out that victory means added responsibility, conscientiously pledging good government. Not even the faintest echo of the ancient Tiger growl of triumph.

Now, with the gang giving way to the group, the roughneck flavor of Tammany operations may thrive in the virile core of the machine, but never is it seen on the surface. The women would not like it, the new leaders would not countenance it.

But the real celebration is held in a large suite of rooms in a mammoth hotel. In a large drawing-room the dapper candidate, the Hall's man—who might be a young professor of political economy in an old university—shakes hands with the filing line of stiff shirts and smiles winningly at the gowned and powdered Tammany ladies. The ladies remain, chatting. The men talk and gradually disappear. Where?

The old Adam must have its way even in a tuxedo.

Back of the suite there are "the rooms."

"Whisht!" from a red-faced guard, "whaddye want?"

"The rooms."

"Who are ye?"

We state.

"Number 1687—the 'sweet' there."

Into the "rooms." Men in tuxedos and swallowtails stand in groups, clinking glasses, drinking, the air laden with rich Havana clouds. One room, two rooms, three rooms. All with their groups of drinking men.

Finally a fourth room—and there are men who have been drinking long. They aren't standing. They lean against the wall, while one, gifted with greater powers of absorption, tells them tales of ancient victories and the battle just won. They drink bravely and listen with mouths open. They sag and gradually slip, inch by inch, down the inhospitable wall.

Bang on a bathroom door. There is revealed an iceberg in the tub buttressed by and flanked by bottles of mineral water. Three men are there in white aprons. One is slicing lemons with a knife like a scimitar; another is guarding an array of bottles of booze that would sink the Mayflower.

"What'll you have?" chants the third.

The revelry grows, the voices rise, until somebody suddenly "Sshs" the party and announces that the candidate is going to make a speech.

Out they troop, save the hardened drinkers or those subdued by Barleycorn.

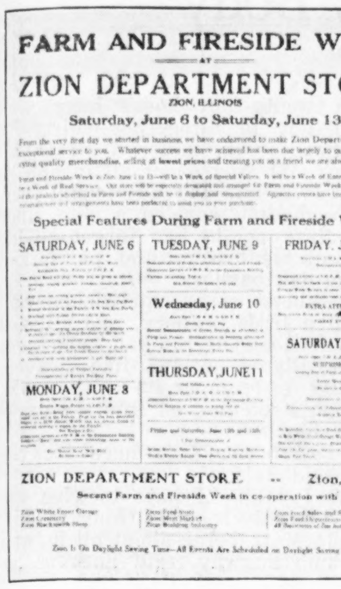
They stand, gripping their senses, holding their breath—as needs they must—while the slim young man who carries the reputation of the Hall upon his slim young shoulders speaks to them clearly, forcefully, thankfully.

And before he has finished there is hushed silence and rippling applause as the governor, in perfect dinner garb, enters. He too speaks clearly, forcefully, thankfully.

The waiters who attend the buffet supper in the ballroom below know that this huge company of gowned ladies and white-tied gentlemen is no different in appearance and chatter and conduct from the gatherings of the lords of commerce and industry or the socially elect.

Such is the new Tammany. Dignified, dressed up, but always, as of old, working. Never, as "the rooms" testify, omitting social lubrication of the machine.

John Voorhis, the nonagenarian sachem, says, "Tammany will live because Tammany will always be human." Even in its tuxedo.



FARM AND FIRESIDE WEEK

AT

ZION DEPARTMENT STORE

ZION, ILLINOIS

Saturday, June 6 to Saturday, June 13

From the very first day we started in business we have endeavored to make Zion Department Store of exceptional service to you. Whatever success we have achieved has been due largely to our policy of carrying quality merchandise, selling at lowest prices and treating you as a friend we are always glad to see.

Special Features During Farm and Fireside Week

SATURDAY, JUNE 6

TUESDAY, JUNE 9

FRIDAY, JUNE 12

Wednesday, June 10

MONDAY, JUNE 8

THURSDAY, JUNE 11

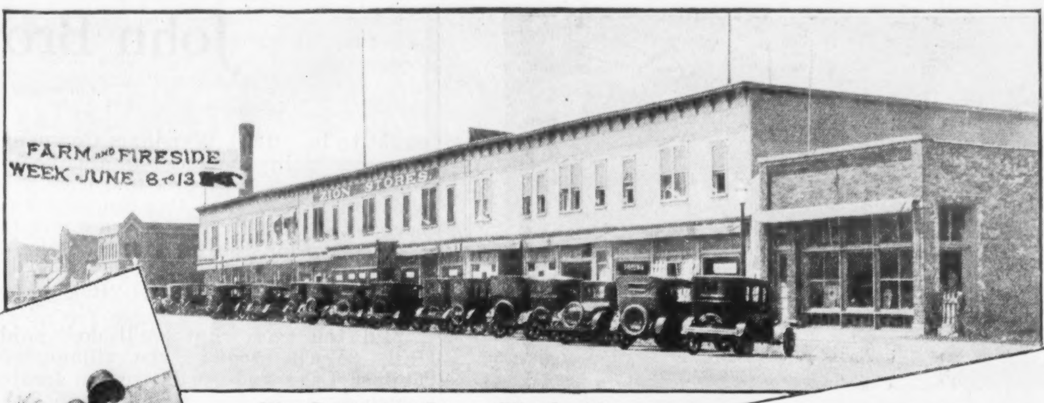
SATURDAY,

ZION DEPARTMENT STORE -- Zion, Illinois

Second Farm and Fireside Week in co-operation with

Zion Is On Daylight Saving Time—All Events Are Scheduled on Daylight Saving Time

How Zion Stores Advertised Farm & Fireside Week



Zion Department Store, affiliated with Zion Institutions and Industries

A glimpse of the Children's Parade—one of the many features of Zion's Farm & Fireside Week

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Gentlemen: Please send your new book, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, without cost to me.

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"We had a constant stream of new faces with us—folks who came from long distances to take advantage of the many splendid sales items offered by us for this occasion," says W. E. Schmalfuss, manager of the Zion Stores.

"I consider our showing very good—fully commensurate with the splendid idea so efficiently and cheerfully brought to a full culmination by your hearty co-operation in Farm & Fireside Week.

"We consider that Farm & Fireside Week was a real success, and worthy the consideration of every progressive merchant who wants more farm trade."

It will work for you

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It will make more money for *your* store. It will give you a new hold on the trade of the prosperous farm families around your town.

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Farm & Fireside readers are the best kind of prospects for you. And our plan enables you to turn these prospects into customers. It puts to work for you the tremendous selling force of Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*.

A free book of experiences

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American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Boss Stoves and Ovens
Boston Garters
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Certo (Surejell)
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Clark Grave Vaults
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Crosley Radio
Crown Overall Mfg. Co., The
Cuticura Preparations
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De Laval Separators & Milkers
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Paramount Ranges
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Perfection Oil Ranges
Perfection Oil Heaters
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Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machines
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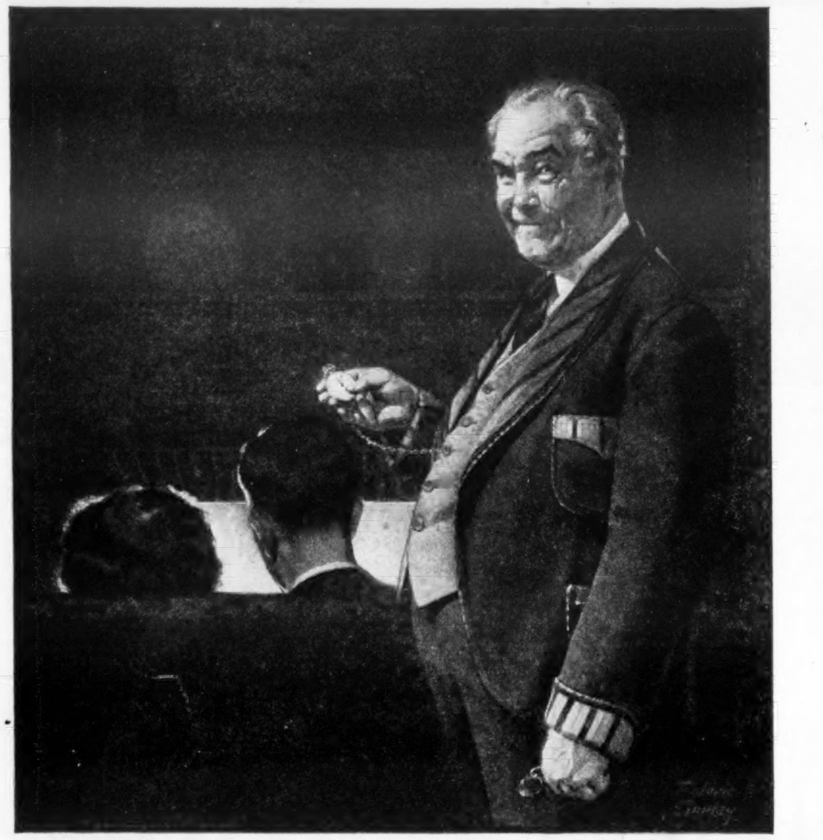

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John Brown's Body

Continued from page 16

ought to be. That Wyndham Company has been doing business in the north woods for several years, and they are wise to this soft snow. Our company has been selling mostly to the army and to people farther south, and they don't know what conditions are up here."

"That's right," I said. "But what can we do about it?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Bill. "We'll stop in the village of Tupper Lake and see if we can locate somebody that does welding and has an acetylene torch. And we'll cut a hole in each one of these shoes."

"That'll take a long time," I said.

"Yes," said Jake, "but we can't do anything else." So we stopped in Tupper Lake and found a garage that had two acetylene torches. Jake took one and the garage man took the other, and they started to cut.

THEY had no sooner got going when the man that drove the Wyndham came walking in with a wide smile on his ugly face.

"Well, well!" he said. "I been getting gas and oil and I thought I would wait a few minutes to see how you birds was coming along. I see you got a long job; but you ought to get started for Lake Placid by to-morrow night. By that time I'll have the boiler out of the river. Well, good luck to you; I must be going." And off he went.

At half past eleven that night we finished. We had cut a hole through the middle of each of sixty track shoes.

"Now," said Jake, "we got to catch that Wyndham. That Wyndham man don't expect us. He'll loaf along and take his time, and we'll surprise him and beat him."

So Jake and Matt and I got in the cab, and we turned on the electric headlights and started out. It was cold. The snow was coming down hard, and the wind was drifting it all around.

The snow kept getting deeper and deeper, with drifts in some places as high as the top of the tractor cab. These drifts slowed us up a good deal, but we managed to butt our way through. Jake would drive for a while, and then I would relieve him and drive a while.

Finally it began to get light. But it wasn't a very bright morning. Snowflakes coming down out of a gray sky, and drifts still piling up. We were pushing along slow, but we were pushing along steady. And about noon we came into the town of Saranac Lake.

We got gas and oil at a garage and had some lunch in a Greek restaurant. At the garage they told us that the Wyndham had spent the night in Saranac and started for Lake Placid early in the morning. They also said it was the worst blizzard in years, and that the road to Lake Placid was blocked by drifts.

"The bigger the drifts, the better," said Jake, but he sounded pretty sleepy and discouraged when he said it. We kept going, though, and went out of town with the motor roaring like an airplane, while the wind whistled around us and the snow came down as steady as ever.

It was ten miles to Lake Placid, and the drifts were so big it took us five hours to make it. It was just about dark, and we was all just about worn out, when we came down the hill and turned to the right onto the main business street. It had stopped snowing at last, but was still cloudy overhead.

We filled up again with gas and oil, and found out that the Wyndham had gone through early in the afternoon. We were gaining on them all the time, but it was only fifteen miles more out to the bridge where the boiler had fallen through, and it began to look doubtful whether we could catch them in time.

We hardly knew whether to go on or not. It hadn't been so hard to start the night before from Tupper Lake, when we was fairly fresh and could sing songs and keep ourselves pepped up that way. But now it was different. It was twenty-four hours later, and we had put in altogether thirty-six hours' hard work, under a strain all the time. We was about all in and so sleepy we was almost ready to fall over. Old Jake hadn't warbled a note since we left Saranac; he had forgot all his songs and his history and patriotism and long-ago battles.

We grabbed some sandwiches and coffee in a little beanery, and I'll tell you the food and lights and hot stoves of Lake Placid seemed like heaven. Especially as compared to the cold, cold snow, stretching off into the darkness outside.

"We had better stay here for the night," said Jake.

"Yes," I said. "I hate to give up, but it's the only sensible thing to do."

And old Matt, being about all in, and sorta dumb anyway, said nothing, as usual.

"All right," said Jake. "But suppose we just run down the road a little ways to see how it goes, and then if it looks too hard we can come back."

So we started again; Jake driving, and me and Matt on the seat beside him in what the newspapers calls a semi-conscious condition.

Every once in a while I would hear Jake say, "Is this the way we turn?" and I would hear old Matt say, "Uh-huh." Meaning "Yes." We bucked one drift after another, and in some cases we got stuck and had to back up and get a flying start to break through.

The night was black as ink, except for the beams of our two big headlights shooting out over the snow. There was no more songs; no more talking—just the roar of the motor as we plunged along. We was too done up even to smoke a cigarette.

After a couple of miles there loomed up ahead a sign. We stopped when we got opposite, and swung our spotlight around to read it. There was an arrow pointing ahead, and the words: "North Elba."

"We're on the wrong road," said Matt, sort of tired and sick. "We gotta go back."

And we was too weary to even bawl him out.

JAKE dropped down into low gear, and started to turn. He got the machine swung almost completely around, when all at once it began to slip sidewise. There was a crash of breaking glass, and the three of us was all piled up in a heap. We finally got the door of the cab open and crawled out. Fortunately, nobody was hurt. And then we saw what had happened. Jake had got too near the edge of the road; the machine had slid off down a steep bank, and there it was—lying on its side in a big snow bank.

"It don't seem to be hurt," said Jake, "except the windows in the cab are busted."

"But," I said, "it's in there for the night."

"Yes," said Jake, very weary and disappointed, "that settles it. We go no further." We looked around, and down the road we saw a light that must have been a farmhouse. "They'll let us spend the night there," said Jake.

We lit the oil lantern that hung on the side of the tractor, and, taking it with us, started floundering through the snow toward the light. We none of us said a word—just floundered along.

Pretty soon the light ahead went out. "People gone to bed," said Jake. We couldn't see much with our little lantern, but we kept on toward where the light had been, and before long we came to an iron fence with an open gate. We walked in and found that the snow had all been cleared away from a little space just inside. And right in the middle of the cleared space was a funny-looking glass case.

"What's that?" said Jake.

"I don't know," said Matt, kinda dumb, and he took the lantern over close to it. Inside, we could see the dim outline of something that looked like a slab of gray stone. The glass case was loose; I lifted it off and uncovered a tombstone—a very old one with funny carving on it.

"What does it say?" asked Jake. Matt held the lantern close, and I read:

"In Memory of Capt. John Brown Who Died in New York Sept Ye 3, 1776 in the 48 year of his Age."

"That gave me a start—" said Jake, "that name John Brown. You remember how I told you my grandfather used to raise hell along with old John Brown in Kansas. But this bird here died in seventeen seventy-six, so he couldn't be the one."

"I wonder what there is about this old grave," I said, "that anybody would want to put a glass case on it and a fancy iron fence around it and keep the snow all cleared away so carefully. It hasn't been more than three hours since this snow stopped falling, and already they have it shoveled clean."

"It beats me," said Jake. "But there is the house over there. Let's go."

"Wait a minute," I said. "There's another name on this stone—underneath the first."

"What is it?" asked Jake, and I read:

"John Brown, Born May 9, 1800, was Executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859."

"What?" said Jake, startled.

"John Brown, Born May 9, 1800, was Executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859."

The light of the lantern was dim, but I could see old Jake looking at me like he had seen a ghost. And I looked back at Jake and we neither of us said a word. But for some reason, I don't know why, I had the funniest feeling inside of me.

And finally Jake begun sort of muttering to himself, "All my life I been hearing it—'John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave'—and I never knew before where that grave was."

"This must be it," I said.

"Old John Brown!" said Jake, like he could hardly believe it. "Old John Brown—my grandfather's friend, the fightin' fool, the guy with the guts—the man they sung about all through the Civil War."

AND there we stood in the little circle of light made by our dim old lantern—Jake, and me, and that dumb-witted Matt. And the little stone marking the grave that millions and millions of people had sung about! And all around was the soft white snow stretching off into the big dark night.

"He was a great man," said Jake, awful solemn and earnest. "He may have been crazy, but he was honest and he was scared of nothing, and when he figured he had a job to do he went right ahead and did his best."

"I guess it's better," I said, "to be like that than to be a quitter like some people."

"Better," said Jake, kind of shaky, "to be old John Brown, hanged for doing what he thought was right, than to be a bunch of quitters that has a simple job like taking a tractor through the snow and lays down because there is a little hard work to it."

"That's right," I said.

And Matt, being kinda dumb, didn't say nothing.

But all at once old Jake snapped out of his dream and hit me on the shoulder.

"What do you say we go back," he said, "and get that tractor out, and go on?"

"I'm with you," I said, and we started off, with Matt following along. Maybe we wasn't exactly full of life, but we didn't seem as tired as we had been, and we looked at things different.

FIRST we went to the house, and the guy that lived there wanted us to spend the night, but we told him we couldn't. At first he told us we was crazy, but he was a good sport, and he ended up by coming out with a team of horses and helping us.

On the way to the tractor he told us about the place.

"Yes," he said, "this is old John Brown's farm—he bought it to shelter niggers that had escaped from the South. And that's his grave. The first name on the stone is his grandfather, Captain John Brown. The farm belongs to the state of New York now, and I'm the caretaker."

About four in the morning we got the tractor righted and back on the road again. The stars were out bright and a cold-looking half-moon came up over Mount Marcy.

Back we went to Lake Placid and out the Wilmington road, and at eight o'clock in the morning we found the broken bridge and the boiler. Some of the Bingo Lumber Company's men was at a house near by, so we got them to help, put a cable on the boiler, and dragged it up on the road.

And at ten o'clock, just as we was starting to drag it off up to the sawmill, here came the great Wyndham Crawler Truck plowing along up the road. It had been stuck in a snow drift, and the men driving it had slept in a farmhouse all the time old John Brown and us had been working. We had beaten them by two hours.

We took the boiler up to the mill, and then slept for two days, while the lumbermen connected it up and sawed the ties. They loaded enough ties for the required two carloads onto a string of sleds, and we hauled them down to Lake Placid just in time to fulfill the contract—for by this time we had heard that the company had decided on the Earthworm instead of the Wyndham.

And as we came rolling into the freight yard at Lake Placid with our load of ties behind, and the two little American flags flying in front, we sang our song:

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the
grave—

And then loud and strong on the part that had the real meaning for us:

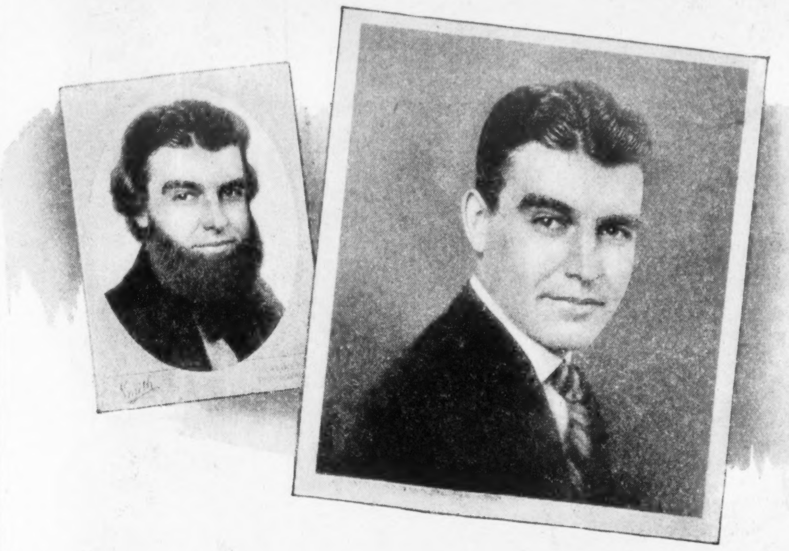
But his soul goes marching on!

H. C. WITWER

tells of Bill Grimm's
experience with

"GYPS
THAT PASS
IN THE
NIGHT"

in next week's COLLIER'S



What of the Facial Whatnot?

Many men have been good or great or both, in spite of whiskers that were as needless as four-wheel brakes on a wheelbarrow.

It is well, therefore, to approach the old plush album in a spirit of reverence. Behind Uncle Zachariah's bewildering begonias there may have been genial impulses that never got the publicity they deserved. Imagine how your own radiance would be dimmed if a tangled mass of whiskers made you look like a partial eclipse.

Fortunately there is no longer any reason why a man should permit a basketful of furniture stuffing to make him seem what he is not.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving so easy, and has taken discomfort out of it so thoroughly, that whiskers have ceased to crowd into society, and few of them continue to accumulate icicles.

COLGATE'S
for better shaving

It emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair of the beard, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

You will realize as soon as you try it that Colgate's gives a better shave. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

A clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

Colgate & Co
Established 1806
NEW YORK

COLGATE'S
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE'S
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
ESTAB. 1806.
LARGE SIZE
COLGATE'S LILAC IMPERIAL

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. M
581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name..

Address..

State..

$60.80

The United Achievement of Ten Leading Radio Engineers

THE Hammarlund-Roberts is a composite receiver, incorporating the individual achievements of ten leading radio engineers and backed by ten leading radio parts manufacturers.

Every unit in the Hammarlund-Roberts receiver represents the highest attainment of a leading engineer. The transformers were selected by a transformer engineer, familiar with every reliable make. The condensers were similarly determined on by an engineer whose special duty has been condenser construction. A man whose whole effort has been on resistance research selected the resistance units. Even the smallest, usually neglected units were carefully studied. Imagine the magnitude of this task—the patient, painstaking laboratory work that was necessary!

The result of this combination of harmonizing units is a receiver that is truly the ultimate in five-tube reception—the equal of any standard eight tube set in selectivity and volume. And now you can obtain this remarkable Hammarlund-Roberts receiver for less than the price of any factory-made five tube receiver of anywhere near equal quality. Price does not include cabinet.

Send for the "How to Build It" Book

This clearly written instruction book gives you step-by-step directions for assembling, wiring and operating the Hammarlund-Roberts receiver. Fully illustrated. 25c.

25c

Rauland-Lyric
AN ALL-AMERICAN
TRADE MARK
TRANSFORMER

This efficient transformer, together with the parts shown below, are but three of the famous units that make up the Hammarlund-Roberts receiver.

AMPERITE

UNION

Associated Manufacturers

All-American Radio Corp.
Alden Mfg. Co.
Radiall Company
Carter Radio Co.
Union Radio Corp.
International Resistance Co., Inc. (Durham Resistors)
Westinghouse Micarta
Hammarlund Mfg. Company, Inc.

Hammarlund Roberts

Hammarlund-Roberts : 1182-K Broadway : New York City

Flat-Wheeled Justice

Continued from page 8

cracked under the strain of having too many laws to enforce. I understand that this situation exists throughout the land.

"Post-office inspectors seeking thievery in the mails brought to my office cases which could not be prosecuted for years because of the clogged machinery. When these efficient agents came to me with a case of stealing and found me unable to act with reasonable promptness they perhaps were disposed to lose faith in the power or even in the integrity of my department. It is a natural doubt.

"Government officials who may come to my office with cases of income-tax cheating, with cases of customs dodging, with cases of violations of the laws of the seas or harbors, and who find me unable to prosecute at once, have a feeling, I presume, that weakness pervades what ought to be the strongest branch of the government—the law-enforcing branch.

"These officials seek for violations of the law, and when these violations are not punished with righteous immediacy and justice they naturally ask themselves. 'What's the use of seeking violators of the law, if these violators are not to be punished?'

"But I have to do the best I can with the machinery I find to work with.

"Simple, quick-acting courts are what we need, but the federal government has no such courts as that. Every federal court is a huge, ponderous, slowly moving court. Federal officers cannot prosecute cases as simply as do policemen or sheriffs or local prosecuting attorneys.

"There must nearly always be the indictment after a grand jury has heard certain evidence. Then the case must wait its turn. A jury must be drawn. It is slow, slow. The United States Government has no such simple, quickly acting, quickly moving, summary courts as have states, counties or cities.

"IN OTHER WORDS: THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS NO POLICE COURTS.

"If federal officials are to enforce police laws, then our lawmakers in Washington must give us federal police courts and police judges that can dispense with grand juries and juries. Such courts are called summary courts. Their quick decisions may be appealed from if the case is of any importance.

"The multiplication of federal offenses without the creation of machinery for law enforcement is putting the administration of federal laws into bankruptcy.

"To *pass* a law doesn't *enforce* it. A law is a *command*. It is not of itself obedience.

"When a man plans a house he doesn't stop with the architect who creates the design. He hires a builder, who in turn hires carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and other workers.

"There is no magic in the government printing press that turns out the laws that Congress passes. A typesetting machine cannot act as an investigator, prosecutor, grand jury, petit jury, clerk, court stenographer, United States marshal and federal penitentiary warden. A law is only the architect's plan. To *pass* a law, I repeat, is not *to enforce* it.

"It isn't prohibition alone that has paralyzed the administration of criminal law in the New York District. We have federal offenses which we are unable to prosecute under the immigration laws, the pure-food laws, the tax laws, the narcotic laws, the customs laws, the navigation laws, the banking laws, the postal laws, interstate larceny laws, interstate shipment laws, the bankruptcy laws and a very long list of other laws.

"We are crushed under all these laws. We have not the machinery to enforce them. We have to pick and choose what offenses we will prosecute."

$300 a Case

IT IS better to repeal laws than not to enforce them.

Let's not fool ourselves.

Let's not tolerate this moratorium for federal crime.

Mr. Buckner tells of a prohibition-enforcement agent receiving $2,100 a year. He uncovered one of the biggest liquor rings in New York City. After he had worked up the case and seen his men arrested he said:

"That's the last big case for me for a while. I had to spend $300 of my own money, above an arbitrary allowance, and I've got a wife and family who need every cent of my salary. I can't afford another big case for a while."

Let's not fool ourselves.

Let's stop asking Uncle Sam to twirl a nightstick up on the corner of Main Street.

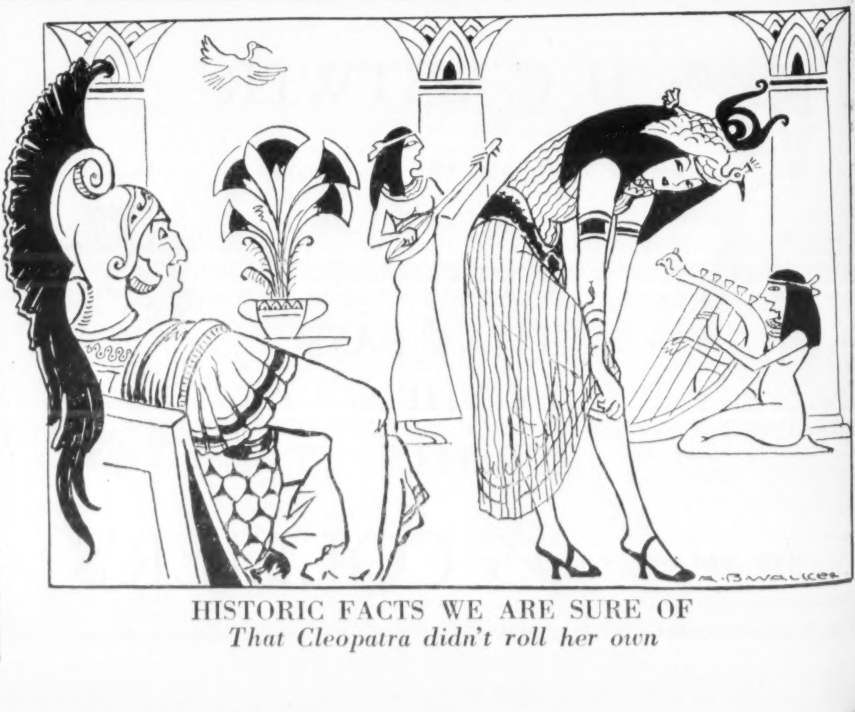
"I was defeated in the last election," said a member of Congress recently—she was a woman too—"because I got the folks back home mad at me. They kept wanting me to get the federal government to do things for them that they should have forced their aldermen and constables to do."

Congress meets right away. Congress passes laws.

To **PASS** a law doesn't **ENFORCE** it.

IT IS BETTER NEVER TO PASS LAWS THAN NOT TO ENFORCE THEM.

"Why Criminals Are Not Afraid," an interview with General Smedley D. Butler, will appear in an early issue



HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF
That Cleopatra didn't roll her own

A Way Women Have

Continued from page 6

Arthur was rummaging late one evening in Gertrude's desk after she had gone to bed. He hoped to find a check stub that would show either he or she had paid the final installment of his income tax for three years back. He found an old check book of Gertrude's and began methodically going through the stubs. But after a moment he began to see their life together as a kind of panorama, in the record of bills paid and money drawn. What small sums they were, as sums went nowadays! Here, for one who knew the background as he did, was a shorthand record of a middle-class suburban family: a man with a fairish professional job, his promise defeated by the remorseless necessity of earning a living for a family; a woman with uncommon intelligence and sturdy human impulses and splendid vitality held down to managing a home and taking care of small children; a daughter and a son.

Arthur threw the check book down and went on hunting; and, hunting, he came on a sheet of paper in Gertrude's handwriting. It had got shoved into one of the little drawers at the top of the desk, had gone over the end of the drawer, and been held there against the back of the desk. The first sentence caught Arthur's eye as he was in the act of laying the sheet down. She had written:

"I'm so sure now that I want to stick to Arthur that I can't imagine I ever really thought of anything else. I hate to think of myself as pulling the same old stuff. But I did. I don't know how much of it was vanity and how much love and how much just being a little bored and a little tired and wanting a thrill—the thrill of being made love to ardently. Some of it was knowing that I could have lots of money. It's all over now. Arthur may be through as an artist. But if he is, it's more my fault than his, and he's my husband and that's that."

ARTHUR'S hand trembled so that he dropped the sheet. He felt sick. He could hardly light his pipe. And then, without any conscious thought or plan, he did an odd thing. He touched the match to the corner of the sheet and dropped it blazing into the fireplace.

It was part of a letter to some intimate woman friend, probably Sally Brewster. But who was the man? Arthur sat and smoked and smoked and smoked. The thing that hurt worst was that one word—"thrill." It had such terrific implications. There wasn't, of course, any thrill for her in him any more. And next came the sentence, "Arthur may be through as an artist." Evidently Sally had made that charge and Gertrude had admitted it—almost without reservation. And that bit about "lots of money." Some man with money had tried to take her away from him, and Gertrude said frankly that the money was a consideration—actually.

The words of his worldly old professor came back to him, with a curious power, as if life had suddenly proved them true, "Women have a hard streak in them." Was money what women wanted, more than anything else, more than love?

He started toward the stairway on the impulse to rush in and awaken Gertrude and charge her with it. But he did not. She would never know that he knew. Instead of quarreling with her, he went to planning, to planning as he had never planned before, how he could be what he had always wanted to be. He could get jobs to do on the side, things he could work at evenings and Saturday afternoons and Sundays. He could save money. If he worked hard enough he could set up an office in a year. He could make the big break. He could be an architect.

Somehow, remembering the revelation of that single sheet of paper, he did work. Somehow he kept on working, driven by his pain, driven by his feeling that this was his last chance to be a man. Somehow he did leave McCorkle, Brede & Brown and open an office of his own.

SUMMER had come again. Arthur felt a little slack. He had sat up nights for weeks that winter and spring working on a design for a bank building in Richmond, a building that should have the true early American quality, that should carry on the tradition Thomas Jefferson had set with Monticello. He had completed it just in time to submit it in competition for the ten-thousand-dollar prize the bank had offered. It was, he knew, the best thing he had ever done. It ought to win. And, having spent himself, he wanted to recover. There were only small odd jobs ahead in his office. He thought he could indulge himself in golf again.

Gertrude planned to open a shop in New York in the fall. She had taken the children to the Maine coast for the summer not only because Maine was cheap and good for the children but because it offered the best chance to pick up the kind of early American furniture she wished to stock the shop with. She had a second-hand flivver with which to explore the back country. The shop was just a scheme for getting back into interior decorating She was through, after this summer, with giving all her time to her children. Peter, the youngest, was four now and quite big enough to go to one of the modern schools that supervised young children from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon.

Arthur was profoundly relieved to spend the summer alone. He couldn't believe he wanted to see her go. But he was relieved, just the same. He wanted to be alone. This last year he had made almost as much money as McCorkle, Brede & Brown had paid him. The chances were all in favor of his making more money next year. But so far he hadn't got the slightest recognition in his profession. He had worked like a nailer, worked as he had never known he could work, for three solid years. And he had nothing to show for it except that he was making a living as an architect and not as a mere employee of McCorkle, Brede & Brown.

Gertrude had been pleased with him. But it hadn't made the difference he had hoped for. Perhaps nothing could make that difference now. He wondered if he really loved her any more. It was hard to know. It might be just habit and having children together that kept them married to each other. It certainly wasn't anything romantic or thrilling or deeply satisfying. His life was still ruled by money—by the need of scrabbling for money, with all the doubts and fears and preoccupations that scrabbling for money breeds.

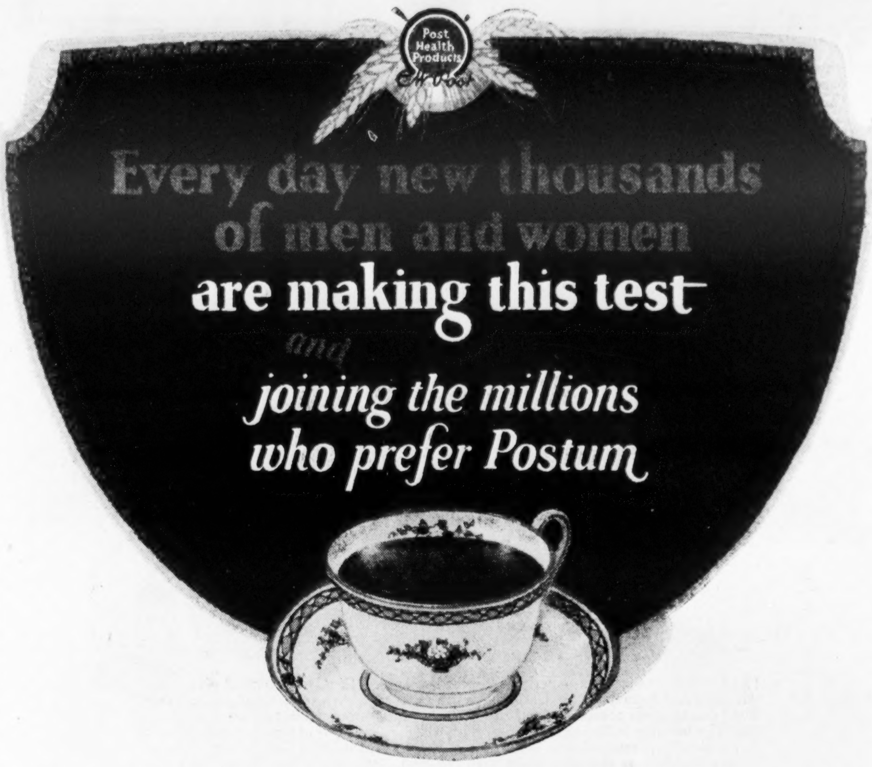
If he won the Richmond bank competition he would be on his feet. That ten thousand dollars would make all the difference.

WHILE this unrest was upon him Arthur met Linda Lawrence. She was an actress, with a place of some dignity in the theatre, who was getting ready to play the part of the wise and charming lady in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." She had bought a house, an oldish house, but not quite in the best Connecticut tradition to begin with and a good deal spoiled by thoughtless additions. She wanted Arthur to plan the remodeling of it.

He dined with her alone of a summer evening in a porch over which a wild grapevine hung. The vine grew down over the roof and swung low between the supporting pillars, clear across the front. They could see the sound from where they sat, until the sun was gone, and afterward they lingered over their coffee while the candles guttered in the wind and the dark got magically deeper and Arthur fell under her spell.

She was a beautiful woman, with

(*Continued on page 40*)



Post Health Products
Every day new thousands of men and women
are making this test
and
joining the millions who prefer Postum

WE AMERICANS are gaining a new appreciation of the value of health, and a new knowledge of the way toward health.

We are learning the bitter penalties of being "the most nervous nation in the world." We are realizing the foolishness of wasting our energies in a few years of concentrated, feverish effort—followed by longer years spent in self-denial.

We are giving more time to exercise, more thought to the choosing of our food and drink. We know, now, that most of the common ailments originate in "trifling" bad habits—bad habits which have been considered unimportant because they have been so general.

You, too, make this test!

One reliable measure of this new swing toward healthful living is the enormously growing interest in Postum. It is known through their letters that 150,000 people made the thirty-day test described below last year, and many times this number undoubtedly made the test without requesting the week's supply of Postum. The remarkable success of this test in turning an ever-increasing army of men and women from the use of caffein is a good omen for the nation's future health.

In addition to the enthusiasm for Postum prepared in the regular way, there is widespread interest in the new way of preparing Instant Postum with hot milk for children. Thousands of mothers and teachers who have tried it believe that here, at last, is the ideal children's drink.

Just remember this: Caffein has no food value, but is an artificial stimulant which deadens the normal sense of fatigue, and withdraws energy from the body's vital reserve. Postum, on the other hand, contains no trace of any stimulant. It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. Compare these two in your own mind first.

Then make the comparison where you can really see results—on your dinner table! Try Postum for thirty days. Learn how delicious it is. Experience for thirty days the relief from drug stimulation. Then judge for yourself!

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes this offer to *you!*

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you, free, one week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less —only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

©1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

C. W. 11-25

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

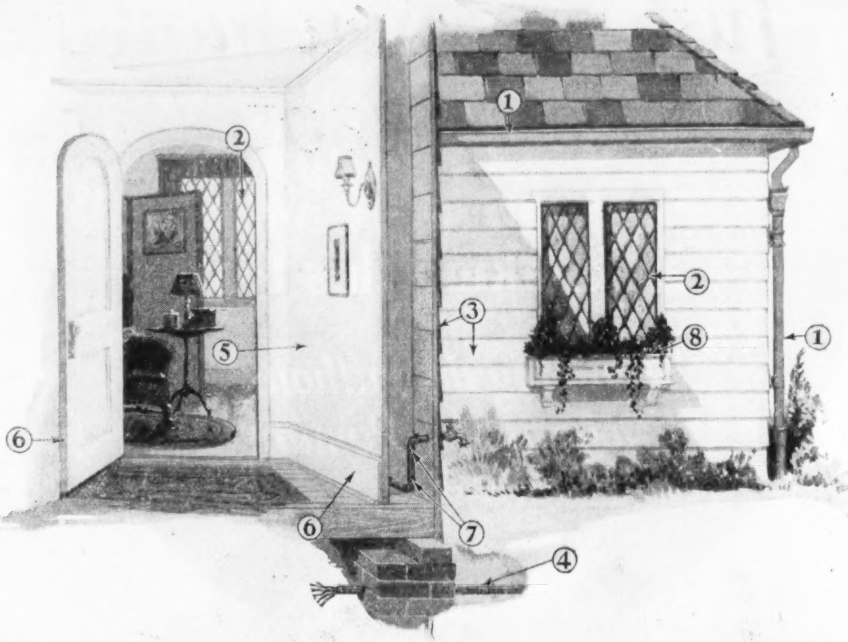
INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐

Name..

Street..

City.............................State.................

In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.



(**1**) Gutters and leaders—everlasting—they're lead. (**2**) Cames of lead give these windows real beauty. (**3**) Clapboards are protected with white-lead paint. (**4**) Lead casing gives complete protection to the underground electric service wires. (**5**) The interior walls are beautified with sanitary white-lead paint. (**6**) Woodwork, too, is preserved and beautified with pure white-lead paint. (**7**) Water supply line fittings are made tight with red-lead. (**8**) Even the lining of the picturesque flower box can withstand endless weathering. It, too, is made of lead.

Four walls—a roof—and LEAD

How the wonder metal of many uses helps man build for beauty and permanence

CAN lead be turned into gold? Look at this picture. Study it. In it is the answer to the old alchemist's dream. For today man has done more than transform dull pigs of lead into so many glittering nuggets. In his effort to beautify and protect the four walls and roof of his home, he has discovered that lead is the more useful, and therefore gladly exchanges the gold for lead.

The hand-wrought gutters and leaders, for example, are not only beautiful today; but they will also be beautiful fifty years, one hundred years, from now. Weather can't wear them. They are made of lead.

The pipes that carry the water into this house are everlasting. For they are made of lead. The connections of the cast iron drainage pipes that carry out the waste are calked with lead. And lead in still another form, red-lead, seals all the fittings of the gas and water supply pipes with the bond of eternity.

The spirit of old craftsmanship is expressed in the rustic casement windows—expressed in a form that will remain unchanged through the centuries. All the cames that hold the glass in place consist of lead.

The armored conduit which carries the underground electric service wires into the house is also proof against time. It can't rust, rot, or wear out. For lead imbues it with endless years of service.

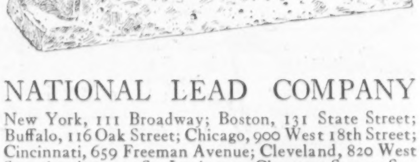
Lead you look at but do not see

Still another form of lead, one in most general use today, is present in this modern home. It doesn't look like lead—yet it is made directly from lead and possesses the metal's superior qualities of endurance, weather resistance and protection.

You'll find it on the clapboards and exterior trim. You'll find it on the interior walls and woodwork. It is the basic carbonate of the metal, called white-lead, which makes a paint that gives both beauty and complete protection to the surface.

There are many other unseen uses of lead in this up-to-date home. Lead helps to give the glass of the electric light bulbs their transparency, also the fine glass tableware its superior brilliancy. Lead is in the glaze of the chinaware and in that of the bathtub and sink. A lead device makes it safe to telephone when lightnings play. And bearings composed of a lead-tin alloy reduce friction in the motor of the whirring electric fan.

National Lead Company makes lead products for practically every purpose for which lead is used today in art, industry and daily life. If you would like to know more about this wonder metal of many uses, just write to our nearest branch.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State Street; Buffalo, 116 Oak Street; Chicago, 900 West 18th Street; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Avenue; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street; San Francisco, 485 California Street; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut Street.

A Way Women Have

Continued from page 39

fine eyes under a grave brow, eyes with a deep glow in them, and a poignant mouth. She was a creature of singular grace, a quiet poise, with the art of sitting still and letting you look at her; a person in whom worldliness had taken its most engaging form, a woman who seemed to say, "Why quarrel with life?"

Arthur got the announcement of the Richmond Bank award that week. He found it in the morning's mail at his office. He tore open the envelope and saw in one glance the answer to his hopes. He had got an "honorable mention." He leaned back in his chair and tried to take it calmly. But he couldn't take it calmly. He wanted to put his head down on his desk and cry. He picked up the telephone and called Linda.

HOW warm and friendly her voice was over the telephone—a contralto voice! He felt heartened by the mere sound of it. He did not have to ask for what he wanted. She knew. He must come for tea.

It was cool in her little drawing-room, with the breeze off the sound coming through open windows, and the tea had a bit of rum in it. After ten minutes his sense of defeat and frustration had so far left him that he could talk freely about it. He told her the whole story, with some humor at his own boyishness in expecting to win a prize competition. She told him how it was in the theatre on an opening night. It meant such a tremendous difference—whether the play went over or not.

"When it doesn't go over," she said, "you feel you're through. You blame the play and the manager and the audience and the rest of the cast. But it doesn't help. You can't help feeling it's you and you alone who have failed and that it's no use ever trying again. You tell yourself over and over again that it's all in the day's work; that it doesn't mean anything or prove anything. You know you are a fool to waste a day worrying about it. But you do worry about it. You worry about it until you have a part that does go over."

Arthur let himself go in the weeks that followed, and whenever he felt guilty he let the picture of Linda fill his mind. She usually filled it, anyhow, with memories of golden evenings in that porch with the wild grapevine across it, making a pattern on the floor. He felt that he had found love for the first time—that at last he knew how simple and how complete love might be.

Linda had the thing that Gertrude lacked. Linda wasn't particularly clever or quick with words, with ideas. She wasn't notably interested in the things he was interested in. But she understood love. She had been born to understand it. He didn't know what would happen when Gertrude came back from Rood's Harbor. But he knew what he ought to do. He ought to get a divorce and marry Linda. It was the only wise and courageous thing to do—to give up a marriage that hadn't ever quite succeeded and build a new one that would. Other people did it. The children were a barrier, of course. But everybody knew it wasn't good for children to live with parents who didn't love each other. He put off such thoughts. He had made no promises to Linda. She had asked none.

Arthur was going idly through his mail one morning in late August when he came on a letter with the legend of McCorkle, Brede & Brown in the upper left-hand corner. He opened it. Brede had written it.

"I have been wanting to tell you," Brede said, "how much I liked the bank you did for the Richmond competition. I have always believed in you. But I feel that you have found yourself. Mr. McCorkle and Mr. Brown and I have been watching you ever since you left us. In view of what you have done we feel a little foolish at having kept you at executive work so many years. We have agreed that the wise thing for us to do is to ask you to come in with us as a partner. We can make very satisfactory financial arrangements and, what will interest you more, we can give you a great deal of interesting work to do. Will you think it over for a week or two and let us know how you feel about it?"

Arthur read the letter through twice, his heart pounding, to make sure there wasn't any mistake. It was such incredible luck, so perfect a reward. There wasn't any mistake. It was true. He reached for the telephone and, his breath so short he could hardly speak, got Western Union. He dictated a telegram to Gertrude at Rood's Harbor. He must see her. He had a surprise for her. He was taking the evening train.

SOME hours later he remembered to call up Linda. She wasn't at home. The maid said she had gone to New York. Arthur scribbled a note and mailed it to her in the Grand Central. That done, he looked about for the Boston Express. He had to go to Boston, and take a boat early in the morning, and then a little local train. It was nearly twenty-four hours' journey. He saw the sign at an entrance to the train shed. He started forward rapidly, although he was twenty minutes early, and then he saw Linda.

"I wrote you a note," he said. "I've got to go up to Maine unexpectedly."

"I'm sorry," she said. "What's happened?"

He hesitated.

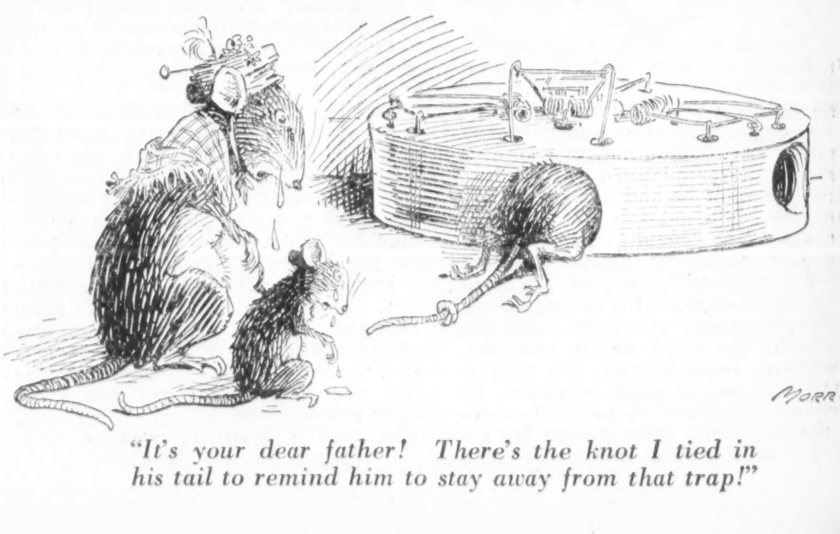
"You look as if something splendid had happened," she said. "You look as if the world were yours."

Arthur tried to tell her. He stammered, as if there was some reason why he shouldn't tell Linda of his luck. When he had told her of Brede's offer and what it meant she looked at him gravely.

"I'm so glad, Arthur," she said. "And so sorry."

"Why—why sorry?" he asked.

She did not answer directly; she



"It's your dear father! There's the knot I tied in his tail to remind him to stay away from that trap!"

stood there smiling at him—a little amused yet wistful smile.

"The moment you knew," she said, "you wired your wife."

"Why, yes, I—did," Arthur said.

"Did you tell her all about it?"

"No," Arthur admitted. "I thought I'd save it and tell her when I saw her." He felt himself blushing hotly under her steady gaze. "Boyish of me, isn't it?"

"I think," Linda said, "she'll think it's rather dear of you. I would—if I were in her place." She held out her hand. "Good-by, Arthur."

He realized that she didn't mean good-by until he got back from Maine. She meant good-by forever.

"Why, Linda—" he began, "I—I—" he stammered again.

"Go," she said. "Catch your train."

"But, Linda," he began again. "I don't understand." He couldn't bear leaving her this way, and yet he had to catch his train.

"When you were hurt you came to me, Arthur. Now you've won you go to her. Don't you see?"

He looked at her, startled, not quite comprehending.

"Good-by, my dear," Linda said, and gave him a little push toward the gate. She turned and walked rapidly away. She disappeared, as he followed her with his eyes, in the crowd.

ARTHUR tried to figure it all out on the long way to Maine. He couldn't—quite. He would have understood if Linda had been piqued. But she wasn't. He felt that on the impulse of the moment she had done exactly the thing she would have done if she had had hours or days to think it over in. She was that sort of person. He had never made her any promises—except the implied promise of his love. She saw that that promise was broken. She accepted it. In the end, she, who had not seemed to demand anything, demanded all or nothing. Was there a hard streak in all women?

The train to Rood's Harbor winds in and out along a rocky shore. It was raining a little as the dark came on. When the train finally stopped it was completely dark. The bare platform of boards was lit by oil lamps on poles. Arthur looked about eagerly for Gertrude. There she was, at the far end of the platform, with Peter on her shoulder.

Running toward her, his eyes on her, seeing her standing there slim and straight and strong, with the chunky little boy perched so easily on her shoulder, Arthur knew what it was to love.

THEY talked about it next morning, walking down a corduroy road to a place where they could sit on a rock and watch the sea boiling in. Gertrude told him he had changed, changed in some fundamental way. She couldn't put it into words. She could only feel it and respond to it.

"Of course," she said, "I'm surprised." She smiled at him a little wickedly. "I had heard that you were playing around awfully hard with Linda Lawrence. When I got your telegram I thought perhaps you were coming up here to tell me you didn't love me any more."

"I—I was playing with Linda Lawrence," Arthur said.

"Did you fall in love with her, Arthur?"

"I thought so," Arthur said. "But I—I know better."

"I can understand," she said gravely. "I once thought—for a few hours, perhaps a week—that I had fallen in love with another man. I let him kiss me. But I—I didn't love him. He was married. He wanted to get a divorce. At least he said so. But he would have made it a love affair if I'd been willing."

Arthur put his arm around her, held her close.

"Were you—?" he began, and hesitated.

"I was—tempted," she said. "But I suppose I'm one of those all or nothing women, Arthur."

"Thank God for that," Arthur said.

It was a longish time after that talk before he knew what had happened to change his feeling about Gertrude. It wasn't Linda. It was Brede's letter. It was knowing that he could, at last, take care of her as he thought she ought to be taken care of. It was feeling that he was equal to the demand that women made. For the first time in his life he was glad they made it.

The Book of Barber-Shop Etiquette

Continued from page 22

treatments, to write or wire ahead stating what you wish to have done to your face, neck and head and asking for a reservation. The form for a male applicant follows:

The Elite Tonsorial Shoppe,
Fall River, Mass.
Dear Sir:

I am taking the liberty of informing you, at the suggestion of a friend, that I am in need of a haircut, shave, shampoo, singe and massage, with bay rum, and am desirous of finding accommodations at your shop.

I would appreciate it if you would notify me at once whether you can reserve a chair for me within the next thirty days. Kindly state rates.

With continued regards,
Most sincerely yours,
Cuthbert Whizz.

FORM FOR REPLY

Mr. Cuthbert Whizz,
City.
Dear Sir:

I have your letter of recent date concerning appointment for a haircut, shave, massage and shampoo, with bay rum, and am pleased to state that I can reserve a chair for you some time between November 5th and 17th. If you get here by the morning of the 5th I feel certain we can reach you before the 17th. Because of the increased business in our barber shop, due to the women's trade, we have been overcrowded for months to such an extent that many of our customers spend the season with us, awaiting their turn in that way.

Our shop has been newly and artistically decorated, equipped with over 3,500 comfortable chairs and supplied with duplicate copies of all the uninteresting magazines and back numbers of obscure newspapers in the country.

In order to make pleasant the stay of customers who must wait some time for haircuts or shaves, we have our own social hostess, who arranges to conduct fishing and hunting trips of ten days or two weeks at a time.

Nothing is overlooked that will make a patron forget that he came for a haircut and imagine that he came for a year's outing.

We feel certain your stay with us will be most comfortable and hope we may make a reservation for you.

Most sincerely,
The Elite Tonsorial Shoppe.

It is proper, if the company desires, to inclose a few testimonials from satisfied customers, a sample of which follows:

To Whom It May Concern:

I cannot recommend the Elite Tonsorial Shoppe too highly. In the spring of 1923 I needed a shave and a facial massage. A friend told me of the Elite Tonsorial Shoppe, and I decided to visit it. I was there until the winter of 1925 before it came my turn.

During that stay I was thrown in with hundreds of interesting people, many of whom could read and write. We played shuffleboard, checkers, bridge and dominoes together, spent the evenings dancing, and had a wonderful time.

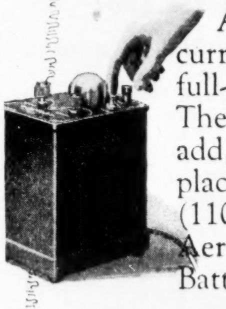
(Continued on page 42)

Just When You Want the Best Reception

When guests drop in for the evening, when there is a favorite concert or a lively dance program on the air, can you be *sure* of the *best* reception of which your set is capable? You can be if you use an Aero B—the perfected "B" Battery eliminator. With an Aero B there is never a doubt about "B" current strength.

Simply plug into any convenient base plug or lamp socket and you can always be sure of a full, steady, unvarying "B" current supply. Aero B is never run-down just when you want your radio reception at its best and clearest.

Full, Clear-toned Volume --No Distortion--No Bother



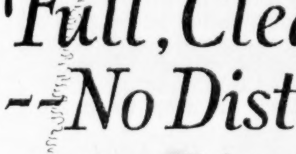
Aero B is a source of always-uniform plate (B) current. It gives every type of tube set the maximum full-toned volume of which the set itself is capable. There is no bothersome testing, no acid, no water to add, no continual charging and no "B" Battery replacement. You simply use your home lighting circuit (110 volts, 50-60 cycle) as your "B" current. Once Aero B is attached and adjusted to your set, "B" Battery troubles are gone forever.

Perfected by the Builders of the Famous Radio Equipped Martin Bombers

Aero B was developed and perfected by the skilled radio engineers of The Glenn L. Martin Company, for years builders of quality radio-equipped aircraft used by the U. S. Army, Navy and Post Office Department. Back of Aero B is the reputation of the organization that has made Martin Aircraft famous.

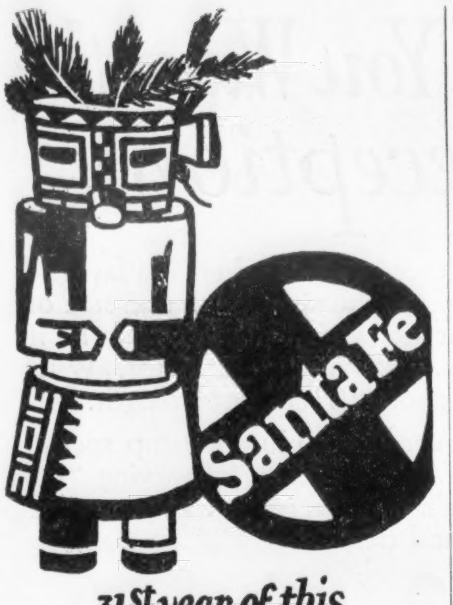
Aero B uses a UV 201A or C301A tube when used on the average five-tube set (drawing 20 milliamperes or less) and a UX 213 Rectron tube when used on larger sets.

Try an Aero B on your set now, convince yourself that it is actually a radio necessity you cannot do without. The cost is but $42.00, without tube, and it is guaranteed to perform satisfactorily on YOUR set. If your dealer doesn't handle Aero B, write us.



THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
Radio Division Cleveland, Ohio

AERO B
B BATTERY ELIMINATOR



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This exclusively first class train brings California to you. The hospitality of the romantic land of roses, seashore and mountains. It is your hotel, club and home on wheels. Fred Harvey dining cars, Supreme in the transportation world, are operated through. Also there is a pullman via Grand Canyon National Park

Mail this

W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager
Santa Fe System Lines
1276 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Santa Fe picture-folders of trip to

....

....

The Book of Barber-Shop Etiquette

Continued from page 41

Some people say they prefer spending a vacation in a smaller shop where there are only 200 or 300 people aboard, but I found the 1,700 fellow haircut seekers at the Elite Emporium most congenial.

Very truly,
Hoxley D. Zinc.

Practically none of the better class barber shops will allow a customer to register in the rush season unless he brings his trunk or other heavy baggage. All of them have waiting-rooms for the convenience of patrons wishing to correspond with their folks while waiting for the call of "Next!"

Packing for the Haircut and Shave. What to Carry, etc. As it is a foregone conclusion that a man going away for a haircut and shave will be away many weeks, there arises the question of preparedness. No man wishes, of course, to be annoyed by unnecessary baggage. Nor does he relish the idea of carrying too little. The problem is to know just what constitutes enough to carry him safely and comfortably through one barber-shop visit. Opinions differ, but ordinarily everything a man will need should be contained in the following: 1 steamer trunk; 1 wardrobe trunk; 2 large handbags; 5 satchels.

He will need, of course, six or eight suits of clothes, a supply of shirts, collars, socks, pajamas, ties, shoes and hats; also some favorite books, playing cards, some golf clubs and a supply of canned food in case of an emergency.

Seeing the Shavee Off. When a man is about to leave for a barber shop these days it is the custom for his relatives and friends to gather, give him a farewell party and wish him bon voyage. They should assemble in the front yard at the hour set for the departure and greet him with messages of cheer and inspiration as he sets off on his journey. Any of the following expressions of good will are proper:

1. *Good-by and God bless you!*
2. *Don't forget to drop us a card occasionally.*
3. *Absence makes the heart grow fonder.*
4. *Well, you're entitled to a vacation, anyhow.*

A few flowers may be strewn in his path. Forget-me-nots are particularly appropriate.

The Arrival. Upon arriving at the barber shop the customer should go immediately to the head barber, show his reservation slips and register. He will be given a ticket good for ninety days and assigned a number and a seat in the waiting-room. All that will be required of him from then on will be patience and control.

Remembering the Folks at Home. From time to time the shave seeker should send a post card to his relatives and acquaintances to let them know how he is getting along. Herewith is a customary form:

Dear Wife:

Well, I have been here five weeks now and am enjoying it about as well as I anticipated. There are a lot of nice people here coming and going. There were over 1,000 when I came, but there are only about 960 ahead of me now, mostly women and girls. I didn't expect to have my turn come until three weeks from now, but it will come a few days sooner, as three customers died, about a half dozen were taken sick, and four called home on business.

This is a very nice barber shop and everything possible is done to make the customer's visit pleasant. Last night we had a sleight-of-hand performer, and to-morrow night there is to be a travelogue.

I miss you and will come home just the minute my turn comes and I get my shave. Love.

Willis.

Gentleman Escorting Ladies to Barber Shop. A gentleman taking a group of ladies to a barber shop should escort them into the shop, present them to the head barber and remain with them until they have been bobbed or trimmed, provided he has arranged all his business affairs for a fortnight.

It is improper for him to offer to pay the bill, and, aside from the question of propriety, it is, at prevailing rates, rash business. If a gentleman is accompanying one lady to a barber shop and for the purpose of getting a haircut too, he should sit with her until the barber calls them, and then rise, bow to the lady, whisper, "This is ours," and lead her to the chair.

Male Conduct in the Shop. A gentleman should realize that the moment he enters a barber shop these days he is in the presence of ladies. He is, in a sense, an intruder and should conduct himself accordingly. The gentleman entering a barber shop alone should walk quietly and unostentatiously to the nearest unoccupied seat, removing his hat at the moment of entrance. He should not speak to any lady customer unless introduced.

Under no circumstances should he remove his coat, vest, collar or tie until called to the barber chair and then only with a bow to the ladies and a polite "Pardon me, ladies, but I do this only to facilitate the work of the barber."

Once in the chair small talk is expected. The barber has the choice of subjects. A customer may, with propriety, suggest a topic more to his taste, but it is within the barber's province to ignore it.

Customarily the barber makes some such opening remark as, "Nice day outside, eh? I think to-morrow be cool maybe." The reply to this is, "Just trim it on the back and sides, Frank."

The barber may retort, "I no see you here for longa time. You been away on vacaysh, eh?" To which a simple and effective rejoinder is, "Don't use the machine; just the shears."

The conversation may then gather headway by similar leaps and bounds. The haircut may be said to have been concluded when the Yanks' collapse, Babe Ruth's suspension, the liquor question and the local political situation have been discussed and ironed out to the satisfaction of both parties.

Toward the end of a haircut or shave it is the time-honored custom for a barber to try to interest a customer in anything from a new hair oil to an electric bath. Unfortunately the replies to these attempts are too generally crude and impolite. No real gentleman replies with a gruff "No!" to any question kindly put. For the guidance of all patrons the following questions with their proper answers are given:

Q. Hot towel?

A. Thank you, no. But it's awfully kind of you to think of it.

Q. Bay rum?

A. Not to-day, thanks.

Q. Witch hazel?

A. I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

Q. Alcohol rub?

A. Sorry, but I must be going.

Q. Shampoo?

A. No, thank you; my doctor says they're very fattening.

Q. Hair tonic?

A. I appreciate the compliment and wish you the same.

Q. Want to buy a nice second-hand motorcycle and side car?

A. No, but I shall be only too glad to communicate with you if I ever do.

Q. Could you use a two-year subscription to Racing Form?

A. The pleasure is all yours.

Q. Take the hair out of the ears?

A. If you feel you ought to, yes.

Q. Can I sell you a lot in Florida?

A. (*Note:* At this point the customer may, it is agreed by the best authorities, scream, call a policeman or resort to any known form of violence. There is a limit to everything.)

Don't miss Mr. Phillips' "Book of Etiquette for Christmas Shoppers"—in an early issue

Patrick DULUTH

Lew Cody (Goldwyn) Star

Patrick Overcoats are 'Thoroughbreds'

Good looks and performance distinguish all Patrick Overcoats from ordinary garments.

Whenever you see an unusually good-looking Overcoat—one that you would like to wear—one which combines a style-distinction with a fabric-richness — the chances are, "it's a Patrick."

Write for sample of this wonderful Cloth and interesting Overcoat Style Booklet, also name of nearest dealer. Address Desk C-5.

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Prices $25. to $85.

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GENUINE AND ORIGINAL Patrick PURE WOOL PRODUCTS — Superlative Quality

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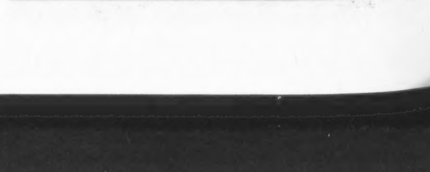

"PURE NORTHERN WOOL
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

The Story of Mrs. Fiske

Continued from page 10

They still tell in Denver how the mischievous Field met the occasion of that great actress' appearance as Dumas' tubercular heroine by responding antiphonally from his seat with a cough so much more vivid and sepulchral than her own that the ushers had to lead him out into the night before the play could proceed.

And they still remember there the pithy and murderous criticisms he would write for Tuesday's paper. Usually Field needed no more than a paragraph to say his say, but those paragraphs moldered to dust in the admiring wallets of every newspaper man from New York to San Francisco.

His masterpiece, I suppose, was his simple comment on a performance given one night at the Tabor Grand by Creston Clarke, a negligible actor of unregal and unheroic aspect who toured the land in Shakespearean repertoire for many years on the somewhat inadequate ground that he was a nephew of Edwin Booth. Field described the occasion in these words:

"Last night Mr. Creston Clarke appeared at the Tabor Grand in 'King Lear.' All through the five acts of the Shakespearean tragedy he played the king as though under the apprehension that someone else was about to play the ace."

But each year Field was Minnie Maddern's sponsor and protector when she came to Denver. It is true that he once enraged her by tossing a great bunch of violets at her feet as she came before the curtain to take her bow and then, as she blushed and bent to pick them up, meanly hauling them back across the footlights by the string he had thriftily fastened to the stems.

It is true that at a farewell dinner given her "by the gentlemen of the Denver press" one season he covered her with confusion by making a long speech of presentation and then solemnly bestowing on her "as a token of Mr. Field's honest veneration and respect for a noble artiste and a true woman" one set of yellow and green glass earrings and one sack of peanuts. But behind all the banter was the instinct which told Eugene Field that a memorable person was passing that way when Minnie Maddern was on tour.

Another and more telltale straw was one which blew on a single, unchronicled night in Minneapolis in 1889. Mrs. Fiske's chief distinction in the theatre derives, I suppose, from the fact that when she emerged from the retirement that followed her marriage to Mr. Fiske an Ibsen play was in her repertoire and that thereafter she was chiefly responsible for the introduction of the great Scandinavian's plays into the American theatre. "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler" (said to be her greatest achievement as an actress), "Rosmersholm" and "The Pillars of Society"—these she herself has played from one end of America to the other, and I feel reasonably sure she will play "Ghosts" before she is done with him.

How much of courage, how much of the pioneer spirit such a program of production required twenty and thirty years ago it is difficult for us to remember who live now in an age when the Ibsen plays are accepted as classics and when no playwright from Los Angeles to Moscow puts pen to paper except as one who has been to school to Henrik Ibsen.

But in the nineties Ibsen was regarded as something monstrous, just as the Wagner operas were looked upon as monstrous, and furthermore his plays were even felt to be indecent.

Times Have Changed

ON THE night when Mrs. Fiske first played "Hedda Gabler" in New York the late William Winter, dean of the dramatic critics, not only exhausted his vocabulary in his search for epithets to describe that beautiful play's obscenity but even stood in the lobby and muttered audible reflections on the lack of personal cleanliness, physical attractiveness and moral probity in the women who would so far forget themselves as to attend its performance.

Times have changed, and it was a salute to an old order of things that Mrs. Fiske made with a twinkling eye one afternoon a year ago when that inveterate playgoer Charles Hanson Towne encountered her on Fifth Avenue. He happened to ask her why she never thought of reviving "Tess."

"But my dear Mr. Towne," she murmured earnestly, "do you think the New York public would stand any more for a play in which the heroine was ruined only once?"

But to return to the wind and the straw and Minneapolis. It was 1889. Minnie Maddern was on tour with William Faversham. And at dinner before the play or in the sleeper between towns she was constantly poring over the script of a new play which had been sent her by the great Laurence Barrett. It was called "A Doll's House." It lacked everything that a play in those days was supposed to require, and it touched on subjects which a generation of ostriches preferred to ignore.

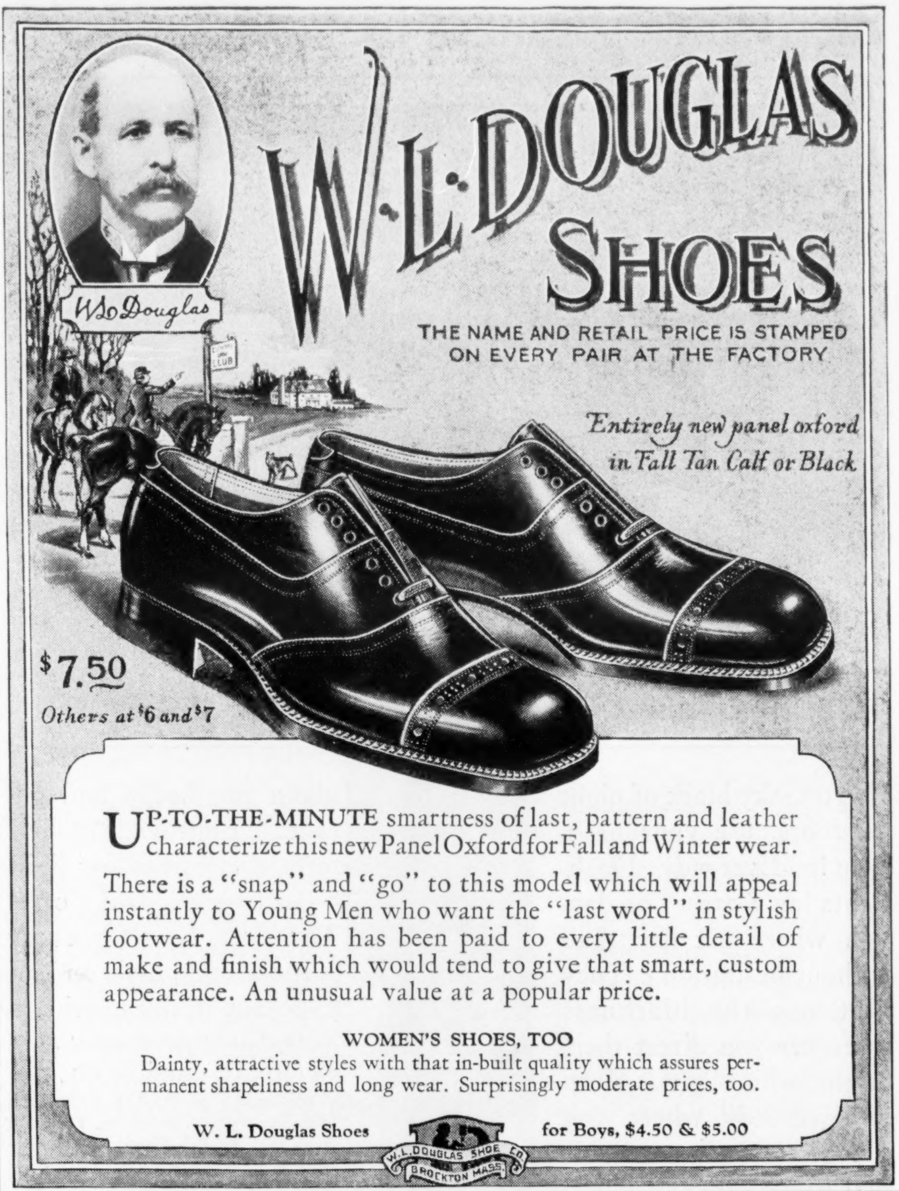
But Minnie Maddern found it strangely exciting, and whereas she had neither the funds nor the generalship to make a production of it, she was possessed to play it just the same.

So one night after the performance of "Featherbrain" she and Faversham played "A Doll's House" in Minneapolis—not in the theatre, mind you, but in the dining-room of the Holmes House, the little red-brick hotel which, I believe, is still standing.

The troupe was headed for San Francisco at the time but everyone gathered around Minnie Maddern and assured her that so queer a piece would never prove acceptable there. So she put the play and her dream about it away in the bottom of her trunk. But when she came back to the stage four years later to appear in a single benefit performance at the Empire Theatre in New York the play she chose was "A Doll's House." Since then every chronicle about Mrs. Fiske (even her own and mine) has referred to that 1893 performance in New York as her first appearance in an Ibsen rôle. I think, however, that she owes it to the memory of the Minnie Maddern that was to tell now about that earlier scratch performance in the surprised Minneapolis dining-room. It was, I imagine, the first production of an Ibsen play in America.

Rooster—"You'll come out, Mr. Worm, or I die in the attempt"

Alexander Woollcott's third article in "The Story of Mrs. Fiske" will appear in next week's Collier's



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THE NAME AND RETAIL PRICE IS STAMPED ON EVERY PAIR AT THE FACTORY

Entirely new panel oxford in Fall Tan Calf or Black

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Others at $6 and $7

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE smartness of last, pattern and leather characterize this new Panel Oxford for Fall and Winter wear.

There is a "snap" and "go" to this model which will appeal instantly to Young Men who want the "last word" in stylish footwear. Attention has been paid to every little detail of make and finish which would tend to give that smart, custom appearance. An unusual value at a popular price.

WOMEN'S SHOES, TOO

Dainty, attractive styles with that in-built quality which assures permanent shapeliness and long wear. Surprisingly moderate prices, too.

W. L. Douglas Shoes for Boys, $4.50 & $5.00

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
A safe antiseptic
An effective liniment
This preparation is composed of herbal extracts, essential oils and solvents. Does not destroy tissue.
Manufactured by
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SPRINGFIELD, MASS. U.S.A.
Use the magic bottle
Relieve rheumatic pain

When the first warning twinges come, apply Absorbine, Jr. It rouses the blood to renewed action and brings quick relief to the congested area. Following relaxed tension, the pain and ache quickly disappear.

Don't fear to rub—it cannot burn. It is an agreeable liniment to use; of a pungent, agreeable odor, which quickly disappears.

Besides keeping muscles and joints limber and free from stiffness, *'the magic bottle'* has many other emergency and everyday uses. It should have a prominent place in your medicine cabinet.

"My trouble is muscular rheumatism. The very first application of Absorbine, Jr. brought relief"

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Step with assurance—*use your flashlight!*

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IN THE inky black of night outdoors, use your flashlight! Eveready Flashlights lay a carpet of daylight where feet may tread without hesitation. They blot out the blackness wherever you direct their bright, white light. Keep an Eveready where you can get your hands on it instantly. Have them about the house and garage. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

The type illustrated is No. 2631, the Eveready 2-cell Pocket Flashlight with broad beam. Handsome nickel finish. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

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Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

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KSD	St. Louis		

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
–they last longer

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Keeping Chicago on the Radio Map

THIS is Quin, the versatile announcer of station WGN, Chicago. He is the man whose melodious voice described for you the Scopes case from Dayton, Tenn., the Kentucky Derby and a host of other thrilling events. If you listen carefully you may identify him as "Uncle Walt," who conducts "Skeezix Time" for the kiddies each day.

In the dignity of private life, when he is not announcing or doing such odd jobs as writing newspaper columns and arranging programs, he is known as Quin A. Ryan. And, ladies, let me whisper, the delightful Uncle Walt is quite unmarried and considerably on the right side of thirty.

Quin A. Ryan
Station WGN

What Station Was It?

"OUR three-year-old son recently listened in for the first time in his life," writes Mrs. William Wilkinson of Watervliet, N. Y. "His countenance registered astonishment, perplexity. Upon being asked what he heard, he exclaimed in an awe-stricken voice: 'I heard God talking and the angels singing.' "

No! It's Profane

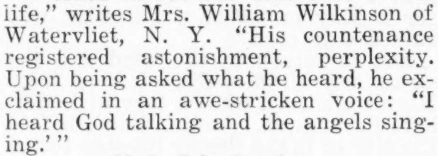
IN WASHINGTON there is a beautiful building of Spanish type devoted to the Pan-American Union. Its decorative scheme demands the presence of a number of gay but giddy parrots as denizens of the patio.

Recently radio was installed, and now, it is reported, colored attendants are kept busy trying to prevent the parrots from expressing their opinion of the programs. As Hermione would say: "How perfectly delightfully human!"

From Tinpan Alley

THIS week's award of a gilt-edged soprano record for the best publicity article goes to the genius of WEAF, who implied the fidelity of his station's transmission in the following story:

A fan called up complaining of the atrocious piano music coming from the stage of a local theatre, and suggested the piano be tuned. Investigation showed the music was incidental to a scene depicting the "shooting of Dan McGrew." A special piano had been obtained after much effort for this scene representing the type used in the Alaskan dance halls during the gold-rush days.



the said composer
we will now broadcast our latest piracy—"composer's blues"

Render Unto Cæsar

UNDOUBTEDLY the most disturbing situation in radio to-day is the controversy between the Society of Composers and broadcast operators over payment for the use of copyrighted music. In this respect I am one of those on the less popular side of the argument. I fully believe the author of any composition is entitled to a full return on his genius.

The strange thing is that the companies who are strongly opposing the royalty payment are the ones using the most vigorous means to uphold their own radio patents. Honestly I can't see any difference between a patent and a copyright, and I believe both should be protected.

Aside from this, it is time both sides got together and reached an amicable settlement of the controversy. The society can afford to be magnanimous, while the broadcasters should admit the validity of the copyright by agreeing to a small payment.

The Great Amen

THIS little sermon is sent to us by Isabel Waitt of Reading, Mass.: "Millions of people listening in to the young men's conference of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. were astounded recently to hear the 'Amen' of a seemingly endless introductory prayer greeted with *thunderous applause.* It had been a fifteen-minute prayer. The radio audience felt the same way. But it was a bit shocking to hear such apparent thankfulness that the ordeal was over, until the announcer said: 'The Rev. S. Parkes Cadman has arrived!' "

MAGIC RUG OF RADIO
oo-hoo!
TO NORTH POLE AND ALL POINTS SOUTH

Radio Dreaming

HERE is an interesting report from H. H. Buckwalter of Denver:

"We have heard a lot about 'dead spots,' but I think I have discovered the 'livest' radio spot in the Rocky Mountains.

"On account of storm I was compelled to camp for eight days at the little settlement of Almont on the Taylor River, about twelve miles from Gunnison. It was just about the most unlikely looking place you could imagine. Down in a little valley, hemmed in by high mountains, and at the southern end of a north-and-south cañon about twenty miles long."

After detailing the stations he got from the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts on an old single-circuit regenerative receiver, Mr. Buckwalter continues:

"Friend wife and I sat in our tent night after night and just radio dreamed. We picked up station after station, and, with an eye on the Collier's Radio Map, could almost imagine ourselves transported across the country to the very studios themselves."

Oh, That He Were Over There!

CHERBOURG, the pretty little port on the northern coast of France, claims the largest and most powerful loud speaker in the world.

It is used as a foghorn, and the claim is made that it can be heard thirty miles away.

There's one in my neighborhood that I'll back against the French horn any day, and its owner doesn't care what time the rest of the world hears it.

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The House on the Bayou

Continued from page 12

Ah, but no; I been know you go come again."

"I have been here each day—waiting, waiting—for you."

She was like one of those frail lilies all about, in shafts of moonlight whiteness, bending and swaying against the shadows; bending and swaying toward himself.

"I been know that too, yes. But that Céleste, she no let me—ah—it has seem so long."

The lily was falling, too shaken to hold its own slight weight. Dominick rested her, deliciously shuddering, against his breast and shoulder. Then came a jealous thought at this quick surrender. His voice turned cold.

"Louise, how many—before me?"

"Befo' you? a-ah, no."

She drew away, covering her face with pale hands, quivering in distress.

"What have I done? Why you speak so fo' me? Neveh one befo' you, no. *Sainte-Vierge me voi*—befo' you only Papa, then five year in a convent at Mobile, and now only Céleste an' ol' Basile. No mo' have I eveh see."

That was truth, he saw. Not only she, but the whole secret place witnessed to it. He was the first, and his first words had been a pain to her. His blood thinned with remorse, a great reverence came upon him.

"Louise, forgive; it was my love that spoke."

"Love?" she echoed. "Is that then love—to doubt? to mek pain?"

"There's no pain like it," he said, drawing her again to him. "But it's one you'd rather be having than ever be without. It pulls you on, against everything. It makes fools of kings and queens of slaves. It is making me now —I don't know what, except that you need never, never be fearing me."

"I neveh do that, no," Louise answered. "You hu't me then, but mo' betteh you hu't me than not to be here."

AN ARBOR, where oleanders drooped with the burden of their own blossoming—there they sat, murmuring; she of him, but he would know of her, and his will prevailed. Her story came plashing out, like a sunny stream over clear shallows, an uneventful story; always this Bayou Tchoupic, save for those years in the convent in Mobile.

Her mother she had never known. Her life seemed to hold only Céleste, old Basile, the gentle nuns and her father, de Marigny. Dominick caught a picture of him; a tall, blond Creole of Norman stock; a gay man, laughing, teasing, pulling her childish ringlets, hauling pralines from his pockets; a typical French "papa," indulging her whims but keeping her in absolute ignorance, even of himself.

Then he had died, swept away with ten thousand others in the great cholera epidemic of nine months before. Since then—sun, silence and the swamp; and through it Dominick seemed to sense a growing, shadowing fear that wrapped her about while leaving her unaware of it.

"But your relatives in the city, do they never come?" he asked.

"I not know of any, no."

He wondered again. He had seen the de Marigny residence on the Esplanade, brilliant with lights and the laughter of young life; the de Marigny warehouses too, rising back of the levee, piled with cotton and sugar brought in by their own steamships from the plantations of the Teche. By contrast this shadowed house on the Tchoupic grew more strange to him.

"And this Céleste, is she of your kin?"

A MISSTEP that; he had not thought that such sweetness could hold so much of pride.

"Céleste of my kind! M'sieur, is it then the insult you would mek me? Oh—" Then came remorse, swift and gentle. "But what am I say! I love Céleste. All my life I have none else, excep' Papa. But—blind one, did you not see? Céleste is—*négresse!*"

He remembered that woman in the gateway, pale and worn.

"But she looks white."

"She is quadroon, yes." Louise paused, her chin lifting in incurable disdain. "But *we* can always tell. But nev' min' Céleste, is it you—*you.*"

Only once had they met before, but out of it they drew delicious memories, such as only lovers can find, proving that moment eternal.

"A-h, when I open that gate an' see —*you!*"

"I knew you would come out."

"How you been know?"

"I had heard your voice and—I was wanting you so."

"But suppose I been—*ah, Dieu défend*—ogly! What then?"

"You couldn't be, being *you.*"

It was incredible that anything could ever part them. They looked down the aisles of the future, seeing themselves always together, forgetting any time in which they had never met. Broken murmurings, long silences too blissful for speech.

Then a cry, "Mam'zelle!"

Céleste was approaching, and Louise wavered to her feet. In and out of the orange trees the quadroon's voice sounded, calling in strange French:

"*Mam'zelle Louise—ma mie, vini li, zefan' moin.*"

In a moment she would be there and

(*Continued on page 46*)

Saturday's Important Football Games

EAST	Yale-Princeton, New Haven Brown-Harvard, Providence Columbia-Army, New York Pennsylvania-Pittsburgh, Philadelphia Syracuse-Colgate, Syracuse West Virginia-Penn. State, Morgantown
WEST	Chicago-Dartmouth, Chicago California-Washington, Berkeley Michigan-Ohio State, Ann Arbor Minnesota-Iowa, Minneapolis Notre Dame-Carnegie, South Bend Kansas Agri.-Nebraska, Manhattan
SOUTH	Georgia Tech.-Georgia, Atlanta Virginia-Virginia Poly., Charlottesville Tulane-Sewanee, New Orleans Georgetown-Centre, Washington Alabama Poly.-Vanderbilt, Birmingham Alabama-Florida, Montgomery

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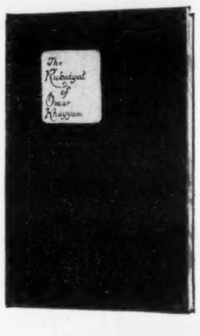

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The House on the Bayou

Continued from page 45

their lovely secret would be known. But love is a quick teacher, and with a spring Louise was outside the arbor. There came a laugh, a childish "Boo!" as she stole up behind the woman.

"Aha! Did I mek you frighten, Céleste? Come, play—*tac*—now catch me."

She whirled the quadroon about, then ran, weaving a laughing course that led ever farther from the arbor which held what was now the secret of her heart. She was deceiving Céleste. A strange thing, eighteen years of a woman's devotion, barely one hour of a young man's company, but in the alchemy of that hour those eighteen years had become as nothing!

The voices died away; a door closed; Dominick waited. An old Negro shuffled by, muttering and bent, probably that Basile. Then there was only silence, so deep that he could almost hear the moonlight dripping like silver rain off the monstrous blooms all about. Sooner or later, when Céleste was sunk in sleep, Louise would steal out to him. The still splendor of the night became almost an ache.

LONG hours he waited. At last a step, so soft that only a lover's ears could have caught it! A figure, slight, whitely veiled, stealing through the impalpable bars of light and shadow! He jumped to his feet, standing in the arbor's entrance.

"M'sieur—"

Not Louise, but the quadroon woman; a fragile figure, yet a somehow indomitable, wrapped in pathos and again that enveloping fear. Dominick spoke.

"How did you know that I was here?"

Pushing back the scarf from her face, the woman smiled wanly.

"Does M'sieur think I never be young? That I not know how young girl act when she jus' been meet young man? M'sieur, *pou' la grace de Dieu*—go, an' neveh came back."

He moved to stop her, but she had already flung herself at his feet. There was something shocking in that abandonment, hinting at necessities beyond his knowledge. He stooped, giving the woman his hands.

"Céleste, what is it? Tell me."

"Tell? Tell a whide man!"

"A white man from another country—a man who loves Miss de Marigny and who seeks to marry her."

Tears now, hopeless, scorching; all the struggle of a woman, withheld by fear, who longs to throw the burden of her hidden knowledge on the shoulders of a man! Eighteen years of concealment were breaking their bonds, for to every woman comes the instant when she must tell the secret thing.

"M'sieur, you swear—you mek oath on thad Blessed Mother sheself—thad you neveh mek harm fo' thad chil'?"

"I swear it," Dominick solemnly answered.

The eyes of avid keenness searching his face. What she saw there must have satisfied her, for she rose, grasping his arm. Then came a trickle of terrible words on the splendid silence.

"Thad girl. . . . She is nod whide . . . nod free. . . ."

IT WAS the Texan whom Dominick had sought; the one man he could trust in that hot city which neither learned nor forgot.

His ears seemed blasted with the story of that garden. Louise—not de Marigny, but of no name at all, the child of the quadroon's sister. He could almost see that blond, laughing father, keeping her hidden on Bayou Tchoupic, even as he had hidden her slave mother. He had brought Louise up as white, meaning to set her free—Dominick could hear again Céleste's cry:

"I been beg an' beg, but neveh he mek those free papeh fo' Louise. 'Nex' week,' he say, an' laugh. 'Nex' week—what huree?' An' then—the cholera—"

As he listened to Dominick's story, the Texan's face grew to granite.

"A nigger gal, eh?" he said, and the word seemed to poison his cool reasoning. "A slave gal, hiding out; if they find it out, it means the calaboose for the lot of you."

"For Louise?"

"She's the property of the Marigny heirs now, and I guess the widow would not be too soft on her dead husband's colored child. She'd send the gal to the auction block sure. Meanwhile you can—do as you please; she's only a nigger wench, you see."

Dominick flushed hotly. That thought had already come to him, leering over his shoulder with suggestions of 'Bijah Cray's unctuous, lip-licking "Slave wimmen—body slaves." But he wrung its neck and cast it from him. Those moments in the garden had been too high and sweet for ignoble ending; and without that there was his oath to Céleste.

"Go slow," the Texan warned. "You are being watched. They got a notion who it was that snaked that God-shouter out of the mob. As for the gal—nigger stealing is nigger stealing, be they black or yaller-white. But seeing it's you, lad, I'll say this: get her north if you can."

Pacing his room while the sky grayed to morning, Dominick could almost feel invisible tentacles meshing him about—the potent hands of that terrible Southern system, to break which was to cost a million lives! And in the center of its danger, all unaware, stood Louise.

It was no perfumed wooer who came to Bayou Tchoupic that afternoon. Pallid, panting from his speed on the sullen waterways, Dominick hid the canoe, lest Louise should know he was there. A strange thing, to be hiding from her, but he feared lest she see the secret back of his eyes! It was Céleste who met him at the cypress steps, drawing him behind rank vines to whisper together.

To go north: the quadroon's face lighted at the words. But what could they tell Louise? She must not know why she was going. Only her conscious pride of white blood could ever carry her across those netted slave states. It was the woman who found the way to that.

"Tell her, M'sieur, thad id is *you* who be in some dangeh—yes. An' thad she mus' go for *you* safetee."

"But how shall I explain?" Dominick began.

"No mek those explain, m'sieur; nod ever, with one woman. Just *say* id."

Gray heat on the swamp, broken whispers where they stood in the canebrake, their feet in primeval ooze! And this was the ending of that magic of the night. Then, betrayed by the carrying waters, came the sound of stealthy paddles. From beneath the vines they watched it pass; a pirogue with two Negroes and in its stern a little sallow man, peering with ferret eyes.

Dominick cursed his foolishness. They were watching him in that city, yet he had flung openly out to the hunting cabin by hack and hired boat. The man passing on the bayou had noted that hidden house. He looked one of those queer human jackals who nose out prey for master lions.

"I see thad man fo' citee, yes," shivered Céleste. "They tell me he work fo' thad Committee of Safetee."

"You must get away to-night," Dominick muttered. "But they may be watching the bayou."

"Thad Basile, he know those swamp."

Sixteen years of fear in those words; the quadroon had been preparing for this day. Basile had learned the swamp and she the city. It was only Louise who had been taught nothing. Then Céleste wrung her hands in fresh trouble.

"M'sieur—we god no money."

All gone, the sum hoarded from the lavish days before de Marigny's death! All sold, the few jewels he had given his daughter! Gaunt poverty already stalked behind the roses. And any day the heirs might stumble upon legal trace of that secret house. Dominick's coming had but hastened the inevitable.

Money—he cursed the card luck which had shorn him of late. There were still the opals, if he could slip unseen to the city with the coming of dark. Rain came with the dusk. Roosting on its stilts, the hunting cabin looked like some ungainly night bird, with 'Bijah Cray's shoutings for its raucous cry.

UNAWARE of Dominick's approach he crouched at a plank table, thumping at his familiar deity:

"The bloody city, Lord, sunk in her sins like Gomorrah!"

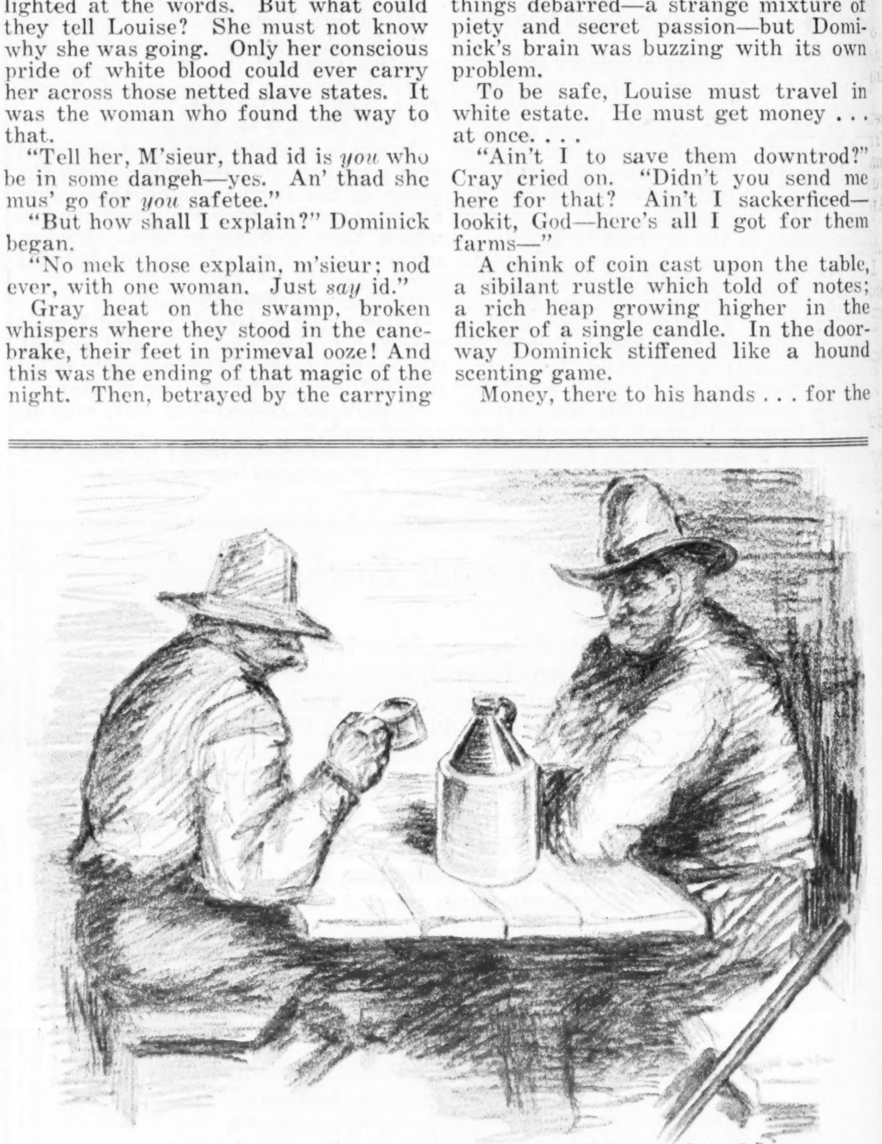
He mentioned the sins, dwelling on them in luscious detail as if the fires of his wrath were fed by longing for things debarred—a strange mixture of piety and secret passion—but Dominick's brain was buzzing with its own problem.

To be safe, Louise must travel in white estate. He must get money . . . at once. . . .

"Ain't I to save them downtrod?" Cray cried on. "Didn't you send me here for that? Ain't I sackerficed—lookit, God—here's all I got for them farms—"

A chink of coin cast upon the table, a sibilant rustle which told of notes; a rich heap growing higher in the flicker of a single candle. In the doorway Dominick stiffened like a hound scenting game.

Money, there to his hands . . . for the



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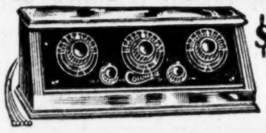

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taking. . . . Louise's freedom there upon that table. . . . And all that stood between was this superfluous creature, cudgeling away at his crack-brained mission.

In that instant Dominick understood how men can do many things. . . . The cabin seemed to whirl redly. Surely Cray's life was already forfeit to him for the rescue from that angry mob. . . . And the swamp would keep its secrets. . . .

But, then, to take a life which one had already saved! To send Louise out upon a blood-stained trail. . . . He spoke:

"Cray."

Undoubling like a rusty jackknife, the man sprang up, clawing at the money, thrusting it back in his sweating chest.

"Get away from me! Sneaking up on me like that—I been suspecting you all along. Bringing me out to this here ma'sh—and you a godless Papist."

"Cray, you say you come here to set free," Dominick appealed. "Will you help free one slave to-night?"

"Freeing one slave ain't no use. I'm a-waiting for that city to be burned and the Lord to set me on a throne in its midst."

"You were asking for a chance to set free," Dominick persisted. "There's a poor slave to be freed to-night if we can only get the money."

Meager and unshaven, an affront to the eyes, Cray clutched at his stuffed breast.

"I knew you was after my money," he shouted. "I made sackerfices enough. The light promised me gold—and glory—"

Dominick looked, divining those secret passions, and there came a cool subtlety.

"A woman slave, Cray—a girl—"

"A woman slave," Cray muttered.

"Not more than eighteen. . . . Almost white. . . . Beautiful, Cray, and . . . innocent. . . ."

Like the rain on the roof, Dominick's voice pattered on, and under its soft insistence what tried to be rock was turning to clay.

"It's to the auction block they'll be sending her to-morrow, but to save her from that they'll sell her to any good man—to-night. Oh, Cray, if you could but see her. . . . Her white arms. . . . And the little feet of her. . . ."

"A slave," Cray muttered again. "I might be able to bring her to glory."

Dominick grasped the other's wrist, and the bones burned with a sullen heat.

"She's close by. Come, and I'll be showing her to you."

"Poor soul!"

"Poor body," Dominick whispered, and Cray shivered in odd pain.

IN THE garden the orange trees dripped fresh showers as they brushed by. The house was alight with its last candles. Behind on outflung jalousie, all unconscious of watching eyes, Louise prepared for this sudden journey. Parted lips—a flush of excitement—white arms upraised to bind the brightness of her hair!

A groan in the rain-swept darkness! Cray's breath was like a fire fed by strange fuel.

"She—a slave," he cracked, and shivered again.

"A slave—to be sold—to-night."

Silence once more; last night the moments had raced under the twin magics of love and moon. Now they dripped like leaden poison on Dominick's brain. Truly he was selling Louise. Even the money he meant to wring could never pay for the profanation of this gaze at his side. He seemed to feel things pressing around the exhorter; things secret; avid from long denial, sinking the torment of their teeth in the man's yellowed flesh.

"I could save her soul," Cray muttered, and Dominick's voice came back, silken smooth as that of the one in the first garden of all.

"Yes, you could save her . . . later on. . . ."

"How much?"

"Two thousand dollars—if paid to-night."

"Two thou—"

"Hush," Dominick said. "Look—she is changing her dress."

TWO thousand dollars, counted out by shaking fingers. Dominick was losing his respect for the devil; if this were humanity, then that prince of darkness has an easy task. Cray was unseeing, unhearing, his eyes burning like two red lanterns with their own visions. But Dominick, tensely alert, had heard oars approaching, open and unmuffled, as though backed by arrogant authority. Truly the end was come to that house on Bayou Tchoupic.

The pain of that end was almost upon him now, closing in among the spectral trees as he plowed toward the back bayou.

Ahead were Basile and Céleste, laden with baggage, mere sounds in the wet blackness. Then himself, carrying Louise. She must be white to the last; so white that anyone could slave and toil and cheat to save her feet from the ooze.

Behind them the gate was already thunderous with the hands of the law, seeking to grasp the slim body held in his arms. That house would delay them a while. A lighted shell, empty of all but 'Bijah Cray, nibbling his nails as he waited . . . waited. . . . Better for him those hands of the law than of the mob; they would ship him up-river to-morrow. He had come to set free, and his deity had taken him at his word.

Dripping blackness, a stumble of ooze and roots; two arms about his neck, a quick-breathing breast against his own:

"Dom'neek."

"Louise."

"I too much 'fraid to go—so, so far."

"It is for my sake that you do it, love."

"A-ah—then I not going be 'fraid fo' nothing, no."

A gurgle of invisible waters almost at his feet; the jar of an unseen boat. He set Louise down.

"Dom'neek—you go come—soon—soon?"

"As soon as I safely can."

THEIR faces were just dim blurs on the night. Was that rain or tears as they kissed? He could see her life up there in the North. In Céleste's hands that money would be as a fortune. She would work her fingers thin to keep the whiteness of her sister's child. It was like tearing off part of himself to let Louise go, but the Texan had been right. That strain of blood, though thin as a hair, was like a knife edge between them. He could not knowingly hand that heritage to his rightful children.

And she—? There would be others, and at last one all unknowing of her birth. But she would never forget him. Tearing at his shirt, he pulled out the opal string, snapping three of the golden links.

"Take these, to remember me—until I come."

A cry, tearing, strangely, on the night:

"No—no—Dom'neek—no let me go—"

Hands were taking her from him; already the darkness was between them. A plash of muffled oars—then vacancy—Basile knew the swamp.

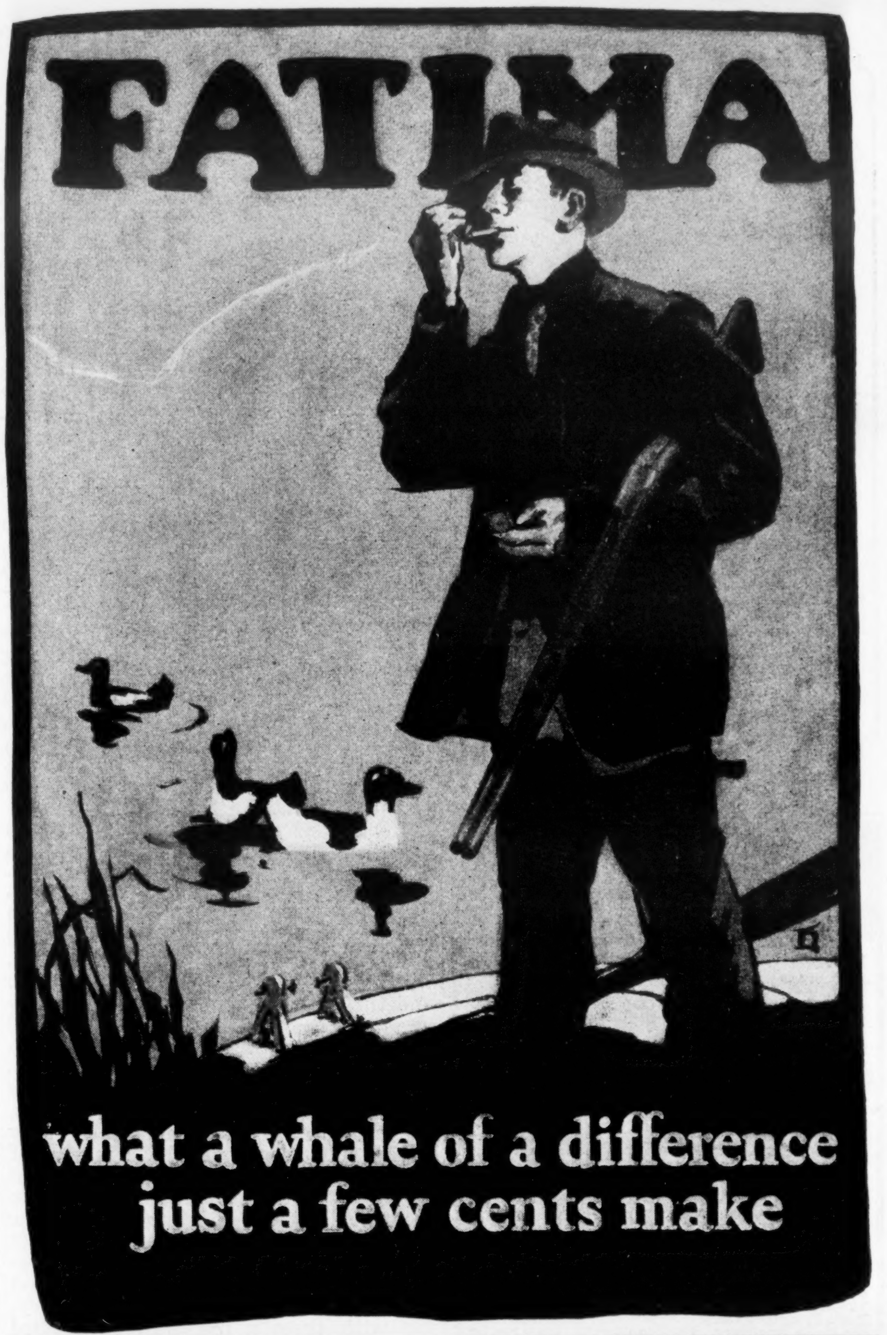
He must think of his own safety, feeling among the reeds for his pirogue, paddling away in the anodyne of furious motion. An hour perhaps, then he flung himself face downward, the rain plastering his shirt to the curve of his heaving back.

Strange luck of the opals, flashing promises brilliant as their own fires, then thrusting something implacable between. He heard again the monk's cry, "Take . . . and redeem. . . ."

Three more gone now . . . and more left. . . .

Louise. . . .

Dominick O'Mara's third adventure is related in "The Flying Mercury"—in next week's Collier's



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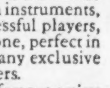

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Billie the Kid

Continued from page 17

Billie made it. When he arrived at his destination he found Tucson to be a town much to his liking. It was well supplied with saloons, gambling houses and dance halls, and Billie, with his beardless face to disarm suspicion, and his skill as a dealer of Mexican monte to attract custom, was able to make much money and live in comparative luxury.

But the fleshpots of Tucson were soon exhausted and, leaving behind him some suspicions as to the squareness of his gambling methods, Billie left hastily for San Simon, where he and a companion managed to beat a whole tribe of Indians out of their government allowance through the medium of a fake horse race.

Following this little byplay, Billie went down into Sonora, in old Mexico, where he formed a partnership with a young cutthroat by the name of Melquiades Seguro.

With this man's assistance Billie soon lost all of his money at the gambling tables and then, being in desperate straits, he and his companion murdered a monte dealer, Don José Martinez, and, carrying his ample roll with them, made their way across the difficult passes of the Sierra Madre Mountains to the flourishing city of Chihuahua.

In this gay and frivolous Mexican center, where in the olden days the writer has seen as much as fifty thousand pesos wagered on a single cockfight, the two boys, both mere lads, led a happy life. They drank, gambled and frolicked with the señoritas. Then, when their luck turned against them and they were without funds, they resurrected their six-shooters and resorted to robbery as the easiest means of bringing about their financial rehabilitation.

During this campaign for wealth the boys made a specialty of monte dealers, and everything was going nicely (they having murdered and robbed several of this class of gentry) when one night Billie, in an overexuberant mood, made the fatal mistake of killing a gambler who was really prominent. This act created quite a stir among the "fraternity" and the next morning Billie and Seguro, riding stolen horses and carrying with them a buckskin sack filled with gold which had been the property of the dead man, might have been seen traveling north at top speed.

This time their objective was just anywhere on the Rio Grande. What they wanted was to see the Stars and Stripes, and so, stealing one horse after another from the *remudas* (relay saddle horses) on the vast cattle ranges of northern Chihuahua and sleeping hardly at all, the pair negotiated the distance of 300 miles in less than a week.

At the border the two lads separated. Billie began a new chapter in crime by going back to New Mexico, where he formed an alliance with a former chum, Jesse Evans, while Seguro remained in the vicinity of El Paso, "working" the Mexican towns along the river.

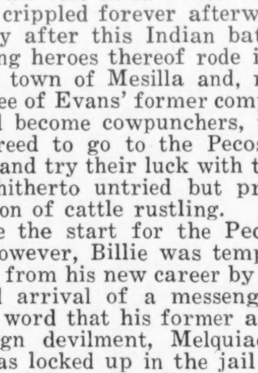
One incident which, in his own estimation, redounded largely to his credit he has related in detail. On this particular occasion, while riding across the prairie, Billie the Kid and Jesse Evans stopped and ate dinner at the camp of a party of Texan emigrants consisting of three men, one woman and several children. After enjoying the hospitality of this party the boys took their leave. When they had ridden only a few miles ahead of the slow-moving prairie schooners they noticed a band of Apaches skulking in the foothills.

Feeling sure that these noble red men would attack the emigrants as they came along the road, and as they themselves had not been seen, the boys hid in the brush to await developments. It turned out exactly as they had anticipated. As soon as the emigrant wagons came in sight the Indians swooped down upon them, and just when the battle between the three Texans and the dozen or more savages was at its hottest Billie and his companion, in the guise of valiant rescuers, charged the red men from the rear and killed eight of them.

During this encounter Billie had a boot heel shot off and, as a perpetual souvenir of what was probably the best act of his life, he also got a bullet wound through his left hand which left that member crippled forever afterward.

Shortly after this Indian battle the two young heroes thereof rode into the Mexican town of Mesilla and, meeting with three of Evans' former companions who had become cowpunchers, they at once agreed to go to the Pecos River country and try their luck with this trio at the hitherto untried but profitable occupation of cattle rustling.

Before the start for the Pecos was made, however, Billie was temporarily diverted from his new career by the unexpected arrival of a messenger who brought word that his former associate in foreign devilment, Melquiades Seguro, was locked up in the jail at San Elizario, eighty miles distant, and was in urgent need of his assistance. Telling his friends to go ahead, and that he would join them later on the Rio Pecos, Billie started for San Elizario.



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By
BRUCE BARTON

Mounted on a gray horse, which must have had an exceptional amount of "bottom," he covered in one day the eighty miles that separated him from his friend. Then, just at dawn, after giving his horse a few hours' rest, he called upon the jailer. This Latin-American functionary was much impressed by Billie's credentials, which loomed before his eyes in the shape of a couple of unwavering six-shooters. So he allowed himself to be bound and chained to a post, along with a pair of equally impressed guards, after which ceremony Seguro was released. Thus reunited, the two friends, with Seguro riding the gray and Billie trotting alongside on foot, crossed the Rio Grande and went back into old Mexico.

Stopping with a friendly rancher, the pair recuperated for a day or two, and then, hearing that pursuers were hot on their trail, they took the road in the night, recrossed the international boundary and returned to Mesilla, where, owing to a temperamental difference, they again separated. Seguro, who loved the cards and the cantinas and the joys of urban life, elected to remain in the settlement at Mesilla, but Billie, preferring the life in the open and remembering his promise to Evans and the cowboys, joined forces with a wild lad by the name of Tom O'Keefe and set out on a 250-mile ride across mountains and prairies for the Pecos country.

After crossing the Organ Mountains—and the writer has had exactly the same experience befall him in this identical locality—the pair of embryo cowboys dropped down into a desert region, became beset with a great thirst and, in their search for a water hole, ran into a bunch of Apaches. The ensuing encounter was not pleasant. When it was over, although two of the Indians had been sent to the Happy Hunting Ground, the savages were none the less the victors. Billie and his companion were separated; and, what was far worse, our hero found himself on foot with no food and in a dry country in which no saddle horses were available for theft.

The outlook was gloomy, but fortunately—and I say fortunately because otherwise an interesting career might have come to an unromantic end—Billie the Kid, after forty-eight hours of aimless wandering, stumbled upon a water hole. There he rested for two days, living upon berries and mesquite beans, before setting out on a 200-mile walk to the Pecos River.

If he had had the situation made to order for the express purpose of providing him with a career, Billie the Kid, with his previously acquired accomplishments and experience, could not have got himself into a more congenial atmosphere than the one which now surrounded him. Everybody was at war. Lincoln County was divided into two armed factions, and life was just a delightful state of belligerent uncertainty. On one side was the Murphy-Dolan faction, backed by a number of small ranch owners; on the other side was the grizzled old cattle king, John S. Chisum; and working industriously for both sides were gangs of paid experts whose business it was to steal stock, burn brands and kill the opposition.

When Billie the Kid, at the end of his painful journey, finally located his friends, who had already annexed themselves to the Murphy-Dolan crowd, they tried to induce him to sign up at once and go in with their faction. But Billie refused, for the time being, and right then there came to the front one trait in his character which probably accounts for the fact that even to this day there are numbers of men in New Mexico who revere the memory of the young bandit.

"No, fellows," he said, "I can't do anything else until after I've gone back to Mesilla and tried to find Tom O'Keefe."

His friends tried to persuade him to remain where he was by telling him that certainly O'Keefe, even if he were still alive, wasn't out looking for him, but this argument had no weight with Billie. He asserted that he wouldn't desert a friend; and so, again alone, but this time well mounted and heavily armed and carrying a few extra canteens, he took the trail back to Mesilla.

This time the trip was uneventful and, as it turned out, useless. Young O'Keefe had succeeded in escaping from the Indians with his scalp and had finally gotten back to Mesilla, but this one short experience at being a bandit and a cattle rustler was enough for him. A week on foot in the mountains, dodging Indians, had worked a cure, and he steadfastly refused to reëquip himself with stolen accouterments and go back to the Pecos.

This being the case, and with his conscience clear because his duty toward his friend had been performed, Billie bade O'Keefe good-by and, being himself as unreconstructed and unrepentant a young man as ever jovially killed a monte dealer, he returned to his friends in Lincoln County, took the oath of allegiance, and at once became an outstanding personage in the warlike activities of the Murphy-Dolan crowd.

This connection, though, was of short duration. He indulged in a few cattle-stealing expeditions, participated in one or two minor gun battles, and then, because of his personal fondness for a young Englishman, John S. Tunstall, who was allied with the Chisum crowd, Billie the Kid suddenly deserted the Murphy-Dolan faction and went over to the enemy.

Just why the young bandit should have yielded so readily to his infatuation for a man whom he could have known but slightly, and with whom he had nothing in common, is rather hard to understand. Billie the Kid, by predilection and practice, was an outlaw pure and simple; Tunstall, on the other hand, according to all who knew him, was an educated English gentleman, refined, upright and honest. Unless the explanation of Billie's conduct can be found in the fact that possibly our hero longed for friendship and approval of a man whom he could look up to as a superior, it is hard to find a reasonable explanation of his action in turning against his former associates. But none the less he did so.

One day upon his return to the Murphy-Dolan camp, after having met and talked with Tunstall in the town of Lincoln, Billie calmly announced that he had "switched" and that thereafter he would have to fight against his friends. The boys tried to dissuade him from his purpose—one Baker even offered to kill him to prevent him from turning traitor—but Billie was obdurate. His mind was thoroughly made up, and after Baker refused to shoot it out on the square, as Billie suggested that he should do, he saddled his horse, shook hands all around and rode away to join Tunstall and his men at a cow camp on the Rio Feliz.

This change in allegiance took place in the fall of 1877, and from that time on, except for a hurried trip which Billie made to the Mexican border in response to another call from Seguro (who on this occasion, however, only wanted to give him a roll of money), nothing of any real importance occurred until February, 1878.

In that month a disaster befell which completely altered Billie the Kid's outlook on life and probably affected his entire future career.

Tunstall was murdered. It was a brutal, cold-blooded killing. There can be no doubt as to that, and at once Billie the Kid, who up to that moment had been a reckless, abandoned youth who murdered and robbed for the mere excitement of the game, became a man—grown, grim and experienced—whose sole aim in life was to get revenge for the death of his friend.

Standing over Tunstall's body, which lay by the roadside in one of the beautiful cañons that lead out of the town of Lincoln, Billie took a notebook from his pocket and, in a boyish scrawl, wrote therein the names of the men who had been implicated in the murder. Then, turning to the foreman, he said: "If I hadn't been under your orders I would have been with Tunstall. As it is, I am going to even up for him. But getting these devils won't bring back the only friend I have ever had."

Leads the Pursuit

MOUNTING his horse, he rode directly to Lincoln, and there, after a consultation with Lawyer McSween, a business associate and close personal friend of Tunstall's, he annexed himself, body and soul, to a posse which was being formed to go in search of the slayers. This posse was under the nominal control of Deputy Sheriff Dick Brewer, but after Billie signed up for the expedition he became the real head of the party.

On the 6th of March, 1878, the searchers ran unexpectedly into five of the fugitives, who were in camp on the Rio Peñasco. These men immediately divided into two sections and fled, and, recognizing two of them as his former Mesilla friends, Baker and Morton, remembering also that their names were down in his notebook and likewise recalling Baker's philanthropic offer of a few months before to kill him for joining Tunstall, Billie the Kid elected to go after them.

The entire posse followed Billie's lead and, after a running fight, in which both their horses were shot under them, Baker and Morton were captured. Billie the Kid was in favor of an immediate execution—in fact, offered to serve as the executioner—but being outvoted he yielded gracefully with the remark, "Oh, well, I'll get 'em anyhow." He did.

The posse, which was made up of Dick Brewer, J. G. Skurlock, Charlie Bowdre, Henry Brown, Frank McNab, Fred Wyatt, Sam Smith, Jim French, John Middleton and a man named McCloskey, represented to the prisoners that they were to be taken to Fort Sumner, but instead of that they were headed for Lincoln. At Roswell, which was then little more than an overgrown sheep camp, a short stop was made for the purpose of allowing prisoner Morton to write a letter. During this interval McCloskey was heard to say to the prisoners, who were constantly expressing the fear that they would be murdered, "Don't worry about that, because if harm comes to you two fellows they'll have to kill me first."

That remark was McCloskey's death warrant, because when the party was a few miles out of Roswell McNab rode up to him and said, "So you are the —— who has to die before these fellows do. Well, here goes"—and before McCloskey could put his hand on his gun McNab drew his pistol and shot him dead.

This whole affair was undoubtedly a frame-up to give Billie the Kid a chance to play a lone hand, because when Morton and Baker, who could easily see what would happen next, made a dash for liberty, he was the only one to go in pursuit. He overtook and killed them both, scratched two names from his book, and the posse rode back to Lincoln.

Put Up Brave Fight

FOLLOWING this success an uneventful week or two passed. Then, hearing that another prospective victim, an ex-soldier named Roberts, was in hiding in the neighborhood of Blazer's sawmill, forty miles distant, the Kid reorganized the posse and went after the man.

Roberts, however, was not a man of peaceful inclinations. On the contrary, he was decidedly on the fight, and when he was located by his pursuers he ran *at* instead of away from them. Well mounted and shooting at every jump, the ex-soldier charged straight at the posse, but in the first exchange of compliments luck was decidedly against him. A bullet from Dick Brewer's rifle knocked him from his horse, and thereafter, from within the shelter of a small outhouse, he put up a fine battle and gave a magnificent exhibition of marksmanship. He shot off some of the Kid's hair, clipped a finger from the hand of George Coe, wounded Charlie Bowdre and, just before he himself fell over dead from his single wound, he squared the account with Brewer by putting a bullet squarely through that officer's brain.

With three names off the list, Billie returned once more to Lincoln, where, to his astonishment, he learned that Sheriff Brady, who belonged to the Murphy-Dolan faction, was looking for him with a warrant which charged him with the murder of Baker and Morton.

Under the circumstances there was only one thing to do and Billie at once did it. He organized a lawless band, placed himself at the head of it, and using an adobe corral as a fortress, boldly entrenched himself right in the heart of the city and openly dared Sheriff Brady and all others in authority to come and get him.

Nobody accepted the invitation, and so, on April 1st, when Sheriff Brady, accompanied by George Hindman and J. B. Matthews, all carrying rifles, appeared on the street on their way to announce the opening of a term of court, Billie himself opened the ball by pot-shooting the trio. Matthews fled, but the sheriff and Hindman did not. They were both dead, and Billie, jumping over the wall of his fort, ran to their bodies. As he stooped to pick up the sheriff's rifle, Matthews, from the shelter of a doorway, took a crack at him which shattered the stock of the weapon and plowed a slight wound along the Kid's side. With this memento to urge him to flight, Billie ran from the publicity of Main Street into the privacy of the McSween home, which he turned into an armed stronghold from which he and his gang boldly defied all comers.

Mr. White will tell the rest of the story of Billie the Kid in next week's Collier's

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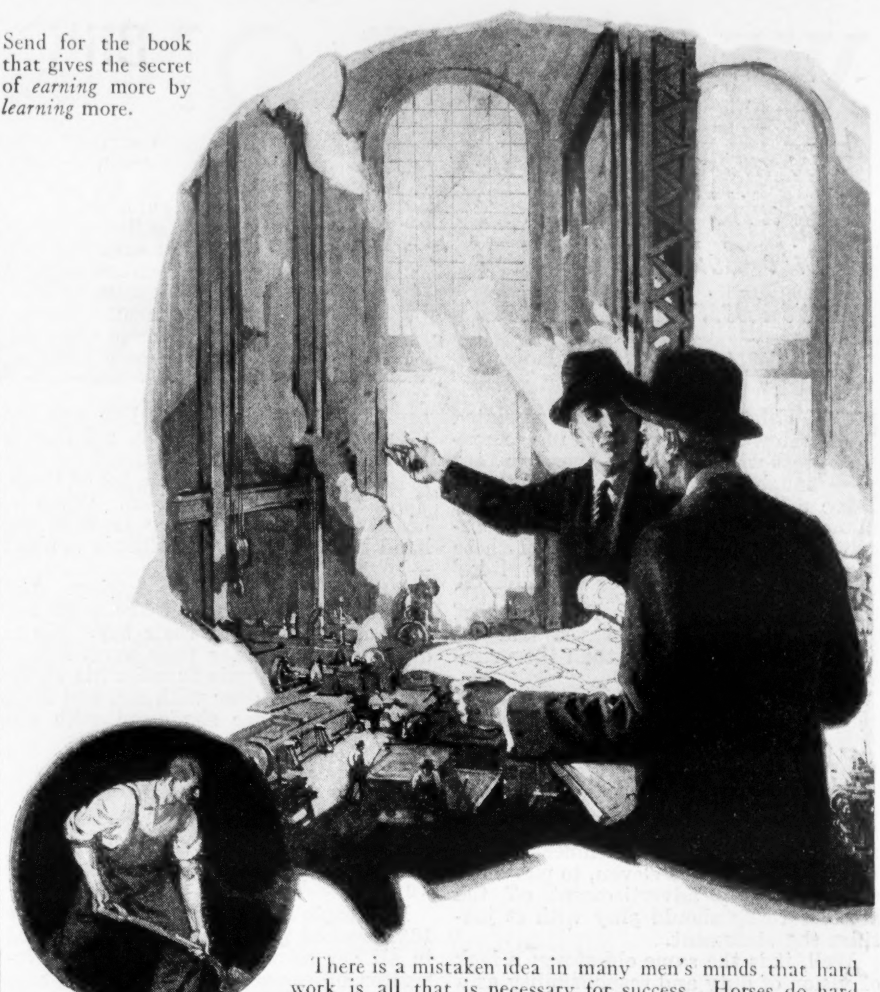

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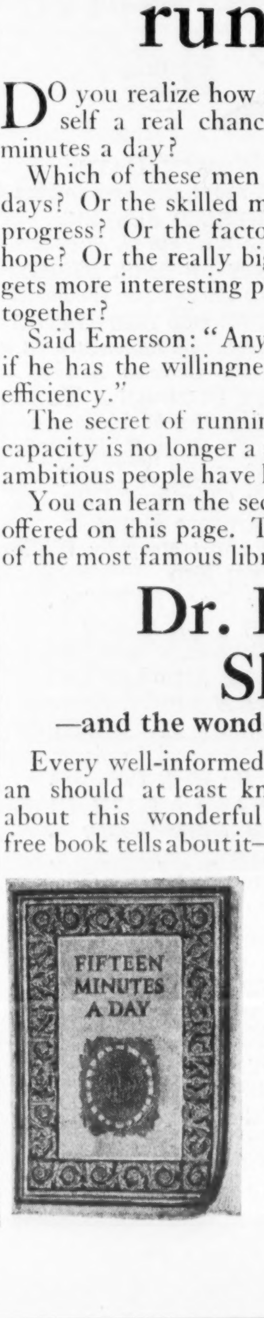

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The Best Letter on Bootleggers

To the Editor of Collier's:

The article "Why I Have a Bootlegger" attempts to placate conscience into belief that to have one is no wrong against society or government. The request to son, aged eleven, to plane the telltale whisky advertisement off the box before he should play with it justifies the statement.

Well, it is the same old story: a lack of vision of duty and responsibility as a citizen of a democratic government. Most of us are lacking in this respect. The individual or minority refuse to be restrained by laws of the majority. It is a refusal to recognize that, although individual freedom is the thing sought for, it must be subject to such restraints as are essential to the mutuality of liberty. If law interferes it is always made for the other fellow.

My experience as a trial judge for a number of years convinced me that these are the chief difficulties of law enforcement. A good citizen should inform proper authority of any law violation coming within his knowledge.

A good citizen should be a good sport and so live that he would have nothing to conceal from the rest of society, and should never so compromise himself that he would shield anyone permanently engaged in the violation of the fundamental laws of his government. Social order and good government demand this of each citizen. It is the fundamental truth that underlies democracy. A monarchy can demand that its subjects obey its laws; but a democracy can only urge and persuade its citizens to obey and enforce its laws. Now, in all fairness, does a patron and protector of a bootlegger meet the test of good citizenship?

M. B. B., Austin, Tex.

Blind Bad Luck

To the Editor of Collier's:

I know you have not asked why *not*, but I have just been out to see Jimmie and I want to tell you about him.

He is the friend of my heart; we grew up together.

Smiling, careless Jimmie, I loved him, and even as David loved Jonathan.

He had everything: a good income, which he spent to the last thin dime; a wonderful wife, I know, for she was the girl I wanted, but she loved Jimmie—I didn't blame her.

His boy was in college, studying to follow his dad in the law.

Then one night, about a year ago, I was at Jimmie's; after dinner, in his den, he dug up a flask. "Have a drink, Doc; my bootlegger says it's A 1."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"How should I know?" grinned Jimmie. "He's not on my calling list."

"But what do you know about him?" I insisted.

"Well, since you mention it, I don't know a damn thing about him, but he says this stuff is good. You are too darn particular. Come on, old Safety First, have one on the house."

I did *not*. Jimmie did, a lot of them. To-day I was out to see him. When he heard my voice he came to take my hand but missed it, for Jimmie is blind—he will always be blind.

His wife is doing fine sewing. She is brave, but there is tragedy in her eyes as she talks of their boy. He is driving a truck, for they must live.

As I leave Jimmie fumbles his sightless way to the door with me, and Mrs. Jimmie's eyes are shadowed with unshed tears as she smiles good-by.

No, I do *not* have a bootlegger.

L. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

A Virginian's Views

To the Editor of Collier's:

My people have been in America since 1638, served in all her wars, pioneered in all her advances, and so, as an inheritor of some vague ideal of "progress," I voted for, worked for and observed prohibition. I am against it now!

Not so much for its failure but from an uneasy, resentful doubt of our present wisdom, justice and democracy.

If I'm to be honest now I must morally revolt against national prohibition as the most unmoral, mischievous thing in our social progress. I resent the loss of something fine gone from our tolerant, forward-facing America. We grin now, in a silly, sneaky fashion, about theories of social absolutism we cannot conscientiously support.

My ancestors were mighty close to that Boston Tea Party. They fought laws they deemed corrupt and unjust. Revolt is impracticable, and against my easy-going 1925 Americanism, but my moral sense is as strong against prohibition as those Colonials felt against the tea laws.

Here comes the trite retort: "If every man obeyed only the laws he approved of, anarchy would result, etc. . . ."

I don't believe that. Men obey laws they think right. Why obey laws they think wrong? If they had, Magna Charta and the Declaration would to-day be no more than historical protests of a futile medieval serfdom.

I see no more why I should support a law I deem wrong than a creed I deem false. Moral sincerity makes me hope national prohibition will be negated as were the Stamp Act, the Dred Scott decision and every mistaken legislative step. C. T., Richmond, Va.

Glad Raiment

To the Editor of Collier's:

Can you settle for us a discussion which has arisen concerning the lady on the cover of your magazine: issue of September 26th?

"A" contends that she is going swimming, judging by cap and costume.

"B" insists she is wearing an evening gown and that the earrings indicate a dinner-party, or brawl.

We are wondering what is the matter.

W. de W., Erie, Pa.

P. S.—There is a third party who says she is about to attack the family laundry. As he has just completed a correspondence course in "Reading Character in the Face," he draws his conclusion from the peculiar expression of the nose.

And the Art Editor Answers

The lady on the cover did not take me entirely into her confidence, but it is my impression that she has just arrived at a party—or just left. What will happen at the party, or what was about to happen, will have to be left to the imagination of our readers; and there seems to be a good deal of latitude there.

When is a Drunk?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Collier's seems of the opinion that the way the federal prohibition law is enforced does not follow the will of the people. And Collier's no doubt has learned that a vast number of our citizens are opposed to any enforcement of this same law at all. If by some possibility this country of ours should again become wet I would suggest some lines of a verse I copied from a law book (recently published in my state) be used as a rule of conduct for those who may once more "look on the wine when it's red." Lines three and four should be of valuable assistance to the trial judge in determining whether the prisoner at the bar really reached the point of saturation the night before as is charged in the indictment.

"Not drunk is he upon the floor
Can rise again and drink once more,
But drunk is he who prostrate lies
And cannot either drink or rise."

W. G. Cox, Burlington, N. C.

Does Not Employ Convict Labor

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the article "Can a Wife be Governor?" in the September 5th issue, your correspondent says: "There is a Mr. W. T. Eldridge, who is part owner of some small Texas railroads and some large Texas farms. Convict labor is employed on Mr. Eldridge's farms."

The truth in that statement is that I am part owner of some small Texas railroads. There are no convicts employed on any land that I own. Employment of convicts by private interests ceased in Texas more than a decade ago. The state alone employs convicts on farms and in any other capacity.

Enterprises in which I am interested employ a number of ex-convicts. We have tried to be helpful to men discharged from prison by furnishing them employment, which many firms and individuals deny them.

W. T. Eldridge, Sugar Land, Tex.

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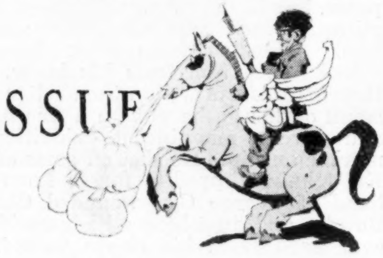

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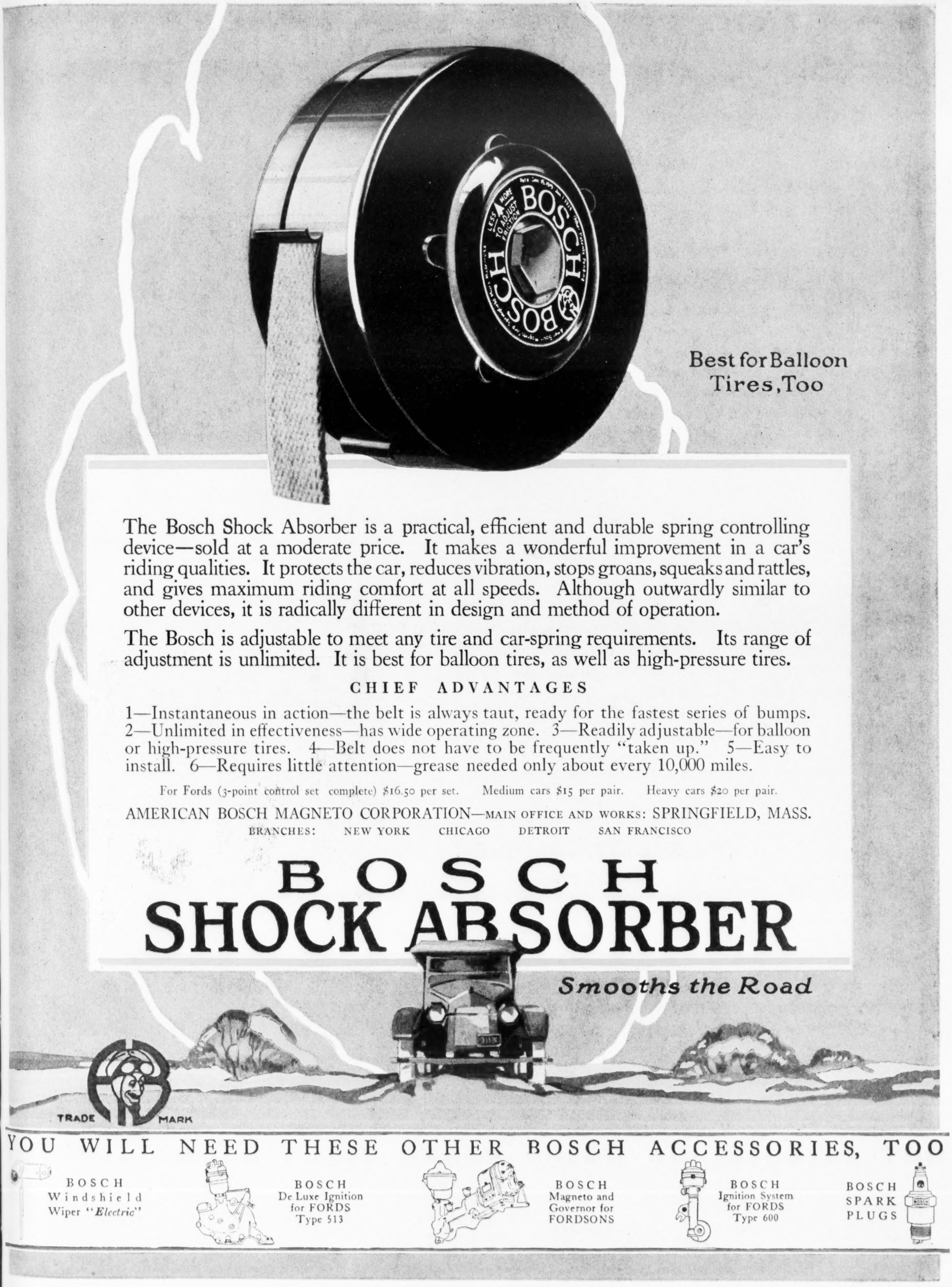

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The Electrola, a new Victor product

adapts the radio principle to reproduction of records

In addition to the new Orthophonic Victrola—the wonderful new instrument recently introduced which establishes a new standard of music in the home, we offer another marvelous new product which obtains its results by an entirely new method.

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The Electrola

The Electrola and Radiola combined

Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

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